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2 vols

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Hobart

ESSAYS

AND

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS

BY

VERE HENRY,

LORD HOBART

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

EDITED BY

MARY, LADY HOBART

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1885

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CRYSTAL PALACE PRESS.

TO THE

EIGHT NEPHEWS OF VERE HENRY, LORD HOBART,

I DEDICATE THIS WORK

IN THE HOPE THAT

HIS LOVE OF TRUTH,

HIS SINGLE AMBITION TO BE JUST, YET ALWAYS MERCIFUL,

HIS STRONG COMMON SENSE,

HIS FAIRNESS IN REASONING AND THE FORESIGHT OF HIS OPINIONS,

HIS INDEPENDENCE AND COURAGE,

HIS HUMILITY IN THOUGHT AND FREEDOM FROM SELF-ASSERTION,

HIS REVERENT LOVE OF NATURE,

HIS TENDER CONSIDERATION FOR HIS RELATIONS,

HIS SYMPATHY FOR THE WEAK AND OPPRESSED,

HIS PROTECTION OF THE POOR,

HIS TRUST IN GOD'S LOVE,

MAY STIMULATE THE SONS OF HIS BROTHERS

TO PRESERVE CHARACTERISTICS WHICH THEIR UNCLE LARGELY POSSESSED

AND WHICH WERE PRE-EMINENT

IN THE RECORDS OF HIS AND THEIR COMMON ANCESTOR,

THE PATRIOT, JOHN HAMPDEN.

PREFACE.

THE difficulties of writing the history of any man's life are generally sufficient to make biography a questionable effort. To judge a man is no easy task to those who are his contemporaries. The judgment which is formed by his descendants, and by history, must necessarily be incomplete; and even to reproduce a fair recollection, where the impression left must be subject to many contending influences, seems at the best to be scarcely possible.

Facts, and their connection with a man's life, may be recorded with less fear of mistake and prejudice. Their published writings are likely to be the safest records of the minds of most men; certainly these are the medium chosen by themselves, and the utterances which they have most deliberately sanctioned; but to those who have the indescribable image of the real character in their own hearts and memories, even the facts, the published writings and the actions, may fail to give any true idea of the unconscious charm or reality of the individual mind.

Reserve, policy, and the immediate object for which men may be striving in their writings and in their actions, to some extent must prevent the accidental betrayal of characteristics which were there, but which are lost to posterity. A few extracts from private correspondence are here invaluable. To seize some unconscious utterance often

reflects light upon a character, and gives a "touch of the vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still!" Such records silence prejudice, and once more we feel

"The tender grace of a day that is dead."

The following outline can only be incomplete; but it is due to a man whose ideals and opinions were in advance of his age, that these should be acknowledged when time has shown that they were the result of his foresight and his judgment The promise of genius must not be surrendered to oblivion. The influence of written words and the records of remembrance may prevail, defying alike the force of events and the work of time. It is well, therefore, to gather up the fragments that remain: these may contain much that is most precious in thought and idea, but they cannot fill in more than a sketch. The circumstances which group round lives are temporary and shifting; but the life outlives them; and that which outlives is *somewhere,* and its influences and inspirations alike are undying.

"The everlasting stars abide."

NOTE.

THE original plan for the arrangement of Lord Hobart's writings has been changed since this work was begun. Mr. Carmichael has consented to edit the Letters and Minutes on Indian Questions. For this kind help I am most grateful. He was very highly appreciated by Lord Hobart.

For five years ending December, 1883, Mr. Carmichael was a Member of the Madras Council, and he was officiating as Chief Secretary to that Government during the last year of Lord Hobart's life.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

At the time when Wycliffe was rousing the religious world, and the insurrection caused by Wat Tyler and Jack Straw was convulsing the south-west of England, and the Battle of Otterburn had ended in the defeat of the English, the records of a village in Suffolk tell us that in 1389 there lived one John Hobarte, of the Tye, in Monks' Eleigh.

A hundred years later at Monks' Eleigh, towards the end of the fifteenth century, appeared a descendant, known as Sir James Hobart, Knight, and Attorney-General to Henry VII. Sir James Hobart died at his Manor House, Hales, or Loddon Hall. He built Loddon Church, and was Recorder of the city of Norwich, to which city he was a great benefactor. Henry VII. was glad to use the said Attorney to enforce some of his heaviest exactions, and it may be presumed that the post was lucrative, and that the family were increasing in wealth.

From 1613 to 1625, which was the year of the accession of Charles I., Sir James Hobart's great-grandson, Sir Henry Hobart, was Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. In 1596 he had bought Intwood of the Greshams, and lived there for some twenty years, but in 1616 he

purchased the manor of Blickling from the Cleres; he had also a house at Highgate, where he was probably among the friends and colleagues of the illustrious Lord Chancellor Bacon, who was appointed Keeper of the Great Seal in 1617. Lord Chief Justice Hobart was, according to Spelman, a man of "great parts and learning," whose death "was a great loss to the common weal." Sir John, the second baronet, completed Blickling Hall, which to this day is admired as one of the noted country houses in the county of Norfolk. His nephew, Sir John Hobart, who was also the grandson of the Chief Justice, judiciously married his uncle's daughter, Philippa, the heiress of Blickling. Their only son died, but we find Sir John was married twice. His second marriage may be said to have made the family richer in the best possessions which can come by inheritance; and in the strangely complicated history of the time his wife has an historical interest of her own. She was not only Mary, the widow of Colonel Robert Hammond, who was Governor of Carisbrook, to whom Charles I. surrendered when betrayed by Sir John Ashburnham; but Mary Hammond was a daughter of the patriot John Hampden, who, it must be remembered, was first cousin to Oliver Cromwell. Sir Henry Hobart was the child of this marriage, and grandson of John Hampden. Sir Henry had been knighted at Blickling, during his father's lifetime, by Charles II. He was Master of the Horse to William III., and was present at the Battle of the Boyne. He was killed in 1698, in a duel fought on Cawston Heath with one Oliver Le Neve, of Witchingham. Sir John, the fifth Baronet and Baron Hobart of Blickling, was raised to the peerage in 1746 by George II., and made Earl of Buckinghamshire. His brother, who became the second Earl, was British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and afterwards Lord Lieutenant of

Ireland. His daughter carried the Blickling estates into the families of Suffield and Lothian. The Hon. George succeeded to the title. He was grandfather of the fifth Earl and of the sixth (the present) Earl of Buckinghamshire.

The Marquis of Ripon, the Viceroy of India, is grandson of the fourth Earl of Buckinghamshire, who, while he was Lord Hobart, was Governor of Madras from 1793 to 1797. His wife died in Madras, and in St. Mary's Church, in Fort St. George, is a monument to her memory. In the same church the Government of Madras have erected a monument to the memory of her great-nephew, Vere Henry, Lord Hobart, who was Governor of Madras from 1872 to 1875, where his administration and policy were inspired by the same principles upon which Lord Ripon has governed India. In their separate positions as Viceroy and Governor the aim of both has been to win her loyalty and her love, so that the dominion of India may rest, as was said by a great statesman, "not on the narrow edge of the sword but on the broader basis of a people's happiness."

Vere Henry Hobart was born Dec. 8, 1818. His father, the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Hobart, is the present Earl of Buckinghamshire. His mother was Mary, the daughter of Serjeant Williams, one of the most eminent lawyers of his time.

At the time of Vere Hobart's birth his father held the living of Welbourne in Lincolnshire.

During his son's infancy Mr. Hobart moved to Leicestershire, to the vicarage of Walton, near Loughborough, which was greatly endeared to Vere Hobart as the home of his childhood. There is his mother's grave; he was about eight years old when she died. This irreparable loss was felt deeply through life.

At an early age Vere Hobart was sent to Cheam School, which was under Dr. Mayo, who fully appreciated the abilities of his pupil and did his best to encourage and stimulate him in his studies. In the absence of other records of his school days there is an interest in reading a few of the poems which have been preserved in the School Magazine. They give some idea of the boy's mind. The first, on "The Butterfly," was written when he was only twelve years old.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Now from his wint'ry cov'ring newly sprung
The butterfly floats sportive in the air,
His beauteous silken wings
With gaudy colours decked.

Thou insect wonder! Nature's fairest work!
Not e'en can costly ornaments of kings,
Nor fairest works of men,
With thy bright colours vie;

Such varied tints with living lustre gay,
Display'st thou, sporting in the summer's sun,
While joyfully thou feel'st
His pleasant genial rays.

A short but free and happy life thou lead'st,
Sipping the honey'd juice of many a flower
Throughout the livelong day;
But soon thy colours bright,

Destroyed by wanton cruelty of man,
Or by hoar Winter's chill and dread approach,
Their boasted beauty lose,
And fade away and die.

Just emblem of man's quickly fleeting life!
Which, like the tints of thy proud loveliness,
Endures a moment's pause,
And then is seen no more.

The rich, the proud, the prosperous, and gay,
Though splendour, pomp, and power mark their course,
Must with their riches fall,
And all their glory fade.

V. H. Age 12.

The following lines were written when he was fourteen years of age, upon "Hannibal on his Recall from Italy":

Adieu! regretted, yet detested name,
One long adieu to Italy and fame!
Adieu, ye shores, to every warrior dear,
My glory's cradle, and my glory's bier.
And must I leave thee! thou whose realms alone
My panting spirit burns to call its own;
Which e'en my childhood saw with longing eyes,
And more than longing, marked them for its prize.

Another extract, "Coriolanus to Aufidius," written a year later, is almost prophetic:

Yes; for my country, from my country far
I fought and bled amid the ranks of war.
My country's love, that burned in every vein,
Gave smiles to death, and smooth'd the brow of pain.
My first best hopes were centred in my home,
For Rome I lived—I long'd to die for Rome.

At the age of sixteen some lines were written upon "Rienzi," in which is given the ideal of a wise ruler, such

as he aimed to be in later years in Madras, when the opportunity was given him:

> Oh! fear not, Rome, to join a patriot's fame,
> Unmasked, unsullied with Rienzi's name;
> Spurn'd Liberty's sole champion see him stand,
> Peace on his brow, and justice in his hand.

The last among these early poems was "Arabia." It is not wanting in strong poetic feeling, and almost foreshadowed the tastes, the travels, the love of nature, and the special fascination of the South, so characteristic in later years. Thus, after describing the Desert and Palmyra, the Desert city:

> Not such the scene where India's ocean wide
> Meets the spic'd wave of Erythrea's tide;
> There, as when oft to glad the pilgrim's eyes,
> In soft repose the desert islet lies
> Lovely—but lovelier far the plains that bound
> The grassy shores, and endless glare around;
> Lull'd in the bosom of a mellowing sky,
> Sleep the fair vales of happy Araby.
> Oh, who shall tell what Nature's lavish hand
> Hath fondly cull'd for that delicious land?
> The rose that blooms, the hidden gem that glows
> In Mariaba's valleys of repose;
> A thousand flowers that untill'd garden share,
> And fill with fragrance the delighted air.
> The balsam's sweets perfuming all the skies,
> The citron's bloom, whose summer never dies:
> There through each balmy grove, each dewy vale
> Breathes a soft sigh, the incense-loaded gale.
> Pleas'd at the scene, the depths of ocean smile,
> And waft those sweets to many a joyful isle!
> Oh! oft doth Fancy, when on roving wing,
> She seeks the realms of everlasting spring;

Some home where aye her restless steps may 'bide,
Some lovelier spot than all the world beside—
Unheeding far o'er boasted regions fly,
Afric's gold sands, and India's palmy sky—
To those calm dells and peaceful vales repair,
And love to place her own bright Eden there.

Vere Hobart went from Cheam to Oxford, and it was a great delight to Dr. Mayo, and surprise to himself, to find that he had obtained an open Scholarship at Trinity College. In the School Magazine the event is thus recorded in June, 1836:

"One quondam pupil has obtained an Oriel Fellowship, and another a Scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford. They who know the competition for these distinctions will best appreciate the victories achieved."

A visit to Italy filled the interval between the successful examination and the first Oxford Term.

Vere Hobart went to the Embassy at Turin, where his uncle, Sir Augustus Foster, was British Minister. The visit was always mentioned as a very delightful time. The pretty villa near Turin, "The Vigna," where they lived, the bright city, and the hospice upon Mont Cenis, were recalled with the freshness of feeling belonging to the first realisation of Italy and foreign life. He contended that the city has a charm which nothing can destroy in the neighbourhood of the unrivalled chain of mountains between Monte Viso and Monte Rosa, and that the straight streets give glimpses of the distant mountains, which form exquisite vignettes. His first drive on arriving at Turin was always to the Vigna. From its terrace, the plain of Turin, guarded by the glorious chain of mountains, is to be seen in perfection.

He had arrived when Sir Augustus and Lady Albinia Foster (*née* Hobart) were staying at the hospice on Mont Cenis. In that hospice the King of Piedmont had a private apartment, which he had lent for a time to the English Minister. There they stayed with the monks, and had mountain life and mountain fare and sport. Then was realised the beauty of the great mountains, the delight in which became a passion in later years. The lake on the Cenis was tenderly revisited. It was usually the chosen road to Italy. He would delight in describing the mountain expedition made with his cousin, now Sir Cavendish Foster. With a guide they had a climb over passes which an Alpine Club has since discovered and acknowledged as no small expedition. The struggles of walking in the snow, and yet the delight of exploring snowy glaciers, were never forgotten.

Vere Hobart was little more than eighteen when he went to Oxford. Of these days none but the vaguest recollections can be given. Not a word or letter seems to have been preserved, for it was not his habit to keep letters. Oxford was constantly talked about, for he delighted in its memories. His enjoyments had been great, and he had delighted fully in the amusements of the place. No former stroke of any boat could betray more enthusiasm when he went to Oxford and strolled down to the river. No Oxonian could have been prouder, fonder of the University. The walk in later years in Christ Church meadow was more like the tender retracing of past rambles in the loved walks of an old home. Then again he would speak with delight of his readings with Mr. Williams and Dr. Rawlinson. He loved Oxford and his college days. He felt, too, that his studies there had given him some of his greatest intellectual enjoy-

ments, and yet, it would be unfair, untrue, not to add that, much as he owed to Oxford and deeply as he felt the gain it had been, he rarely spoke even of those days, without expressing a deep regret that temptations to idleness seem so inseparable from University life. He felt that the utter absence of all restraint at a tender age added considerably to the danger of the ordeal.

He had many friends in different sets, and in after years was always greatly pleased to renew acquaintances which in some cases had been lost sight of, after leaving the University; meetings or letters which revived these memories would especially delight him, and he highly valued the remembrance of his old friends; but in the absence of other records, the following letter will express the feelings of one of those friends in its reference to his Oxford life. It was written, after receiving a copy of the Political Essays, by Sir Ralph Lingen.

"August 10th, 1877.

"Let me thank you for a copy of my old friend's essays. I have thought often and much upon the question of attempting some sort of *résumé* of the impression he produced among his contemporaries at Oxford.

"I saw but little of him after we had both passed from that old haven into the sea of life. For some time, I think, he was secretary to one of the diplomatic missions in South America, and I became plunged in such absorbing business that I had but little opportunity to keep up my old connections.

"Still, we occasionally met, or heard of, each other; and I believe I could say for him, as of myself, that our old

friendship was never impaired, but subsisted as really as it ever did, if less actively.

"I have spoken to more than one old Oxford friend, but always with the same result, that while we could recall an individuality most interesting to ourselves, it would be difficult to select for publication parts of it which would be of general interest.

"Much of the charm of Lord Hobart's character and manners lay in the careless good taste which disposed him to make light of his great powers, and never to pose himself. I found the general impression of those I spoke with to be, that he was a man who had left a very vivid portrait of himself among his personal friends, but one of which the finer touches would certainly suffer by the attempt to reproduce it for strangers."

The truth of this extract must explain the impossibility for any such reproduction. A sketch of the facts and events and discipline of his life is given as an introduction to what remains of his writings and of his work and opinions.

For a year or more after leaving the University, where he graduated in the Second Class Classical Honours, Vere Hobart was at home, in his father's rectory at Walton. This was a complete retreat and seclusion from the world. It must have formed a sharp contrast to Oxford. His life at Walton was most simple and quiet. His delight in the country was very great, and his recollections of country pursuits were full of pleasure, especially days of shooting or fishing with his constant companion, his brother Frederic. During these years he must have quietly studied, and delighted much in watching, the silent life of Nature; for among birds and insects, and the fishes of the streams, and rivers, he had the most intimate, though no pedantic interest.

About this time Vere Hobart went to London, and the late Lord Ripon gave him frequent employment in a private capacity as secretary, and in 1840 appointed him to a clerkship in the Board of Trade.

In 1842, he accompanied Sir Henry Ellis as secretary on a diplomatic mission to the Emperor of Brazil. No trace of his letters from Brazil exists, but in after years he never wearied in speaking of the indescribable beauty and charm of the tropical world which he first realised in that expedition. Another sight of Rio Harbour was a favourite scheme for future leisure. The marriage of his cousin, Mr. George Gordon, of Ellon, who was also attached to the mission, to Miss Young, had been a private event of some interest, and the place where the honeymoon had been spent was always described as a Paradise in the very heart of a tropical forest, the luxuriance of which he would speak of much when in India, where he was often reminded of Brazil, and compared the rival beauties of the Eastern and Western worlds. The animal, as well as the vegetable, life were full of interest to him. There was a reverence in his love of Nature which is rare, a beautiful flower, or bird, or insect was an object of awe as well as of admiration. His delight was great in Madras when he once or twice felt convinced he had identified his little friend the humming bird feasting among the honeyed flowers of the creepers and trees in the beautiful gardens at Guindy.

After his return from the mission to Brazil his official work as clerk in the Board of Trade continued, and during this time both privately and officially he was brought into very close contact with Lord Ripon, who was at that time President of the Board of Trade. The influence of a character which he loved and honoured equally, had a very strong, though at the time it may have been an

imperceptible, effect upon him. He was gradually initiated into many details connected with official life, brought into close contact with the duties of the Cabinet Minister as well as those of the clerk and the subordinate official. The example given of forbearance, of tact, and of calm devotion to duty without any self-assertion, had certainly a marked effect upon him.

Vere Hobart's private experiences were somewhat trying. London life upon the modest sum which forms the salary of a junior clerk, and unassisted by private means of any kind, was a stern but useful discipline. At Oxford, the proceeds of his scholarship had contributed considerably towards defraying his College expenses. Small debts there, and during his first few years in London, had been contracted, but these he gradually repaid. Never did it seem possible to him to get into debt again, any privation or suffering would have been preferable to that alternative. He and his brother Frederic entirely agreed in the care and economy with which they lived together in their bachelor lodgings. They greatly valued the hospitality of their uncle —their mother's brother, Sir Edward Vaughan Williams, the eminent Judge—in Westminster, and that hospitality was unvarying. Few men (especially where he was intimate) had a more delightful power of conversation than the Judge. His love of Nature, his tenderness of feeling and heart were as genuine and attractive as was his knowledge. His favourite subjects were literature and art. His quiet humour enlivened every discussion, and made the pleasure of his society in his best days like the enjoyment of the mind of some entirely satisfactory author. His delicacy, and deference, and modesty were always felt, and to his juniors this was most encouraging. Circumstances obliged Vere Hobart to limit his enjoyment of general

society, and entirely prevented many intimacies and checked many friendships. Anything beyond the association of official life was difficult.

The rigorous determination to avoid the danger of running into debt, and a naturally reserved temperament, caused some shrinking from society; but official life kept him in a political atmosphere, and he took a very strong interest in politics. He could have thrown another side of his nature warmly into many amusements. He was very fond of shooting, very fond naturally of horses, and behind no one in the delight with which he watched a game of cricket. At Oxford these amusements, and more especially boating, had been greatly enjoyed.

His sense of humour was very keen, and his fun and spirit were ever ready, even in subjects of graver importance; often it happened that the humorous side was the first that attracted his mind to the consideration of public events, and the consequence was many a little caricature or burlesque, though afterwards a far graver and more serious consideration of the same event would not be wanting.

Any utterance in those early days was most difficult. His father was a strong Protectionist, and divergence of opinion was so much regretted, that the possibility of differing greatly discouraged his son from giving expression to his own opinions; but he followed with deep interest the great movement which led to the Repeal of the Corn Laws in 1845. The first trace existing of any political writing is to be found in a little book of essays on Free Trade written by himself and two friends.

About this time Vere Hobart was reading "Butler's Analogy" with earnest and careful attention. From the time that he took up Butler, the question of our individual responsibility was a reality and an anxiety

to him. With his nature such a phase could never be allowed to pass into an excitement dependent upon temporary influences; he studied quietly. "Butler's Analogy" was sufficient to rouse and turn the current of his mind, and it satisfied him enough to keep him in the line of religious faith in which he had been educated; but far more deeply, and quite permanently, Butler's sermon on the "Love of God" delighted him, and trust in God's love became by degrees the law of his life. From that time could be traced the power of his trust, for to him faith more and more became trust. A far greater earnestness was roused. At the same time his sense of humour was so strong that there was often a tendency to trifle and ridicule which seemed almost irresistible, until the subject of thought became a matter of obedience rather than speculation; but his profession of feeling was never a mere matter of words. Anything which could lead men to adopt a religious phraseology, or in any way affect a manner of life which was likely to become mere habit and empty profession, was felt by him to be an insult to the purest and simplest spirit of truth. Cant of any sort immediately repelled him.

During the year 1849 George, fifth Earl of Buckinghamshire, died, and his brother succeeded to the title, but only to a part of the property. Vere Hobart, his eldest son, became Lord Hobart.

The following extracts are taken from anonymous articles which were written between the years 1850–52, and chiefly concern Irish questions, which at that time were occupying public attention; the point of view from which they were considered was in advance of the ordinary public opinion of the day, and his judgments have in most cases been justified by the course of events.

In 1850 we have a review of the Schools of Design. They were only fourteen years old; but in them was the infancy of a great movement, which has become not only a large department in education, but the chief medium by which improvements in manufacture and art have been trained to their present state.

The Schools of Design were the foundation of the first Great Exhibition of 1851, and largely contributed to the movement inspired by Prince Albert, who had the wisdom and foresight thus to create and cultivate an undying stimulus to art and commerce, which has grown into a power of national, and international, and world-wide importance.

In the note on this it is contended that a more decided improvement should be apparent in the designs of British manufacture. Our manufacturers were even then obliged to admit that the English designers were invariably inferior to the French. An alliance between mere manufacturing skill and taste seemed to be the great desideratum and object of the schools. The provincial schools had, however, a great inefficiency; this was attributed to the jealousy of the manufacturers and to their reluctance to give pecuniary help. This difficulty is mentioned as an additional reason for the necessity of the schools, and it is urged that their tendency will give encouragement to competition and increase the supply of good designers. When we realise what the movement has become in our day, it is curious and interesting to trace the caution and hope with which its early footsteps were guarded.

The methods of teaching, and the proportion of artistic training necessary are considered, and the practical element is advocated as the most essential to manufacturing interest. The caution is given that a "long course of study under

Phidias or Praxiteles would have little availed an Athenian youth who was to embellish linen stuffs." The dawn, too, of Lord Hobart's opinions, which grew with his studies and experiences in Political Economy, may be detected. "Classic taste," he adds, "is an expensive luxury, and we cannot afford to tax ourselves for its gratification except in connection with objects of commercial utility."

Irish questions are the subjects of many papers, and the view taken, though coloured strongly by the force of passing events, has great interest in its bearing on the subsequent phases of Irish history. The following is a note on Irish emigration, dated 1850:

"While the intelligence of every day contains matter suggestive of hope for Ireland, that country seems in some danger of becoming a desert.

"The tide of emigration which has set in to the West is daily gaining steadiness and strength; and recent accounts inform us that in one Union, that of Glenamaddy in Galway, the guardians have refused to co-operate in schemes of voluntary exile, on the ground that a 'scarcity of labour' is to be apprehended.

"At the very time when Englishmen are rejoicing in the renascent prosperity of Irishmen, the objects of her sympathies are transformed into Yankees and backwoodsmen.

"The reckless courage and warm blood of the Celt are mingling with the calculating energy of the half-bred Saxon, and are adding force to the dangerous rivalry of the race which British enterprise has planted in the New World.

"The stream which was at first so slow to appear, and whose appearance was hailed with satisfaction as the only cure for the malignant disease which affected the sister kingdom, now flows so copiously as to call for the most potent styptics, and it has itself become the source of

medical anxiety. This aspect of affairs carries with it a forcible and melancholy significance. Of all the inhabitants of the earth, the Irishman is, perhaps, the most attached to his native country. He loves it as long as a hope is left, and he leaves it only at the bidding of despair. The evils of ill-regulated emigration will, doubtless, work their own remedy.

"The increasing value of labour, and the consequent improvement in the condition of those whom necessity or panic have not severed from their native soil, will in time attract labour to the Irish market, and will eventually restore the population to its former numerical level. But the length of time which may be necessary to bring about such a consummation no one can calculate, unless he is able to foretell the period at which the steady transatlantic current, which has its source in Irish misery, shall cease to flow. That period may be deferred until the conviction shall force itself on the most incredulous mind that the remedy for Irish calamity has been a worse and more enduring evil than the disease. The suffering and loss of the last five years are as nothing to the blow which the depopulation of half a kingdom would give to imperial interests. It would be long before English enterprise would fix itself upon the deserted soil. The very desolation of the land would seem to show that its cultivation was unprofitable. Even under the most favourable circumstances the transfer of capital to waste lands and new countries is a work of much time and difficulty; and there seems to be inherent in English minds a rooted antipathy to Irish undertakings.

"It would seem, however, that desperate counsels have been somewhat hastily adopted by the numbers who are now leaving the shores of Ireland. It is at least strange that the increase in Emigration should be coincident with undeniable improvement in the prospects of the country, that it should be unchecked by a harvest of almost unprecedented plenty, and undiminished by the certainty of an abundant and wholesome supply of the staff of Hibernian existence. The evil is, doubtless, in part to be attributed

to the want of foresight which has always marked the character of the Irishman, and which generally leads him to believe that his present is his normal condition.

"In part, also, it is the result of that pernicious system of agitation, whose first care is to persuade the Irishman that his case is hopeless, that he is the most unfortunate, oppressed and degraded of human beings: a system which, when it fails to rouse him to rebellion pitch, drives him into despondency and exile. But both of these courses sink into insignificance when compared with the mischievous legislation of the last few years. The attempts of England to relieve Irish destitution have been singularly unfortunate. While they have failed to produce their intended effects they have been singularly prolific of other and most disastrous consequences. After long waiting and watching in vain for legislative remedies, the Irish people have been compelled to throw themselves upon their own resources. And the only resource left to them was self-expatriation. In a country such as Ireland this is an unmixed evil. That country has never been, in the ordinary sense of the word, over-populated. In Ireland the proportion which her population bears to the extent of land susceptible of profitable cultivation is small. The fatal disproportion which there exists is that between capital and labour. Had this distinction been steadily kept in view, the signal failure of the measures so rashly and hastily prepared to meet the Irish crisis would probably have been avoided. The destitution of the Irish population was met by a law destructive of Irish capital. What the case required was not the partition of that capital among starving millions, but the introduction of additional capital and its immediate employment in reproductive labour. In the paralytic legislation which followed the first shock of calamity, this principle seems to have been admitted; but the mode of its application completely destroyed all chance of its successful operation. The vast sums which should have assisted private enterprise and energy in the support of Irish labour, and which, thus applied, would have yielded a rich harvest of returning prosperity, were

sunk in the ruinous communism of the Public Works. But the Poor-law, in its very principle, was fatally inapplicable to the circumstances of Ireland.

"In England, pauperism is to be attributed at least as much to the want of channels for employment as to deficiency of capital; but in Ireland the want of capital was the sole cause of the misery which prevailed. Under the Irish Poor-law pauperism was relieved at the expense of that by the deficiency of which it was created, and in the increase of which lay its only hope of amelioration. The consequences which might have been expected, have ensued. The pauper emigrates because misery and starvation still dog his steps. The ratepayer emigrates to save the little that the Poor-law has left him, and thus the work of desolation goes on. This is not the kind of emigration which we have always regarded as desirable, nor can it be productive of benefit either to the individual emigrants or to the country which they have left.

"We cannot but hope that the advocates of the amendment of the Irish Poor-law will meet in the next Session with better success than has hitherto attended their efforts.

"In the meantime the evil may be checked, as in the case of the Glenamaddy Union, by judicious conduct on the part of Boards of Guardians, and by the example and advice of the more influential tenants and of resident owners of the land.

"The Irish people must be taught to look forward to the future with a trustful hope. Let the gentry of Ireland resolutely set themselves to counteract the corrupting influence of mischievous priests and selfish demagogues, who prey upon the ignorance and abuse the credulity of their unfortunate countrymen.

"So long as murder is justified and sedition stalks abroad, that most sensitive plant, capital, will shrink from contact with Irish soil. Peace and confidence once restored, we may hope, even in spite of fallacious economic legislation, that the fever of emigration from Ireland will subside, and that the vast natural resources of that magnificent country will

be developed and enjoyed, not by English and Scotch settlers, but by her own long-suffering sons.

"The present crisis in the history of Ireland is one which demands the peculiar care and attention of the Imperial Government. In this, her stage of early convalescence, every support and encouragement consistent with a due regard to the interests of the Empire should be accorded to her. Every vestige of inequality, every remnant of jealousy, legal or constitutional, social or religious, between the sister kingdoms, should be swept away. Ireland has a right to claim this at our hands. We are not, as some of her itinerant agitators would have us believe, responsible for the pestilence which prostrated her to the earth; but the infirmities of the national character, and the unhealthy tone of feeling which have rendered her less able to strive against calamity, are partly the consequences of the misgovernment of our ancestors.

"Let the commencement of her recovery from a fierce disorder be the signal for the adoption of a course of conduct towards her which may blot out the memory of a long series of injuries, and atone for centuries of oppression and misrule."

THE ENCUMBERED ESTATES ACT.

"From the report which was presented to Parliament at the end of last Session, and which has recently been made public, of the Commissioners for the sale of Encumbered Estates in Ireland, some judgment may at length be formed with regard to the operation of a measure which was perhaps the boldest of the phalanx, so hastily equipped to do battle with the calamities of the sister country. The opposition encountered by Ministers, when they proposed, at the suggestion of Sir Robert Peel, a Macedonian solution of the Gordian entanglements which obstructed the transfer of land in Ireland, was certainly far from being altogether groundless.

"The unlimited authority vested in the Commissioners to decide upon cases of the utmost legal difficulty and delicacy,

and to dispense with the severe and stringent rules of procedure, by which our lawgivers have shielded the rights of property, was calculated to produce no ordinary feeling of apprehension.

"That the benefits which might be anticipated from the Encumbered Estates Act, depended entirely on the morbid and anomalous character of the social system to which it was applied, is sufficiently clear. In a sound state of the body politic, the adoption of such a measure would have been productive of almost unmixed evil. The diminution of confidence in the security of property, would have been in no degree compensated by increased facilities for its sale.

"The delays and difficulties of the Court of Chancery, which led to the passing of the Act, were the result of that excess of caution and jealousy by which proprietary rights are in this country determined and preserved. Sweeping reforms in that Court, unless dictated by consummate legal knowledge, and by the strictest sense of justice, could not but be full of danger; and a measure entirely setting aside its jurisdiction would, under ordinary circumstances, have been proportionately perilous.

"But the destitution and destruction which were spread over Ireland, combined with that complication of claims which has long pressed heavily upon landed property in that country, more than justifies a departure from all customary rules, however sound and well-established. The landlord had ceased to possess any substantial interest in his estate, which a ruinous famine had rendered unequal to satisfy the demands of the mortgagee, and the latter, unwilling to take possession of the land to which he was entitled, was also unable to sell it, except after a long and doubtful process in the Court of Chancery. It was clear that under these circumstances nothing could be done for the cultivation of the soil. In the meantime the population was starving; and it therefore became necessary, at all hazards, to introduce unfettered capital into Ireland.

"We regret that the Commissioners have not furnished somewhat more detailed statistical information with regard

to the result of their proceedings. The Report does not contain, as would have been desirable, any statement either of the value, according to the latest Poor-law valuation, of the lands for the sale of which petitions have been presented, or of the extent of acreage which they embrace. It informs us, however, that the annual rental of those lands amounts in the whole to rather more than £665,000. Taking the rental at 5 per cent. on the value, we may conclude that property to the amount of rather more than £12,000,000 has been placed under the operation of the Act; and supposing the rental to average rather less than £1 per acre, we infer that the land to the extent of about 600,000 acres has been submitted to the Commissioners for sale. If we may assume that applications will continue to be made, during the four years for which the Act will yet be in operation, at the same rate at which they have hitherto proceeded, it follows that the passing of this measure will have led to the transfer of about 3,000,000 acres of Irish property.

"Undoubtedly the extent of land which will thus have been relieved from encumbrance, when compared with the total acreage under cultivation in Ireland, is very considerable; and its transfer from those who had merely a nominal to those who have a real interest in the improvement of the soil cannot fail to prove highly beneficial. Yet almost all the purchasers have been Irishmen.

"It would appear as if English capital still hesitated to cross the channel which separates the Saxon from the Celt; and as if it shuddered at the rumours of lurking sedition and 'tenant-right' conspiracy which are wafted at intervals from that unquiet shore.

"Were it not for this sensitive timidity, Irish land would have found a more profitable market under the Act than it has done; and it would probably have been placed in the hands of men less likely to reduce it to its former melancholy condition than many of those to whom it has now been consigned. We do not find in the Report of the Commissioners any account of the number of years'

purchase for which each estate has been sold. Comparing, however, the gross amount which the sales have produced with the extent of acreage disposed of, it appears that the average price received has been about £8 per acre.

"It can hardly be supposed that this was anything like a fair average value. Making every allowance for the new and startling position in which the Commissioners found themselves, we cannot but doubt whether, in allowing sales to be concluded at so low a price, they have in all instances manifested a sound judgment.

"The Act under which they were appointed authorises them to order the sale of a whole estate to pay off a very small encumbrance.

"The quantity of land to be sold for that purpose, and the minimum price to be received for it, as well as the validity of the owner's title and the justice of the claims of the mortgagees, are points to be decided entirely by the Commissioners. It is obvious that the powers thus conferred upon them might be so far abused as to amount to that with which it has been accused of being identical—the 'confiscation' of the estate.

"Whether, in any given case, it be so or not, depends solely upon the 'discretion' of the Commissioners. In their exercise of a sound discretion lies the only protection of the landowner from robbery; and injustice is done to him, however unintentionally, whenever the Commissioners allow his land to be sold for less than its actual value.

"On the whole, however, the Encumbered Estates Act seems to have been productive of at least as much benefit as could reasonably have been expected to result from it. With the exception of the Drainage Loan Act—a measure wisely conceived and judiciously executed—it is the only one of the Ministerial proposals for the relief of the Irish distress which has not signally and hopelessly failed; or rather, which has not aggravated the very evils which it was intended to remedy. To the Public Works Act, and to the Act for Amending the Poor-Law and Authorising Outdoor Relief, we attribute much of the misery which

has rendered Ireland an object of pity to all Christendom, and which has driven a desponding peasantry to the wilds of America, from a country rich in all the raw material of wealth.

"So far as it has substituted an unfettered proprietary for a class to whom the improvement of the soil was an object of no concern, the Encumbered Estates Act has stimulated the demand for labour, and has saved from almost absolute neglect, land, the cultivation of which was a matter of life and death to thousands of Irishmen. It was impossible, however, but that some evil should proceed from so violent a remedy. Desirous as the Commissioners may have been to exercise with caution and discrimination the vast powers confided to them, it can scarcely be doubted that some instances of injustice have inadvertently occurred under their jurisdiction; and to this extent the very object for which they were appointed has been counteracted.

"For, so far as this measure has created a feeling that, in Ireland, the rights of territorial possession may at any time be tampered with by the Legislature, it has tended to lower the value of property in that country, and to diminish its attractions as an investment for capital.

"When the Act expires, it will be incumbent on the Government by providing for the requisite reforms in the Court of Chancery, to afford the best security in its power against the recurrence of so dangerous an anomaly."

The following Paper on the "No Popery Agitation" is also dated 1850:

"The violent demonstrations which the Papal Bull has called forth throughout the country have begun to produce their natural effects in Ireland. It was scarcely possible but that the fire which lies smouldering beneath the surface of that volcanic soil should be roused into dangerous life by abuse, which, day after day, has been lavished upon the creed of some six millions of Irishmen. Meetings have already been held at Dublin and Castlebar to protest against the language which has been used at the English No Popery

exhibitions; and the expressions employed at those meetings show that the wound which it has inflicted is deep and rankling.

"A more temperate spirit is displayed in the expressions of 'astonishment and regret,' embodied in the resolutions of the Roman Catholic clergy of Cork. But, on the other hand, the ranks of the Tenant-right League are daily swelled by priests whom considerations of prudence or loyalty can no longer restrain from that course to which they were from the first but too well inclined, and at the Limerick election, where the Tenant-right excitement was encouraged by the significant presence of the editor of the *Tablet,* something which may by courtesy be termed peace was preserved by the mild influence of strong detachments of military. A corresponding Orange enthusiasm has, of course, displayed itself; and but little appears to be wanting to stimulate Ireland into active disaffection and tumult at a time when her critical condition of slow recovery from a wasting disorder renders quiet and confidence of vital importance.

"We can hardly imagine a mental conflict more painful than that which must have taken place, when the celebrated 'mummery' manifesto met the astonished gaze of Lord Clarendon, between his Lordship's allegiance to the leader of his party, and his sense of justice, propriety, and consistency. Supported and encouraged by the author of that statesmanlike production, he had advanced far upon a course of conciliatory policy which could not have failed to be followed by the happiest results. With singular judgment and success he had taken every opportunity of striking at the very root of Irish calamity, by endeavouring to unite all parties in the bond of union which is so essential to the restoration of prosperity in that distracted country. With this object in view, he had submitted with the utmost patience to personal obloquy, and he had cut asunder the ties of private friendship. He had clearly seen the semi-barbarism of a 'priest-ridden' population was not to be overcome by caressing those who concealed from others, and perhaps from themselves, religious animosity under the garb of a zealous

loyalty; and if there was one thing more than another which he had discountenanced, it was partiality on the part of the civil power to a particular religious belief. Lord John Russell's letter was calculated to dissolve in a single moment the hopeful visions of the Lord Lieutenant. Orange lodges had been rendered furious, and Lord Roden sacrificed in vain. Viceregal toleration was inconsistent with Ministerial persecution; and the work of Irish amelioration must cease, because the Prime Minister denounced the creed of the Irish people as 'a precipice,' and their ritual as a 'superstition,' of which he could not endure even the 'mummery' or imitation.

"The spectacle which Ireland presents of a national clergy arrayed on the side of sedition, has been so long regarded as a permanent and inevitable state of things, that it had ceased to excite surprise or even curiosity. We no longer endeavour to account for a social phenomenon which has become so familiar. It is treated as a mysterious dispensation, which may be lamented, but which cannot be explained.

"Yet Romanism and anarchy are not natural allies; and the cause of their union must be looked for elsewhere than in themselves. In times when to be a Papist was to be denied all social rights, and to be placed without the pale of legal protection, that cause was not far to seek.

"After the abrogation of all positively penal laws against Roman Catholics, it was to be found in their exclusion from political privileges. But since their admission to equal rights with Protestants, it is commonly supposed that all just ground for their hostility to the powers that be, has been removed.

"It is forgotten, however, that the great national act of justice which 'emancipated' the Romanist, placed him, not on a par with the Protestant of the Anglican Church, but with the Protestant Dissenter. To create hostility to the State on the part of the non-conforming portion of the community is perhaps the natural tendency of a Church Establishment, though it is a tendency which circumstances

may to a great extent counteract, or even neutralise altogether.

"Moreover, the case of the Roman Catholic differs in one essential respect from that of all other classes of religionists who disclaim the authority of the National Church. The charity and forbearance with which Dissent is generally treated in this country is not extended to him; no longer persecuted by law, he is yet scarcely tolerated by custom. Protestant society shuns and shudders at him.

"The days are, indeed, long gone by when a priest might be hanged for marrying a Protestant to a Papist; but the days when a Dublin domestic advertising for a place considers it necessary to announce that he is not a Roman Catholic, are our own.

"The enmity thus excited against a Protestant community is naturally extended to a Government which treats Protestantism with peculiar favour, and thus religious aversion takes the form of political hostility. Hence the disastrous results which may be expected in Ireland if the present agitation should continue, substituting, as it is sure to do, every day more decidedly, the display of sectarian animosity for politico-ecclesiastical aggression.

"The strongest argument against the continuance of the course in which a large portion of the community has followed the Ministerial leader, considered with reference to its effect upon Roman Catholic Ireland, is to be found in the often-repeated assertion that the greatest evil of that country is her religion. Perhaps no better method could be devised of making proselytes to that religion than the frequent convocation of public meetings to revile it. Justice, charity, and reason, are the only weapons by which Romanism can be combated with any chance of success. Every display of Orangeism, and every toast to the 'Glorious Memory,' is regarded as a challenge to mortal conflict; and wherever there is an invitation to fight, Irishmen are sure to be found who will accept it. The work of conversion from Popery belongs, not to clamorous and crowded platforms, but to

the clergy in the pulpit, to the private efforts of Protestant zeal, and to the silent operation of Protestant example. Recent events have too clearly shown that public meetings held for the purpose of denouncing religious doctrines cannot but be conducted in a persecuting and tyrannical spirit; and they are therefore as unjust as they are sure to be unavailing. We trust that the symptoms of Ministerial convalescence afforded by the temperate answers from the Throne will have the result of allaying an agitation which can have no other effect than that of further alienating Roman Catholics from Protestants, and Protestants from each other, and which may possibly exasperate into disloyalty and outrage, a suffering and neglected people."

On the same subject we have a later extract which, alluding to the wisdom of refraining from an attempt to impose civil disabilities on Roman Catholics, adds: "It may be wise, if a Bill is to be brought forward, to exempt Ireland from its provisions; but it is wrong to trifle with legislation, by enactments which, intentionally inoperative as laws, can only serve as party manifestoes; nor was there any sufficient occasion for bringing to light the contrast between the legal and actual condition of Ireland. It is true that a statesman who should forget the essential distinction between Roman Catholic Ireland and Protestant England, would deservedly be regarded as a pedant, but it is equally certain that the Constitution under the Union regards them as identical in position and character. Until the Government are prepared to revise the terms of the compact, it is idle and frivolous to invent opportunities of showing the fallacies which they may involve. The inapplicability of a measure to the circumstances of Ireland is a reason for not forcing it on an unwilling population, but it is also an argument against introducing unnecessarily into English legislation, a new mark of separation between the countries.

"The prohibition of territorial titles imposed on the Romish hierarchy in England is essentially a formal and technical measure, and it involves formal inconsistencies,

such as the distinction between two portions of the United Kingdom; it is no sufficient defence to allege that the facts on which it would bear on either side of the Channel are dissimilar. Legislation should regard facts in its practical purposes; but it is to contain theories and formal propositions, that should be reconciled with the theory of the Constitution.

"Future opportunities will occur of explaining more fully the grounds of the confident persuasion which we have more than once expressed that the Bill is intended to be, and will be, a mere scarecrow.

"The value of titles consists in their ordinary social recognition, and not in the sanction of the law; and no informer will be found to denounce their use in private society; nor could any prosecution be carried through for any similar breach of the statute. The progress of serious public business will be suspended, the angry passions of different sections of the community will be kept in a state of inflammation, and the conventional theories of the Constitution will be rudely disturbed, for the sake of carrying a measure which, from the moment it is passed, will be left to sleep in the statute book undisturbed. Much might be said in criticism of such a policy; at present it is a sufficient criticism to say that at least it is not worth while."

The following remarks on the state of Ireland were written in 1851:

"The accounts which have recently been received from the sister country are calculated to affect the public mind, in about equal degrees, with hope and with anxiety for the future.

"'Prosperity to Ireland' still remains a theme which can only, at the best, be spoken of in that tone of subdued and modest congratulation which marked the Lord Lieutenant's thoughtful and kindly speech at the Lord Mayor's feast in Dublin on Tuesday last. And gladly as we dwell on those favourable indications which might seem to justify

his Excellency's hope that 'the tide was turned,' it is impossible to shut our eyes on those other parts of the picture which throw a certain air of ambiguity over the whole. As yet we see no decisive sign that that country is about to throw off the character of a 'difficulty,' which she has so long and so pertinaciously sustained, to the discomfiture of a series of English statesmen. 'Flax movements' and prospering Ulster, 'Tenant-league' agitation and insolvent Connaught, alternately raise and depress the spirits of the sympathising reader; while the vast accumulation of business in the Encumbered Estates Court is a fact from which it would be scarcely safe to draw any sanguine and confident inferences.

"The Tenant-right agitators have, it appears, prepared the programme of a vigorous campaign for the ensuing Session, and from the scene of their late overthrow they have issued an appeal which would be formidable were it not so strongly clouded by despair. When stripped of its exuberance of language, that melodramatic manifesto simply informs us that the course of things in Ireland has long been a descent from very bad to considerably worse, and that every step which that country takes must inevitably be in the wrong direction, until Tenant-right shall be the law of the land, from which auspicious moment she will tend rapidly upwards, till she reaches the zenith of felicity.

"Without positively asserting that the relation of landlord and tenant in Ireland is not susceptible of improvement, we confess that we are at a loss to perceive in what manner a system which would deprive a proprietor of all power of letting his land to the best advantage, and of all control over it when let, could conduce either to the improvement of the soil, or to the security of property. The modest requisition of the Tenant-leagues, so far as we understand it, is, in fact, simply this: That the tenant should be allowed to fix the rent of the land which he proposes to occupy, and that, when once in occupation, his expulsion should be impossible.

"The result of adopting this singularly rational and

equitable proposition would be a ruin more complete than any which potato blight or Outdoor Relief Acts could possibly produce. Of all the remedies which have ever been proposed for Irish calamity, Communism is decidedly the worst.

"The increasing number of sales of encumbered estates is satisfactory only so far as it indicates a substitution of a free for a fettered proprietary. If there were any sanguine persons who pictured to themselves, as the result of that wise and necessary measure, unaccompanied as it was by those other legislative reforms which Ireland equally needed, something like a migration of the Royal Exchange of London to the heart of the poverty-stricken Munster, their visions have not been realised.

"A market glutted with broad acres of the richest land in the world to be sold for 'a song,' has failed to tempt the cautious citizens of the great Metropolis; and the purchasers have been, for the most part, the thriving tenant-farmers of the more fortunate districts of Ireland herself. The eager pressure of a crowd of mortgagees, clamorous for the abdication of the ancient owners of the soil, may be, under the circumstances, the natural remedy for adversity; but it can scarcely be considered an unfailing symptom of prosperity. More favourable inferences might be drawn were any improvement perceptible in the prices at which the estates are sold.

"Such, however, does not appear to be the case. Perhaps the competition incidental to the transfer of so large an amount of property renders it difficult for the Commissioners, in the exercise of the power entrusted to them, to keep steadily in view the interests of the unfortunate landowners; but, be that as it may, no increase has taken place in the average prices which they obtain, commensurate with the undoubtedly improving prospects of the country.

"We are not among those who think that the Irish landlords have only themselves to blame for the scene of desolation over which the Encumbered Estates Commissioners have been called to preside, nor are we prepared to admit that the circumstances which necessitated the appointment

of the commission imply that the landed proprietors of the sister country are intrinsically worse than the corresponding class in England. The English landowner, with all the comfort and security which he derives from a thriving neighbourhood and a loyal tenantry, has but few of those temptations to desert and encumber his property which surround the unfortunate victim of Tenant-right Conspiracies, nocturnal depredation, agenticide, sectarian riots, and cabbage garden revolutions. It makes a material difference as regards the inclination of a country gentleman to reside upon and improve his estate, whether punctual payments and respect for law secure to him the possession and enjoyment of the income derived from it, or whether his property lies in a district where order is preserved only by the presence of some 30,000 troops, and when, on any considerable diminution of these numberless mysterious unions, all the lawless fraternity, which Sidney Smith described as 'the bloody boyhood of the Bog of Allan,' would start into predatory and insurrectionary life. In speaking of the Irish landlords we are bound carefully to consider how far their misfortunes have been a natural consequence of the condition of that country, and how far that condition has itself been the result of Imperial misgovernment.

"The prosperity of the north, which, as the Irish papers inform us, unconscious of the compliment they are paying to Her Majesty's service, is clearly evidenced by the fact that 'no recruits are to be had in Belfast for glory or money,' does not appear to be accompanied by a corresponding improvement in the south and west of Ireland. Yet even in these districts, the poor-rates have sensibly diminished, and the demand for agricultural produce has improved. That a more marked amelioration has not taken place in that country, is probably to be attributed to that ruinous drain of the population with which it has long been affected, and which is every day augmenting.

"Numbers of tenant-farmers, whose energies and whose money were essential to the re-establishment of prosperity, have left, and are leaving the country; and while we may

expect that a great requisite for the resuscitation of Ireland, viz. capital, will be gradually introduced, there is danger that a scarcity of labour may seriously obstruct its beneficial operation. . . . . ."

ON THE IRISH AGRICULTURAL LAW REPORT.

In a Paper on the Irish Agricultural Law Report, Lord Hobart writes:

"We view, with peculiar interest, every indication of the rise and progress of a more energetic and self-relying spirit; and among the various signs of this improved feeling which have from time to time come under our notice, few have given us more satisfaction than we have derived from a perusal of the report recently issued of the proceedings during the year 1850 of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland. The prospect of an ameliorated social condition, which that document holds out, is to us far more gratifying because less likely to prove deceptive, than that afforded by the mere fact of diminishing poor-rates, or of increasing sales of encumbered estates. . . . . .

"An Irish traveller will perceive that the system of farming on the other side of the Channel is immeasurably inferior to that practised in this country, and that an increase of agricultural skill is what is most wanted, both to render cultivated lands more productive and to bring waste lands into cultivation. . . . . ."

The end of this review necessarily took into account the condition of feeling as it then referred to the proposed Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. The legislation and controversial disputes which resulted from that unhappy subject have produced their own remedy, and it may be wiser not to reopen a controversy which has always embittered the relations between England and Ireland in the past. The reaction produced by recent legislation must in time conciliate both countries; but the beauty of the following

paragraph which predicted the course of events need not be omitted. The prediction has been literally fulfilled.

"In the present temper of the public mind it may, perhaps, seem idle to point to a repeal of the Titles Act as the proper remedy for the evil; yet we are convinced that, at no very distant date, such will be the opinion of a large number of the statesmen and politicians who unresistingly acquiesced in the measure of last session. The progress of enlightened liberality has, indeed, received a check which must have painfully surprised all steady supporters of the cause of justice and toleration; but every day's experience and reflection will contribute to restore the tone of the national mind, and to remove the cloud under which prejudice and passion have temporarily hidden from view the beauty and truth of religious liberty."

IRISH POOR-LAW REPORT.

At the end of a review, on the Irish Poor-Law Report, the summary has a forcible bearing on recent discussions: "That desperate competition for the possession of the soil, which is the effect of the 'cottier' and 'conacre' systems, leads to the offer of exorbitantly high rents, the payment of which is never for a moment seriously contemplated by the bidder, and which indeed it is absolutely impossible that he should pay. The tenant, therefore, whether farmer or labourer, is almost invariably in debt to his landlord. Under such circumstances, any improvement of his land would merely go to enrich the latter; for all that the occupier produces, over and above the wretched provision which he calls 'necessaries' of life, is absorbed in the rent. Consequently, his only inducement to labour is the fear of ejectment, or rather of the starvation which would ensue. Of this solitary motive to industry the Poor-Law deprived him, and a further deterioration of his character was the inevitable consequence; while, at the same time, the augmented pressure upon capital, caused by the poor-rate, diminished his chance of receiving remunerative employment. The evil, however, appears at length to be working out its own

cure. The vast amount of emigration to America, which is now in progress, is opening the field to English and Scottish enterprise, and is preparing, we can scarcely doubt, more prosperous times for Ireland. We may hope that a period is at last approaching when Bishop Berkeley's naïve query, 'whether there be any nation on the earth so beggarly destitute as the Common Irish,' will have lost its melancholy and shameful significance. Yet even when all visible traces of the recent terrible calamity shall have passed away, it will be impossible to reflect without bitter regret, on the fact that death and wholesale depopulation were the only remedies which effectually extirpated the malady."

DEMAND ON IRISH UNIONS.

"Nothing, surely, could have been more utterly reckless, or less worthy of experienced statesmen, than the Public Works Act of 1846. Grant that there was but little time for thought, whilst the necessity for action was immediate; still, was there no conceivable method by which the Irish people might be fed in one year without necessarily subjecting them to want of employment in the next? Was there no possible mode of ensuring some return for the sums which were so copiously lavished? It was urged that the object of the Act was not to construct useful works, but to supply the people with food. The people were to be fed. How they were to be fed, or at what cost to the country, was of very little consequence. This open avowal of a total disregard of all economical considerations—this confession that no deliberation was thought necessary as to the most beneficial method of performing an act of humanity—is a complete admission of all the charges brought against the Government. The people were to be fed—it mattered little whether by operations of tillage, which would pay a fair percentage on the outlay, or by roads which were never to be completed, and, if they were, would never be used.

"Even, then, on the supposition that far more decided symptoms of recovery from distress than any which are yet apparent presented themselves in Ireland, we should be

opposed to the immediate and rigorous exaction of these claims. But, in the present condition of that country, any inclination to the side of severity is peculiarly to be deprecated. That condition is one the social and political importance of which can hardly be over-estimated. There are probably few who have had either the ability or the leisure to take a well-grounded view of its probable effect on the destinies of civilised nations, more especially upon those of Great Britain. We have yet hardly recovered from the amazement caused by the sight of a great nation leaving the land of its birth and the institutions of its fathers. The phenomenon, however, seems now to be pretty generally considered as one which is not much to be lamented, and that large class of persons by whom all social evils are attributed to superabundance of population are disposed to regard it with unmixed satisfaction. For ourselves, we are unable to see so copious and sustained a flow of the very heart's blood of the empire without anxiety and misgiving; and ignoring the critical and alarming circumstances of the sister country will not add to a reputation either for good feeling or for political sagacity."

The extracts which follow are from private letters, written to me or to members of the family. They have been selected with an idea of preserving features which show something of the combination of power and charm which were characteristic of Lord Hobart's mind. The care with which opinions were maintained only so far as they stood the test of truth and reason, and the absence of self-interest, speak for themselves and are in harmony with the whole character of his official career. Descriptions of scenery are given which are too artistic to be lost.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN ABOUT THE YEAR 1850–51.

"SIDMOUTH, *March*, 1850.

"I have seen enough of the world to feel how vain and unsatisfactory are its pleasures and occupations. Even

what is called the 'last infirmity of noble minds,' ambition, seems to me most contemptible, and utterly unworthy to be the actuating principle of life, and this feeling is enough to prevent my being ambitious.

"Yesterday we saw Salcombe Hill taking his evening sun-bath as we came back along the Exeter roads, which bath was I think more glowing even than I have seen it. From a peaceful little cottage just before us a thin blue smoke was rising, the colour of which was changed, by the golden light in which Salcombe Hill was basking behind it, into a most lovely purple."

"The doctor told me not to smoke, a very disagreeable prescription. He told me Disraeli was one of the most inveterate smokers he ever knew, and very nearly smoked himself to death, and now never touches tobacco."

In answer to a somewhat bigoted and one-sided argument about Romanism, the following extract is a proof of the calm and fairness with which he felt it incumbent to consider all questions of religious difference:

"As to Popery—I think you are right in all you say against it. It is surely a corrupt form of Christianity. But then you and I say so without even having read or heard arguments on the other side (at least I have heard very few, and I believe they say a great deal for themselves). Now if the arguments are good, they ought to be listened to; and if they are bad, they will do me no harm, or rather they will do me good by confirming me in my attachment to Protestantism. However, I don't suppose I shall be able to get the books I mentioned. I must confess that I can't imagine what reasonable defence they can make of their religion. But one can't help feeling as if one ought to know on what grounds at least half of Europe adopt a form of Christianity so different to our own."

The following lines on the late Duke of Wellington,

written two years before his death, gave rise to some little discussion among friends whose orthodoxy was apt to be strict even to a fault. They speak for themselves, and explain the extract connected with them:

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The warrior's glittering panoply, the frown
  Of cannon, and the battle's stormy sea,
The gorgeous triumph and the victor's crown,
  The pictur'd record of thy life shall be.

Nor most for these shall Albion bless thy name,
  In peace her safeguard as in war her pride;
Thou wast a hero when the foemen came,
  Thou art a Father when their pow'r hath died.

Calm be the radiance of thy setting sun,
  And softly smile the ev'ning of thy day;
Heav'n rest thee when thy patriot course is run,
  And death shall steal thy noble soul away!

"*January* 22*nd*, 1851 *or* 1852.

"As to the two lines at the end of my wretched verses on the Duke, is there anything *unchristian* in them? Surely not. Observe that I do not in any way attribute his attainment of heaven to his patriotism; in plain prose, I merely say that 'when your patriotic course is run may heaven receive you,' of course implying that heaven would be obtained (if at all) by *the only* means which can procure it —the merits of Christ. There seems no necessity to express this. Indeed, I think one should be cautious how one uses that awful name in any way out of its place, or mixed up with what (though innocent) is of an earthly nature, such as poems in praise of heroes."

In reference to some public meeting of an ultra-Protestant character, he says: "I feel sure that public meetings to denounce religious opinion are wrong in principle."

"DORSET STREET, *Saturday.*

"I was much struck with Roundell Palmer's speech last night, and I agreed with him almost entirely. It was full of thought. I don't know whether you remember my having spoken to you of him as a man *who was sure to rise;* an Oxford man of my college."

After a discussion about Church and State, in a letter written between 1851–53, he wrote: "I don't think our discussion was of the importance you attached to it. I believe as you do in Christianity, and I think the purest form of it is Protestantism. My doubt is only whether the State—that is the Government—ought to uphold any particular form of religion. Government is instituted for the civil and temporal, not the spiritual welfare of the community. With a view to the temporal welfare it ought, I think, to encourage religion generally, but I doubt whether it ought to interfere with the consciences of men. But suppose I were to admit that Government ought to encourage *Christianity* as against any other creed, it would not follow that it ought to decide as to the *form* of Christianity which should be adopted in this country. You and I are Protestants, but there is no doubt that Roman Catholics as well as Dissenters have something to say for themselves, and I don't think civil Government is acting within its province when it attempts to interpret the Bible. In what sense is it to encourage Protestantism? Not, certainly, by persecution of Romanists. How then? By not admitting them to a share in the legislation? This seems to me to be *negative* persecution, and therefore inadmissible. Should it then—as a fact it does—recognise one Church, and make all persons, whatever their religious opinions, pay for the support of that church? I confess I cannot think so. In short, Government should not interfere with the consciences of men, so as to stand between man and his Creator to interpret His will, and enforce upon His creatures its interpreta-

tion. This is arrogating to itself a power to which I think it can have no claim. But as I said before, I think it should uphold religion generally, that is, give every facility and encouragement to the exercise of religion generally, with a view to the temporal welfare of the governed. I will even allow that it should uphold *Christianity* only, because *that* only seems really deserving of the name of religion. But to decide between the conflicting forms of Christianity which all sects profess to have taken from the Bible, seems to me not within the province of *civil* Government. Christ, you say, preached and caused to be preached only His religion, but Christ was a spiritual, not a temporal governor. He Himself declared that 'His kingdom was not of this world.' I will only say that my view is much the same as that of Archbishop Whately, who is, or appears to be, a good Christian and staunch Protestant, besides being a man of great intellect. It has always seemed to me most unjust and wrong that in Ireland, where three-fourths of the population are Romanists, the whole population should be made to pay for the support of the Protestant Church. . . . . Supposing, as I have half admitted, that the State ought to uphold to a certain extent *Christianity* generally, there is no argument to be derived from the example of our Lord in favour of its teaching and upholding one form of Christianity as against another; but of course it was not in the nature of things that it should be so. The Church and State question is political as well as religious."

"SIDMOUTH, *August* 31*st*.

"I wish you could have been with C—— and me to-day without getting wet. We went up the First Peak, and about half-way between that and the Second Peak began a perilous descent to the shingles. . . . Then we went quite round the rocks at the foot of the Second Peak (where I have never been before), and so on by the isolated rock to Lardrum Bay. This was a most

scrambling journey; as we got near the Bay the sea came quite close to the rocks, and there seemed no way of passing, till we discovered a small hole through which we crept. But we were deceived, for an inlet had to be crossed, and then a dark cave appeared, quite full of water, and immediately between us and our destination. We would not be beaten, and there was nothing for it but to wade through the water up to our knees in it. After much more scrambling and winding we arrived at Lardrum Bay, and so home by the road and First Peak. Such figures. . . . It was a wild walk which gave me much delight. The islet rock is magnificent when you are near it. All the riches of California are spread out on the hills. The Second Peak has a massive crown of burnished gold, and there is all over the landscape a soft flush of delicate green."

"SIDMOUTH, *September 5th*, 1850.

"Yesterday was a most glorious day, and I went a long walk with M—— to the hill opposite Dunscombe, which is now my favourite walk. I go first to the Fox House, and then through the little woods and along the hillside quite to the edge of the cliff, where I sit down and enjoy the lovely view. Dunscombe Wood at that time of day is all steeped in a dark, cool, green shade, with occasional walks seen for a moment and losing themselves the next; the luxuriant depths of the thick ash groves, which are interspersed with patches of the greenest turf, whereon feed your friends, the dark red cows; and at the top, rescued from the wood, mounds heaped one above the other of the shortest, softest, most verdant, most inviting sward, which set off beautifully the calm light blue of the distant sea."

"SIDMOUTH, *August 17th.*

"I had a most beautiful progress to Exeter by the express train. The day was very fine, and the country

seemed to welcome me back again with open arms, and to reproach me for having deserted it so long.

"Have you ever observed on a railway that the window of the carriage forms a frame to a constant succession of the most lovely little views of every variety? for the train goes so fast, that a new picture comes almost every minute. And this picture-gallery of Nature is, of course, exactly as far superior to any human picture-gallery as Nature is to Art.

"There was, last night, a brilliant harvest moon shining most calmly bright behind the dark-green elms which you know of; not a breath stirred (do you remember Keats?), and long streaming lights intersected the lawn, which seemed framed of 'Ebon and Ivory.' I smoked my pipe in silent admiration.

"Yesterday I discovered a new walk. It is the road from Trow Hill and not very far off. The view of the whole valley of Sidmouth and all its hills under a new aspect was very beautiful. After I got to the top, I followed a long lane bordered with nut-trees intertwined with honeysuckle, which, I think, is really incomparable among flowers, were it only for the graceful carelessness with which it is disposed among the thick foliage of the hedges, filling every variety of situation with its unobtrusive loveliness and sweetness. I walked along this road for about an hour, expecting to have joined the high road to Lyme, but still no appearance of such road, only the same grassy, winding, nut and honeysuckle-bordered lane, with an occasional opening on either side, displaying deep Branscombian dells of the greatest beauty. At last, as time pressed, I went back and found a pretty new road home again."

"BOARD OF TRADE, 1850.

"I feel sure that the cultivation of the intellect adds much to the happiness of life; that the more knowledge you acquire of all kinds the more resources you will have, and, in that sense, the happier you will be."

"BOARD OF TRADE, *April* 15*th*, 1850.

"It is a real blessing and ought to make me very thankful, that, as I get older, I seem every year to derive greater enjoyment from the beauties of Nature, which in my early youth were quite unheeded. The trees were only just almost imperceptibly budding when I was at Sidmouth, but I found so much to admire everywhere, especially in the yet leafless woods, which were tinged all over with a sort of blush (most conspicuous in Harpford Wood), as of bashfulness at the thought they were 'coming out,' like girls of sixteen or seventeen. I don't know if you have ever observed this in the very early spring. I never have before.

"I see you are gradually awakening to a perception of the transcendent beauties of Madeira. But I think that, after all (speaking generally), I like English scenery better than foreign; or that the difference is this: foreign scenery affects the *senses*, English scenery goes to the *heart*. . . ."

In the spring of 1850 my parents took us to the Island of Madeira. The following lines were sent to me in anticipation of that visit:

LINES ON MADEIRA.

There is an isle, all other isles excelling;
  Dream of poet's fancy ne'er could feign
Beauty more bright than there hath found a dwelling
  Mirror'd in the bosom of the main.

Soft glides the bark into that haven, feeling
  Now no more the restless billows' roll;
And from the lovely shore sweet odours stealing,
  Shed a delicious languor o'er the soul.

Mount then thy steed, and Nature's call obeying,
  Heed not now the envious lapse of time;
On, on through scenes of endless summer straying,
  While thou canst, enjoy that heavenly clime!

From vines o'erarch'd, a grateful shade bestowing,
  Pendent clusters woo thee to delay;
Bananas ripe, amid their green leaves glowing,
  Fringe with paly gold thy winding way.

And ever and anon the ocean, peeping
  Orange groves and myrtle thickets through,
Lull'd by that island's loveliness, lies sleeping
  Deeply, darkly, beautifully blue!

* * * * * * *

"I felt very much for X——. I have often wondered how men could on the confines of eternity retain the miserable enmities and pitiful jealousies which infest them when in health; one would think this state too awful to allow of any such feelings. But perhaps I am wrong in wondering at it; for is not the time of every one of us very short? The youngest of us is not a step from eternity, and yet our earthly feelings and ideas stick to us as if this world was to last for ever.

"I often think that some day we may know the truth of that beautiful expression 'God is love,' for I fancy that evil itself, and everything we see, is made partly, if not entirely, to prove this truth.* If we think for a moment of what He has done for us, it is impossible to be really ungrateful; but it is necessary not to let the world and its affairs prevent our thinking of it, and to live in the constant practice of doing things to please Him, *because* of His love for us.

"We are all driven, sooner or later, either to despair or to reliance only on religion for anything like peace or enjoyment of mind."

"BOARD OF TRADE, *March 7th*, 1851.

"As for Lord Ripon, I am certain you will think him the most agreeable man you ever saw; though, to be

* In other words:

Our life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear,
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love.

R. BROWNING.

sure, he is getting rather old. But I have a great respect and liking for him."

"*March* 24*th*, 1857.

"I do not expect to '*rise*,' because I have no steady ambition. I really think (modestly enough) that I have talents which would carry me a good way—if I had the faculty of which I speak—but I have not and never had it. The truth is, I do not *care* to rise, or, perhaps, I should say I care very little about it. . . . I fear my chance of an appointment is now very small. You see I am most unfortunately placed just between the two parties, so that neither looks favourably on me."

"SIDMOUTH, *March* 28*th*, 1851.

"How pleasantly the day would pass in one of those peaceful, sequestered, retiring (Branscombian) valleys! I declare one might almost think, by the look of them, they were offended at being found out. . . . . We would explore the dells and woods, or mount up on the 'Horatian bumps,' or go down that magnificent sea walk, sublime as well as beautiful, from which you can see Sidmouth, and then on to the shingles, to

> Linger where the pebble-paven shore,
> Under the quick, faint kisses of the sea,
> Trembles and sparkles into ecstasy.

I think there is something very delightful in the contrast between the stern, primeval grandeur of the cliffs, and the beauty of the wild flowers which grow about them."

"WINDERMERE, *August* 11*th*, 1851.

"If you are writing to Sir John Awdry, tell him I wonder how he can possibly admire Homer and not admire Scott; their excellencies are so very similar in kind. Can Homer show anything better in its way than those lines on the man who died at Helvellyn?

"I have been very fortunate in weather to-day, though

it was certainly too hazy for a perfect view of lake scenery. This morning I went to a little church close to the Lake, a beautiful little church, very plain except for some small painted windows. I always feel my devotion increased by beautiful scenery. The 'majesty of mountains and the loveliness of lakes' is not so applicable here as in Scotland, but *is* applicable here. At the north end of Windermere to-day, on my way to Rydal Water, I saw a most splendid view: five or six ridges of mountains, one behind the other, shutting in and guarding a lake of the softest and most gentle beauty; some of the mountains of abrupt fantastic shape, and *all* of them bathed in the long, bright, slanting beams of the setting sun. This scene I enjoyed at my leisure, close to the water, which kept rippling with a soft, regular, lulling sound on the pebbles of the shore.

"I have often been laughed at for saying that Rydal Water was the most beautiful of these lakes. I have been there again to-day, and I deliberately adhere to my opinion on this subject."

"KESWICK, *August* 11*th*, 1851.

"I have only got as far as this place on my way to Scotland, for I am so in love with the Lakes that I could not resist the temptation of giving a day more to them. I have had a very delightful day. This miserable place is at the north end of the Lake country on Derwentwater, and I came from Windermere on my Paradise—the box of a four-horse coach—through twenty-one miles of lake and mountain scenery. The air is decidedly fresher than in Baker Street.

"The clouds on the mountains add to their gloomy grandeur, and as we passed Helvellyn, Scott's lines,

> I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
> Lake and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;

recurred to me, and I felt and saw how true they were.

"We got here at eleven, and all day I have been by the of this beautiful Derwentwater. I went to the famous

falls of Lodore, which certainly are not worth looking at after Scotch waterfalls, nor would they be, even when swollen with rain, which now they are not. Afterwards I went half up a mountain and lay in one place for some three or four hours, and then was very sorry to move: the Lake looked so well stretched out below me, and all about me the most strange, fantastic, frowning crags, and far off on all sides of the Lake every variety of sullen-looking mountain; all the time there was a soft breeze smelling deliciously of fern and as pure as the water. Not a living thing within miles of me except sheep climbing about in the most uncomfortable way on perpendicular places. Do you know that bluebells here are quite different from all others, so much fairer and more blue?"

"EDINBURGH, *August* 13*th*, 1851.

"I had a most delightful drive the day after I wrote to you from Keswick (on a four-horse coach) all along the banks of Ulleswater, which some people think the most beautiful of the Lakes, but I like Derwentwater better (Rydal is too small to compare with them). However, Ulleswater is very beautiful. After a long drive over breezy and heathery moors, and with mountains always in view, their sunny sides chequered with the shadows of the clouds which sometimes in silvery mist and sometimes in Olympian majesty floated over their tops, we came suddenly down a very steep hill upon the Lake. The road wound through oaks and nut-trees, and one side of the Lake was all woodland, but the opposite side all stern perpendicular mountain with the shortest possible grass and the most tremendous steeps. Then at the foot of the hill the road wound for miles quite close to the side of the Lake (sometimes there was only just room for the road between a tall overhanging rock and the water). I got off the coach at the end of the Lake so as to make a sketch of Ulleswater, and then walked on for five or six miles to Penrith. To-day I have been over again to Roslin and Hawthornden. There were a good many people went with

me in the omnibus from Edinburgh, and if I had only gone as far in the glen as they did, and as far as tourists generally go, I should have been much disappointed, but fortunately I followed a small winding path and soon got among some of the most beautiful though quiet scenes of rock, wood, and water, that I have ever seen. One rocky-covered hill particularly pleased me, and I took a sketch."

"BRIDGE OF ALLAN (STIRLING), *August* 18*th*, 1857.

"This is a nice little watering-place in fine weather. From just above the village you can see the whole ride of FitzJames—from Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle."

"CALLANDER, *August* 15*th*, 1851.

"I walked this morning to Loch Katrine, and have been there the whole day alone, there being very few tourists about comparatively. The day has been beautiful. The Trosachs and the Lake in August look very different (I saw them before in October), but quite as lovely. The white stems of the birches are not so conspicuous, but then there is much more of the graceful, delicate foliage. This time I went up to the

Gray pass, where birches wave
On Beala-nam-bo.

It is very grand—precipitous, with heaps of gray rocks, and below lies the Lake in all its strange beauty. The more I see of the Trosachs the more sure I feel that there is no other such scenery in the world. I think now of going to-morrow by Stirling to Perth and then to Inverness, and by the Caledonian Canal to Fort William, Staffa, Iona, etc."

"DUNKELD, *August* 18*th*, 1851.

"I have just had a long look at the river (Tay), when it comes out from among the trees with their shadows in the water. It is a noble river, and the trees are much finer

than I made them in my sketch. . . . It is curious that they turned me out of my room here to make way for a man evidently because he was *Lord D*——. But never mind; he will have to pay for it!"

"SIDMOUTH, *August* 26*th*, 1851.

"I got here last night after a journey of four days from Blair Athol. My room is delightful—on the second floor, looking out to the sea, which is seen through the tall elms of the Rectory, and in the foreground the garden in all its fanciful and peaceful prettiness. These hills look very small after Scotland, but the heather mixed with the gorse, the purple and gold is wanting there.

"I have hardly had time to read Sir John Awdry's letter yet; but I think him hard upon Scott, who, in my view, is far superior as a poet to what he is as a novelist. There is no doubt that the 'Lay' is his best poem. Surely Mr. Naftel has overrated my sketches as to the 'feeling'—I know I always '*feel*' a good deal when I draw such scenes, but one of my feelings is how absurd it is in me to attempt to do it justice."

"SIDMOUTH, *September* 2*nd*, 1851.

"I have observed more than ever this time what a beautiful variety there is in the face of the sea. One day it is restless and all colours except *blue*, and another the purest and most delicate sky-blue, with scarcely a ripple on it, so that there is not a speck of foam to ruffle the serenity of its meeting with the long white line of shingles that form such a beautiful setting to the view towards Salcombe and Lyme."

"SIDMOUTH, *September* 22*nd*, 1851.

"To look back upon it (our ten days at the Channel Islands) is like a pleasant dream. Of all things, driving about for whole days through beautiful scenery is what I like most."

"SIDMOUTH, *December* 24*th*, 1851.

"I think there is often more serenity in the sunshine of a winter's afternoon than at any other time of the year, and as we walked along the lanes every little tree seemed bathed in a soft rosy light, and every leafless twig on it was marked sharp and clear against the pure blue sky; and then as the sun went down in a rosy flush behind the Second Peak, a large and intensely bright star showed itself just over the horizon. I never before was so much struck with the beauty of a star.

"I have just been talking to C——about meeting those one loves in a future life; he says he would not much care if he and his greatest earthly friend did not meet again, for that he should meet Christ who would be all in all to him, and therefore he would want nothing else. He says, too, that it is better to curb one's affections for an earthly friend, lest we should lament his loss too much, and also because God is a jealous God. Now there is something in this, yet I cannot but believe that those who die in the Lord will meet again and recognise each other. It seems to me that the love for Christ, which in a future life will satisfy those who believe in Him, is a different *sort* of love to that which we have for an earthly friend, though of course it is of a far higher order, and that one of the great pleasures of those who are saved, will be the constant exercise of their love for God and Christ in the society of those who felt it with them while on earth. There is nothing in the Bible which forbids this, on the contrary, we are encouraged to hope it; and as to curbing our affections, which C—— thinks we should do, lest our hearts be diverted from God, my view is that the more we love an earthly friend (supposing our love to be such as it should be) the more we love God. I mean that such a love increases our love for God, and therefore cannot go too far."

"EDINBURGH, *October 6th,* 1850.

"You have no idea how solemn everybody is here on Sunday. The Scotch are a very religious people in one sense, that is, their religious observances are most sanctimonious and rigid, but whether they have any more real religion than the English I much doubt, though it may be so.

"To-day I have walked to Rosslyn, seven miles off (I arrived last night). . . . You will find in the last canto of the 'Lay' the following stanzas (of a song):

> Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
> Where Rosslyn's chiefs uncoffined lie;
> Each warrior, for a sable shroud,
> Sheathed in his iron panoply.

"I admired this stanza intensely, and the 'chapel proud' I have seen to-day. Also you will find 'Caverned Hawthornden' (which is near the said chapel) mentioned in the poem. The chapel is most beautiful. It is very small, quite miniature, but so rich, so exquisitely finished, altogether in such perfect taste, with enough of age, decay and historical association to give it great interest, but not to impair, rather to heighten its beauty, that I immediately fell desperately in love with it. I began sketching the small entrance door, but was told by the exhibitor that drawing on the Sabbath was not lawful (the Pharisee!), so my sketch is unfinished; indeed, I felt I was quite unequal to draw that most beautiful building. From the stanza above quoted, I fancied the chiefs were reposing on the floor of the chapel, but they are in vaults below. I wish I was learned in architecture, that I might describe the chapel to you; as it is, I cannot do so. I believe it is only one division of a much larger chapel or church originally designed; it belongs—and has always belonged—to the Earls or chiefs of Rosslyn. The scenery about there is lovely, but rain (alas!) came on, and I did not properly see Hawthornden; what I did see, it was not unlike Matlock, but bolder and more refreshing.

". . . . I have not seen many churches or chapels, and perhaps therefore, I am not a good judge—but I seem never to have known what architectural beauty was till to-day."

"DUNKELD, *October 8th.*

"I got to Perth yesterday afternoon, and though the day was rather unfavourable I ascended a hill near the town and saw a most beautiful view. A wide and fertile plain, through which winds the broad river Tay, and in which lies the city of Perth with its magnificent bridge thrown across the broad river. The plain is bounded by distant mountains, ridge beyond ridge, some shadowed by clouds, others smiling in the sun so brightly that one could distinguish the torrent courses which furrow their heathery sides. . . . . This afternoon I have come 15 miles further north to Dunkeld, which is in a most lovely situation, bounded by oak woods and guarded on all sides by abrupt and well-wooded hills, still beautified by the winding Tay. Birnam Wood (mentioned by Shakespeare in *Macbeth*) is close at hand.

"I think I shall go back to Perth, and so on to Stirling to-morrow, and then on to Callander and my old love, Loch Katrine, then to Loch Earn Head and across Loch Lomond to Loch Awe and Loch Etive, and then, perhaps, homeward. In 'Childe Harold,' Byron says:

And to me high mountains are a feeling.

I believe he stole the idea from Wordsworth, but it is none the less true and beautiful for that. But a few more days is all that I can afford, and, besides, the autumn is getting late, but it gives the richest possible colouring to these beautiful woods."

"DUNKELD, *October 9th.*

"At this moment I am intoxicated with the majesty of mountains and the loveliness of lakes. I had no idea what a beautiful place this was, and it was quite a chance I came

here at all, which I did on the recommendation of a fellow-traveller. I must give you an account of my wanderings to-day, premising that the weather has been glorious, without a mist or haze to be seen, and scarcely a cloud. In the morning I followed a wide green path through a most lovely wood, with trees of all varieties of kind and colour, and then scaled some high fir-covered crags, which when I had done, I was rewarded by the sight of a most glorious landscape. My foreground consisted of huge, dark, tall fir-trees, many standing and some felled. In one direction a narrow valley, stretching far away between high wood-covered hills with sunny sides, and at last widening into a plain, bounded by peaceful ridges of blue mountains. In another a wide valley between, not mountains, but undulating hills, with their delicious little lakes (nearly close under me) and far-stretching fir woods, distant heathery and softly swelling hills. In the afternoon I climbed a hill, or small mountain, on the other side of the town, with Birnam Hill, and I really think the view from there is finer than anything I have seen in Scotland, except, perhaps, the view from Ben Lomond. The mountains seen from there are not so rocky and precipitous as those from Ben Lomond, but their broad and sunny tops seemed heaped up one above and behind the other in a never-ending series; and below blue lakes, a broad and winding river, and a vast plain, form a magnificent cyclorama (that is, a circular view, κύκλος, a circle, ὅραμα, a view, or spectacle). Even without ascending the hills this is a most lovely place, not so very unlike Matlock, only so much superior that I don't think I shall be able to look at Matlock again till I have forgotten Dunkeld. Certainly Scotland is the queen of countries!"

"KILLIN, LOCH TAY, *October* 12*th.*

"Yesterday was devoted entirely to waterfalls. The Falls of Moness at Aberfeldy were first honoured with a visit. You approach these through a very narrow and immensely deep ravine, along which runs a delightful

struggling stream, between huge stones, and overshadowed with most beautiful trees, shrubs, and creepers. This goes on for about a mile, and then you know you are approaching the Falls by the gigantic, bold, and fantastic rocks on either side, deep dark pools of the clearest water, some of immense depth, their sides smooth solid rock. The trees are so thick that when they are in the fullest leaf, I was told it was twilight among them at midday. Then one or two waterfalls come rushing down at the sides of the ravine, and at last before you you see the Fall, which is of enormous height, and closely confined by the caverned rocks. It consists of three or four divisions, each falling at a different angle, which variety adds much to its beauty. The rocks are grand in the extreme, and at the very base, one of the deep dark pools (the largest of them) makes a splendid finish to the picture. The topmost division of the water is seen issuing like a white horse's tail from amidst a dark thicket.

"I came to the conclusion that I had seen the most beautiful waterfall in the three kingdoms, and walked on six miles to Kenmore, on Loch Tay, when I was advised to go and see the Falls there, which I had not even heard of, and did not expect much from them.

"But when I saw them I doubted, and still doubt, whether they are not equal to those at Moness. These Falls are in a very large and thickly wooded dell. A woman followed me on my way there, and said that she was necessary to the due inspection of the Falls. This I doubted, but found she was right. When we got to a place overlooking the dell she unlocked a door in the side of the hill, and led the way through a pitch-dark place into a sort of hermitage, which has been built by Lord Breadalbane (owner of most of the country about here), and commands a most perfect view of the Great Fall. The said Fall is perfectly straight, and quite unlike that at Moness.

"Imagine a black, perpendicular, smooth rock (240 feet high), over which comes down a splendid sheet of white water, but does not (or at least did not when I saw it) cover

the rock so as to prevent our seeing the said rock, which is in itself very sublime. The Fall is in the midst of thick trees of the richest foliage and greatest variety. The lesser Fall is a very small one, but I thought it would have made a most lovely picture. A single-arched stone bridge, under which are piled closely together enormous rocks in a most curious fashion, and over which the water comes dashing (not more than twenty feet), into a natural reservoir. One could see the light and sunny foliage, and stems of the ash-trees beyond, in most beautiful contrast to the frowning rocks and fiercely dashing water in the foreground.

"I was looking at the great Fall from the windows of the Hermitage, which was nearly dark, when the woman disappeared for some time. I fancied she had escaped altogether, and hoped she had not locked me in. Suddenly the door opened, and there entered a most hideous creature, not unlike a bear, but twenty times as ugly. It came up to me on its hind legs, and if I had been inclined to be nervous, the adventure would have been decidedly unpleasant, till I caught sight of the skirts of a woman's gown underneath the creature's skin. In fact the woman, who it appears was of a lively turn, had dressed herself in goat skins, which articles are kept at the Hermitage, with the benevolent design of frightening my lordship out of its countenance!

"I have walked to-day from Kenmore, at the eastern end of Loch Tay, to this place at its western end (eighteen miles), along one of the most lovely lakes I should think in the world. I suppose it is hardly equal to Loch Lomond, but there is something about it which Loch Lomond has not —I think what I mean is serenity. . . . ."

"*Monday, October* 14*th.*

"Perhaps I had better describe some of my yesterday's walk. For the first eight miles, nothing but majestic mountainous crags, piled upon crags, so that wherever you looked were bold fantastic outlines, broad sloping sides of heather

mixed with gray rock. Along the road a mountain stream of the clearest water, winding and struggling over the heathery rocks, and down the mountain sides silver serpentine threads, in jagged frames of polished ebony, making a deep mark all down the heathery steeps. Not a tree to be seen; yes, but there were trees. Dotted rather sparingly along some two or three more favoured rills, I saw a few of those lovely dwarf birches peculiar, I think, to this part of Scotland. Our English, and, indeed, the common Scotch birch is a graceful tree, but not more so, I think, if so much so, as many others. But this dwarf birch (the same that grows at Loch Katrine) is the most graceful creature possible to conceive.

"You see just one delicate white stem a short way up, which is then lost in foliage, thrown over it with a compact grace (not straggling, as in the common birch), which I can't describe, but which I shall try to draw. The road winds so, that at every quarter of a mile you have a different prospect of the same stern magnificence. The rest of my way was through a peaceful valley, with many trees and villages, and a calm winding river, but with the most sublime mountains on every side, and then along the shore of Loch Lubnaig, a sweet little lake nestling among trees, and guarded by stupendous precipices."

"DORSET STREET.

"About the 'uncertain evils,' what I meant was that we must guard against any evils which it appears may happen to us, and not leave it to Providence to keep them from us; at the same time, we must show and feel the most perfect resignation to the will of God, and if the evils come, we must bear them patiently, or even joyfully, as permitted by God, and therefore for the best. If they do not come, we must give Him the praise.

". . . . How *can* any one dislike Scott and live? and why is there no one like him now?"

"SIDMOUTH.

"We have been reading Tennyson, observing the changing face of the sea, and getting an intimate acquaintance with the 'sweet south wind' for the last day or two, a pleasant, but I am afraid not a very profitable life; and yet it is profitable too."

"*February* 16*th*, 1852.

"I like to have a lecture from your father. He talks so well, and there is a peace and comfort in what he says."

"*February* 20*th*, 1852.

"M—— came into my room this morning in a state of extreme delight, from having read—at my recommendation—over again Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women.' We agreed almost entirely in our estimate of the different stanzas. I think the one he likes the best, or nearly so, is that about 'threading the sombre boskage of the wood.' And he also thinks as I do of the 'Miller's Daughter,' that it is beautiful in the very extreme.

> . . . . Hither, thither, idly sway'd
> Like those long mosses in the stream,

I think he admires the most."

"*March* 2*nd*, 1852.

"I think it will be better that I should talk no more about the Roman Catholics to ——. It is strange, and a strong evidence of the inveterate prejudice which education and a one-sided view of a case can give, that one cannot temperately discuss the comparative merits of the two religions without giving offence. It is right to denounce error, but is it right to overstate and misrepresent? To speak of errors as if they were crimes, to seize with avidity everything that is said on one side of the question, and to close the ears to all argument on the other? Is it indeed possible to do one of these things without doing the other? I mean is it likely that if we derive our ideas of Roman Catholic doctrines

solely from what Protestants who have been so long and so bitterly hostile to them, say, and never allow Roman Catholics to say anything in their own defence, is it likely that we should form a just estimate of their religion? Is it possible that we should do so? I think this is a subject for real sorrow, to see people so unreasonable, and by allowing themselves to be so, encouraging to the best of their power the melancholy dissensions between different sects of Christians. I believe there is much error and superstition in Popery, and I do not feel at all inclined to be a Papist."

"BOARD OF TRADE, *March* 12*th*, 1852.

"If we can persevere in a Christian course and keep our faith firmly fixed on our Saviour, trusting in Him and to Him only for salvation, and keeping His commandments to the utmost of our power, at least making it our rule to do so, we shall meet in a future life . . . . and enjoy a love more pure and intense than ever was conceived on earth, a love sanctified and refined by the love of God, a love in which there is no selfishness or jealousy, but which would increase and in its turn be increased by our love of others. This, if it were not presumptuous to speculate on these things, and if we were able in any degree to conceive of that which is beyond the grave, is what I should say a heavenly love would be."

"*April* 10*th*, 1852.

"I have been reading some of Isaac Taylor to-day, and like it more and more every time I look into it. I like in particular the dignified and yet pitying way in which he deals with doubters, it assists faith more perhaps than direct argument would, at least the direct argument used by other people."

"SIDMOUTH, *April* 13*th*, 1852.

"I went to Dunscombe again on Sunday afternoon, and again yesterday, and both times was more delighted with it

than ever. There are no leaves on the ash-trees, but the evening light shone most beautifully over the long deep woody dell. In one respect it was better that there were no leaves on the trees, for the result was that deep down among the ash boughs you saw in all directions the blue of the sea peeping through them like little sapphires."

"*May* 2*nd*, 1852.

"I have just been reading the parable of the Sower, and I was much struck with the beauty as well as the sublimity of the picture where we are told that our Lord 'entered into a ship' and taught the people, they standing on the shore. What a scene! The calm blue waves of Galilee, the soft and balmy air and rich colouring of Palestine, a serene sunny afternoon with palm-trees basking in the liquid light or delicately traced on the distant sky—on the shore the picturesque and wondering crowd, and from the boat proceeding the simple words of majesty and love which have conferred such blessings on mankind."

"*May* 14*th*, 1852.

"The trees and the sky were so very beautiful in Kensington Gardens this morning, and the wind was playfully buffeting the fine tall elms in their spring dresses, as if it were captivated by their beauty in their new attire. . . .

"I have been reading the Acts this morning, and I did not know till lately how much the mere reading of the Bible strengthens our faith. It is told with such simplicity and serenity, with such conviction, yet with such steadiness and calmness. When one walks out in this May season how one is struck with the ineffable beauty of the scenes of our conflict and trial."

"DUBLIN, *August* 14*th*.

"It was rather tantalising to stay at Bangor and not be able to explore, for I saw enough of the country to see that it is just exactly what I like."

"LIMERICK, *August* 17*th.*

"I got here last night; and to-day, after seeing Limerick, I think of going to Bruff, which is close to my father's property, staying there a day or two, just to see what sort of place it is and to make acquaintance with one or two of the tenants; then I think I shall come back here and go down the Shannon by steamer to Kilrush, then to Kilkee, a little beyond there, a watering-place on the coast, and then to Killarney by way of Tarbet. . . . I had a long talk with a Roman Catholic priest in the train yesterday. He was very fierce about the wrongs of Ireland, and said that if it were not for the priests the Irish would be much more difficult to manage. As for instance, that in 1848 (Smith O'Brien's rebellion) the priests, by their active interference, prevented a more serious outbreak. This I believe is true. But he said it was now too late to do anything, as the Irish would be all off to America soon. He liked these men (the Tories) better than Lord Clarendon. The reason was, he said, that Lord Clarendon was so civil and conciliatory that he nearly charmed the Roman Catholics into a compromise of their principles, meaning in the case about Queen's College."

"LIMERICK, *August* 17*th.*

"I have been riding and driving about my father's property. I have had chats with most of the principal tenants on a great part of the estate. They seem generally contented. The country is wild, or rather I should say open, having few hedges or woods. Wide plains bounded by distant mountains which in one part are steep, their outlines are very delicate and sweet; one part of the property is called Ballingoddy. This is close to Killmallock, which seems a most picturesque and interesting old town. The Abbey, backed at some little distance by grand mountains, is one of the best ruins of its kind I ever saw; and there is an old gateway worth anything."

"KENMARE, KILLARNEY, *August* 19*th*.

"I went as I intended to Kilkee, which I liked very much. It is a small sea-bathing place in the very wildest part of the wild west coast of Ireland. The whole country round perfectly bare and very little cultivated, but yet dotted all over with miserable little cabins. I looked carefully, and could not see a tree within six miles of it. But the cliffs are glorious; not very high, but steep and rugged and wild in the extreme; the sea nestling up into their deep caverns, breaking against their angry-looking sides in very grand style. The surf all along the coast was splendid. My Irish travels have been painful in one way: they have made me think much more of the state of these unfortunate Irish. For instance, an Irish town at any hour of the day is quite full of people standing about the streets in a most ragged, destitute-looking state; and those who are not engaged in begging are standing still, staring with open mouths. Then you cannot move out anywhere without being bored by whole gangs of men and women, either begging or wanting you to buy something of them."

"KILLARNEY, *August* 21*st*, 1852.

"I have just come back from a most beautiful twilight and moonlight walk, to an old ruined castle covered with ivy and close to the lake. The moon was rising behind those magnificent mountains, with its 'attached friend' Venus quivering on the quiet lake. . . . To-day I have been lounging about the whole day, from lake to stream and from stream to wood, with my sketch-book only for a companion (I managed to escape the population).

"I saw at Killarney the most beautiful waterfall I have ever seen, that is to say, taking into consideration not only the waterfall but its adjuncts; an individual who came up to me when I was standing in rapturous admiration of the place, said that he knew nothing equal to it except some few scenes in the Himalayas."

"DORSET STREET, *December 5th*, 1852.

"I have been reading this morning what I have often read before, Butler's sermon on the Love of God. I do think it is admirable. How is it . . . we cannot make the Love of God the motive of every action, thought, and word?"

"*March 7th*, 1853.

"Your father's conversation always does me good."

"WINDERMERE, *May 4th*, 1853.

"I have been here about two hours, after a most beautiful journey through the quiet Midland scenery that I like so much in England. The young green especially of the larch and beech trees was really most beautiful, with the delicate English blue sky setting it off or shining through it, and the hedges were in many places quite full of green, and the hills all covered with cowslips, etc. I have just had a walk along the banks of Windermere, but somehow I liked the hedges and woods of the Midland Counties better."

"BOARD OF TRADE, *May 19th*, 1853.

"Yesterday I left Windermere. It was a glorious day. The Lake basking and shimmering (if there is such a word) with a sort of sleepy smile upon its face in the summer sun. Two or three of the days I was there, I sat for hours in some good place for a view, and felt as if I could have stayed there for ever. To one place I went twice and made a sketch from it both times, but my sketches were hurried and very bad. The walks about Ambleside are so beautiful and so very quiet and peaceful. It is quite buried in wooded hills, so that you can only see a very short distance, unless you climb the mountains."

Twenty years in the Board of Trade—the duties of private secretary to more than one Cabinet minister, and also

to Under-Secretaries of State, as well as to successive Secretaries of the Board of Trade, were giving Lord Hobart practical experience in official work.

Questions of revenue and commerce, and their bearing on the condition of our working classes, were constantly before his mind. Our commercial treaties with foreign countries, and the various questions belonging to our international and mercantile relations; the vast but intricate machinery by which they are carried on, the tariffs and laws which guard alike the trade of the country and of the individual, questions connected closely with these interests, give constant insight into the principles of government, and form a practical school for any mind inclined to work out the problems of political economy.

The trials and difficulties connected with his position gave Lord Hobart unusual opportunities for realising the struggles of those who must depend entirely on their own effort and steady exertion.

His private circumstances prevented him from going into Parliament; this impossibility was made doubly trying by the keen interest which he took in politics. He occasionally wrote, but his writing was always the result of a strong interest in the subject.

Time has shown that his opinions, though at first they were often opposed as paradoxical, and stigmatised as Utopian, were really only in advance of the day. They were formed independently, not from the mere appearance of passing events, but rather from a study of those laws which, working through the phases of circumstance, develop the principles by which events are guided and inspired.

The Board of Trade had been appealed to in the interests of the coal-whippers at Wapping. Their condition required

urgent measures, for it seemed likely to go from bad to worse. Their employers sought the men through the agency of the publicans, and the payment became a ready mode of supplying an unlimited quantity of alcohol. Lord Hobart was put upon a Commission which suggested important reforms in the condition of the coal-whippers. In connection with this experience, the following letter to his cousin, Lord Goderich, is interesting. Though in reality it refers to the ballast-heavers, yet it shows how warmly measures for the improvement of the condition of these poor men were entered into by Lord Hobart.

"BOARD OF TRADE, *January* 15*th*, 1852.

"MY DEAR GODERICH,

"With regard to the ballast-heavers, last year, after a good deal of trouble, I got Mr. Labouchere to bring in a Bill which, if it had been passed, would have put them very much in the position in which the coal-whippers are now, and, unfortunately, he told them at the beginning of the session that he had every hope of bringing in the Bill; so that the poor fellows were grievously disappointed. The reason, or perhaps I should say, the excuse, for throwing them over was, that the Coal-whippers' Bill of last session, renewing a present Act, had met with much opposition in the House. However, I do hope that we may get the thing done; at least I will take care that the President is not oblivious of the subject. I rather think he will be here to-morrow, in which case I will ask him to appoint an early day to see a few of the men, and let you know what day he has fixed.

"It is most important that the great strike should cease. I do not see, nor (I think) do the authorities here see, why the Board of Trade should not select an arbitrator, not (of course) being an officer of the Board;—but is it likely that the masters would agree to such an arrangement? If they would, I should think a man like John Lefevre, who has

managed some delicate and difficult negotiations very well, would be the sort of person wanted. I have been much disgusted by the nonsense talked about the poor men. So far as I understand the business, they have combined to resist arrangements which overwork and impoverish them; and this is considered by the *Times* and, I fear, by most of the educated public, to be making unjust and overbearing 'demands' upon the masters. If such combinations were to be prevented, what possible protection would there be for the labourer against the capitalist, so long as the proportion between capital and labour remains as it now is? I confess that when I hear of a 'strike' of working men, I am almost always anxious that they should succeed, for the intense competition in the labour market places an enormous advantage on the side of capital, of which it generally takes an advantage.

"Ever yours,

"HOBART."

In 1853 he wrote a pamphlet, the "Law of Partnership Liability," advocating changes which have since been adopted. The law as it existed made every shareholder in any business or undertaking, whether a shareholder, or partner, or a lender of money, liable in the full extent of his property for any debt which may be incurred in respect of such business or undertaking.

Lord Hobart advocated a more limited liability as likely to promote enterprises which would be reproductive; for, as stated in some former notes on the same subject, he said:

"One great proposition stands out clear and unimpeachable, viz., that pauperism and its attendant evils will (*ceteris paribus*) disappear in proportion as capital is reproductively invested. Upon this point all are agreed; but many even go a step further, and lay down as an axiom that, in order to ameliorate the condition of the humbler classes in this country, what we specially want is increased facility for the

safe and profitable investment of capital. The evil to be remedied is not, strictly speaking, a disproportion between capital and labour, it is not a defective supply of capital as compared with the supply of labour—it is the deficiency of channels for the beneficial employment of capital. When 'unproductive consumption' is denounced as the prolific source of national suffering, it is forgotten that, however strong may be the desire of the owners of property for its productive investment, their opportunities are not always equal to their inclination."

In the opening remarks of the pamphlet is considered the argument for the alteration, treated "as a question (1) of what may be termed natural justice, and (2) of expediency. Unless, however, it be thought impossible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion on a consideration of the question under the first of these aspects, it will not be necessary to consider it under the second. For it will scarcely be contended that, if a law is opposed to natural justice, it ought to be retained on the ground that it is expedient; or that, if in accordance with natural justice, it ought to be abolished on the ground that it is inexpedient. The answer to any such reasoning obviously would be, that an expediency opposed to natural justice must be apparent, and not real; since it is impossible that the very smallest violation of justice should be, ultimately and on the whole, expedient.

"It is proposed, therefore, in the first instance, to treat the question as one of natural justice; and next, in order to meet the case of those who refuse to entertain it upon this ground, as one of expediency."

The subsequent history of the repeal of the Law of Partnership Liability can be followed by those for whom the subject may have interest. It is only necessary here to explain the correspondence; but it is interesting thus early to trace in the notes on the question of "Limited Liability" how they were inspired by an anxiety to relieve the condition of the working classes. Lord Hobart invariably contended for schemes which might counteract the march of pauperism.

He objected to a Poor-Law, and was ever desirous to suggest openings which would tend to raise the aims of the labourer as well as the condition of his labour. This may be seen in another extract on the same subject:

"This is a point which more immediately concerns the middle class of society, for it is among that section of the community—among those to whom the discovery of a reproductive receptacle for £100 or £200 is now a problem of almost insuperable difficulty—that the pressure of a system of unlimited liability is most severely felt. To the working classes it is in a very different way that the operation of the existing Law of Partnership is burdensome. The mechanic or artisan is seldom the possessor of such a sum of money as would enable him to become a subscriber to any Joint Stock Company which could be worked with any chance of success. It is obvious that shares may be too small and partners too numerous to allow of the profitable association of funds, and the only mode in which, as a general rule, working men can hope to combine their resources for their mutual advantage, is by becoming the borrowers of money and uniting the two characters of capitalists and labourers.

"Associations of this kind already exist, though to a small extent, in this country, and in France they are very general. The principle on which they are founded and conducted may be very briefly described. A number of operatives meet together and agree to form a working and trading association, in the profits of which each member shall partake, in such proportion, so far as it can be ascertained, as his skill and industry warrant. For this purpose a manager is appointed, with full power to make regulations and distribute profits, to expel refractory or idle workmen, and to decide as to who shall or shall not be admitted into the association.

"It is desirable that undertakings of this nature may prove successful, though it is more than doubtful whether they ever can succeed without a pretty extensive and

rigorous adoption of that very system of 'piecework' which is the special aversion of one class of their advocates. There are those, no doubt, who will shrink with horror from the very mention of such societies. Cabet and Icarie; Louis Blanc and '*Organisation du travail*;' Feargus O'Connor and Kennington Common; 'The labourer, the first partaker of the fruits of his industry;' 'A fair day's wages for a fair day's work;' and various other apothegms and watch-words savouring of the Social and Democratic Republic, will at once rise up before some people's troubled imaginations. But the honest attempts of working men to enjoy the profits of their own labours are not to be confounded with conspiracies against society. On the contrary, even the partial and qualified success of these associations would afford a most welcome solution of a problem which is alike interesting to philanthropy and to economical science, and although the expectations of their more zealous promoters are doubtless highly exaggerated, it is not improbable that in some particular branches of industry, experience may, to a certain extent, verify the soundness of the principle on which they are founded.

"At all events there is nothing in these combinations, as such, which militates against the strictest principles of political economy. They may indeed, at first sight, seem to ignore the principle of individual competition which can alone extract from raw material and human labour the utmost results of which they are capable. But competition is by no means excluded from the system to which we refer, since the various associations may and must, like ordinary co-operatives, compete with each other; and it must also be remembered that under the industrial arrangements which at present prevail, it is not so much the operative as the capitalist whom competition stimulates to exertion. The labourer's interest in the success of his master's speculations, although real and substantial, is too indirect to afford an efficient motive to exertion; for, whilst it is perfectly true that his wages are, *in the long run*, paid out of his employer's profits (actual or prospective), and that the rate of the

former is ultimately governed by that of the latter, the relation of the one to the other is neither so immediate nor so palpable as to constitute, generally speaking, a practical bond of sympathy between the two great sections of the industrial community. But when the labourer and the capitalist are identical, every motive to exertion which keen speculation can offer is constantly present to the mind; and the workman *feels*, as a matter of fact and experience, that the remuneration which he receives for his industry is dependent upon, and proportioned to, the energy and efficiency of his labours. It is right, however, to add that very great care will be necessary to keep the motive of personal self-interest always present to the mind of every individual member of a numerous body, and to prevent drones from storing in honey which they never made. Looking, however, simply to the principles involved in the question, it is clear that the formation of such societies as we have described should be, if not encouraged, at least not impeded, by Legislature. But under the present Law of Partnership, their success is next to impossible. When we remember that the managers of these associations have no cheap and summary legal method either of enforcing their rules on lazy and refractory members, or of punishing fraudulent and dishonest ones, it is a matter for wonder that any such societies contrive to exist at all.

"And our wonder is increased when we find that the present Law of Partnership actually places a direct barrier of the most formidable nature in the way of these industrial associations. By certain provisions of the Joint Stock Companies Acts, such bodies are made subject to the operation of that complicated statute, which, however, was clearly intended by the Legislature to affect only what are usually called 'Trading Companies,' and has no proper concern whatever with these co-operative establishments. To compel men who are not in any recognised sense of the word 'shareholders'—whose position is so utterly dissimilar to that of an ordinary joint-stock proprietary, that their so-called 'shares' are not even transferable by sale and

purchase; to submit to all the burdensome and expensive regulations of that lot, seems the extreme of absurdity as well as of injustice. We hope that the Bill which the Government are pledged to introduce during the present session, will provide a fitting remedy for these evils. It would be neither just nor politic to refuse a fair trial to schemes dictated by a spirit of honest and industrious enterprise, and which, if practicable, cannot but tend to promote the peace, contentment, and well-being of the community at large."

John Stuart Mill's acknowledgment of the pamphlet was appreciative and characteristic, as may be seen in his reply:

"*August* 17*th*, 1853.

"Allow me to thank you for a copy of your pamphlet on the 'Law of Partnership.' Such subjects are not often discussed with so much closeness of reasoning and precision of expression, and it is still more rare to find the question of justice separated from that of expediency, and made paramount to it.

"I prefer to say 'justice' rather than in your words 'natural justice,' both because Nature is often grossly unjust, and because I do not think that the first spontaneous sentiment of justice always agrees with that which is the result of enlightened reflection."

The desired changes in the Law of Partnership which followed have carried on the great movement as Lord Hobart here anticipated; but few records deserve more place in this sketch, than those which betray that wherever and whenever he could serve in the cause for raising the Artisan and the Labourer, he was ready, feeling that such efforts were the healthiest encouragements to industry and independence, and the best precautions against that fearful alternative—Pauperism.

The following extract from the life of the Rev. F. D.

Maurice shows the importance of the results which followed from the changes in the Law of Partnership, and in the increasing prosperity of the Co-operative movement there is, it is to be hoped, a real remedy for Pauperism :

"It will be well to record the enormous success which now (1883) attends the co-operative movement among working men. There are now 660,000 heads of families, representing, it is said, a twelfth of the whole population of the kingdom, members of working men's co-operative societies. The whole movement is avowedly Christian, orderly, loyal. It is steadily growing. As an illustration of its beneficial effects, it has been noticed that in those towns in which it is established, distraining for small debts hardly exists. Strangely enough, our modern English historians, with all their interest in social movements, have devoted no word to this one."

"BOARD OF TRADE, *April 27th,* 1854.

"Tell Sir John Awdry converts are being made daily to my view of the Eastern question; one, a very clever man here, has just given in his adhesion. If you have a favourable opportunity, tell him I dislike more than ever the idea of joining an old and bitter enemy in attacking an old friend and ally, because (to say the worst of it) the latter has attempted to extend somewhat further (she says only to confirm) certain spiritual rights which Europe has allowed her in Turkey, and the assertion of which has never been held to be prejudicial or even dangerous to the general welfare. G—— and I have just been to hear the Bishop of New Zealand: a very fine sermon, powerful, earnest, and startling. Their plan is to educate in England boys and girls for the Melanesian Islands, etc., then send them out there to convert the people. They have chartered a small ship, and are going to visit every single island in that multitudinous galaxy. What a splendid prospect!

". . . M—— dined at a large party yesterday evening

and harangued against the war, and to his surprise X—— agreed with him, either being converted or having thought the same at first. Another very solemn man, after a dead silence which followed this oration, said: 'In spite of all that has been said, I still think the war a holy and a just war!'

". . . I read some of the 'Wanderer' this morning. The opening is very beautiful, though perhaps the painting is a little too pre-Raphaelite for poetry. Whatever may be the case in painting, in poetry it does not answer to describe forms or colours too minutely."

The following extracts of letters will show with what patriotic anxiety and regret Lord Hobart considered the circumstances which decided the policy of England. The response which he received from Lord Grey was in strict accordance with the course he took in Parliament, and though, in these days (nearly thirty years after the event), the view taken by Lord Grey and by Lord Hobart is justified in the opinion of the public, Lord Grey was almost, if not entirely, alone in the House of Lords in his opposition to the policy of the Crimean War.

LETTER TO EARL GREY.

"*July*, 1855.

"My Lord,

"I address this letter to you in the discharge of a most sacred and paramount duty.

"The view which your Lordship is publicly known to take in regard to the war (and in which view I and, I believe, a large number of thoughtful men cordially agree) seems to me to impose upon you a most grave obligation. It would appear that your Lordship considers that, as the war has begun, and as you have recorded your protest against it, you have now only to acquiesce or assist in its vigorous conduct. It is here that I should entirely differ from your Lordship. Not that for a moment I should think it right or

politic to throw the slightest obstacle in the way of the energetic prosecution of the war, so long as it is carried on at all; but that, holding the views which you have advocated as to the grounds of the war, you should take every advantage of your position in Parliament to obtain an early peace upon terms of a far different character to that which, it would appear, is contemplated by our Government and that of France.

"I think, my Lord, that it is more especially your bounden duty to deprecate in Parliament the idea which appears now to be gaining ground in public opinion, and probably in that of the Government: that we must not lay down our arms till Russia is thoroughly humiliated; till the Black Sea is thrown open, her treaties with Turkey abrogated, and her promise given no more to interfere in the religious affairs of Turkey.

"If (as I firmly believe) the war is unjust and impolitic —as unfair to Russia as it is pregnant with confusion and disaster to Europe—the object which should be aimed at by every statesman is, surely, the abandonment of the war upon terms which, while they do not involve any great sacrifice of dignity or influence to Russia, are, at the same time, such as this country may accept without any flagrant humiliation in the eyes of Europe. That such terms will be proposed by Russia seems highly probable; but it would appear that our Government is indisposed to make any sort of terms which, considering the view which she takes of the quarrel, Russia can be expected to accept without trying the chances of a conflict of probably indefinite duration.

"An attentive perusal of the correspondence has satisfied me (as it has satisfied your Lordship) that Turkey ought to have been advised to sign the Menschikoff Note. It seems not improbable that the Emperor of Russia will offer to accept as the condition of peace some engagement more general and less offensively worded than that Note. At all events, it may be expected that he will propose some arrangement in the nature of that Note, but less favourable to Russian influence. . . .

"Those who (like myself) are neither in Parliament nor have means of effectually bringing before the public and their Government their views on this unhappy question, can only thus deeply lament in silence the course which events have taken; but upon you, my Lord, and others who, like you, have power to influence Parliament and public opinion, are conferred the responsibility and the privilege of opposing at least some obstacle to the headlong course of an intemperate and misguided policy, before it shall finally have

"Shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

LORD HOBART TO MR. GLADSTONE.

"My dear Mr. Gladstone,

"The courtesy and kindness with which you have on one or two former occasions received communications from me on matters of public concern, lead me to hope that you will not treat as impertinent or presumptuous this attempt to enlist your powerful rhetoric and great Parliamentary influence in the sacred cause of justice and humanity.

"The Vienna Conferences are at an end, and what is their effect upon the public mind? The language which we hear on all sides is very much to the following effect: 'There is no mistake about it now. We are in for it. Terms have been offered to Russia which are moderate in the extreme, and she has rejected them. Increasing taxation, crippled commerce, arrested civilisation, the terrible sufferings and bitter reproach of a pauperised population, and all the public and private miseries of war—these are our anticipations for many years to come. But we must not flinch. Our cause is just, our policy wise, and we must take the consequences of their adoption.'

"The simple answer is: 'Your premises are untrue, and not only so, but the very reverse of the truth. The war was entered upon not to cripple Russia, not to insult and degrade her, but to resist her demands upon Turkey, and remove if possible the pretext for these demands.'

"I should imagine there was not one sensible man in the country who would have advocated a war with any more ambitious objects than these. How, then, do we now stand? Russia has been signally foiled in her ambitious designs upon Turkey, and she has offered to give up, notwithstanding the great value she ascribes to them, those treaties regarding the Greek Church which were said to be her principal pretext for unwarrantable demands. More than this, she has offered to remove her exclusive protectorate of the Principalities, which gave a colour to her military occupation of them, and the loss of which will certainly diminish in an important degree her influence in Turkish affairs. Add to this the proposed stipulations as to the freedom of the Danube, and I confidently maintain that she has made concessions which render the further continuance of the war by Great Britain and France nothing less than a terrible crime.

"To go further than this, and say, We will make war until you consent so far to compromise your rights of sovereignty, as to restrict your power of maintaining upon your own shores such armaments as you consider necessary, is to ask terms which the circumstances of the case cannot warrant, and to which a great nation will not, and (if she is bound to uphold her own rights) *ought* not to concede except upon absolute compulsion.

"Apart from the justice of the case, what shall we say of the policy of embarking for such an object, in a war, which, looking to the relative power and position of the combatants, must be long, costly, and bloody, almost beyond precedent? If after years of mutual suffering and carnage, with our national debt doubled, and our national character unchristianised, we attain that object, what shall we have gained? It is not by the loss of a part, or even the whole of her fleet in the Baltic Sea, that the relative positions of Russia and Turkey will be decisively altered. As long as Russian armies can, in a few short marches, cross the Danube, and as long as Turkish armies are inferior to them, Russia will be to Turkey a powerful and dangerous neighbour.

"Is it supposed that we shall take Sebastopol, and that in that case Russia will accept our terms? But in the first place the chances seem to be *against* success in the Crimea, and in the next there is strong reason to think that its capture would only strengthen the hands of the Russian war-party.

"But, indeed, in writing to *you*, I would rather rest my case on what appears to me its undoubted justice—I would argue the question as one of morality alone.

"I have no doubt myself that national *pride* is the cause of our demand respecting the Black Sea; and it needs no words to show what is the duty of a Christian nation when the claims of pride and military reputation conflict with those of justice and mercy.

"But here again it may be questionable whether even our military reputation may not be better promoted by peace than by continued war.

"It seems to me that if ever there was a clear national duty it is that which devolves upon us now, to accept the Russian proposition on the 'third point,' which would provide against the 'preponderance' by allowing Turkey to open the Dardanelles when she *apprehends* danger. This proposal, while it adds a concession to that already made by Russia, at the same time sufficiently provides against any real danger from the 'preponderance' in question, without inflicting a wound on her dignity and independence to which she can never submit. And if we reject it we are placed in the position of demanding terms which cannot by any possibility be considered necessary for the protection of Turkey—the object for which we profess to be at war.

"If, as Lord Palmerston tells us, the 'elements of a Conference' still exist at Vienna, we may yet escape from the guilty and critical position in which we are placed; nor would it, I should imagine, be difficult for diplomatic art to devise some means of doing so without any serious compromise of our dignity or consistency.

"I trust you will forgive me for having written to you

at so great a length. I have thought much, and feel most strongly on this subject; while my position is such that I have scarcely any means of serving a cause at once so sacred and so ill-supported, but by endeavouring to place it in the light in which I view it before those who have power to influence the counsels of the nation, and to stem the torrent of popular prejudice and passion.

"Believe me,

"Very faithfully yours,

"HOBART.

"To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone."

[Mr. Gladstone's reply testified to the sympathy and respect with which he received Lord Hobart's letter.]

The circumstances which made the following a confidential communication no longer exist. Lord Hobart belonged to the very crowded congregation of Quebec Chapel when Mr. Alford (afterwards Dean of Canterbury) was incumbent. Members of both Houses and men of considerable influence were invariably present, but none could have valued and enjoyed those sermons more than the writer of the following, though it is a letter of remonstrance.

LORD HOBART TO THE REV. H. ALFORD.

"41, DORSET STREET, *November 29th*, 1854.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your powerful and eloquent sermon which I listened to on the Sunday before last, chiefly on the subject of the unhappy war in which we are engaged, has suggested to me the observations which follow, and which I must ask you to consider as written with every feeling of respect and regard.

"It is not now my purpose to speak of the original

grounds on which England, professedly the most Christian nation of the earth, has involved herself in an internecine struggle which it was foreseen from the first must be protracted, and which must eventually draw into its vortex the whole civilised world. For the present purpose I may admit that by the letter at least (supposing it to have a letter) of the law of nations, we were justified in such a course. It is to the effect of this proceeding on the public mind—to the character which the conflict has since assumed and the grounds on which we are now preparing to carry it on, that I would direct your mind as that of a Minister of the Gospel, charged with the preservation in its purity of that precious treasure which brought 'peace on earth, and good will towards men.' To me it is painful in the extreme to see that whereas before war broke out there was not one who dared to advocate it except as a means of preventing or perhaps of punishing a particular act of aggression —we are now exhorted on all hands to persevere in it as a means of degrading one of the Great Powers in the scale of nations—of putting an end to despotism and barbarism — in short, of aggrandising ourselves at the expense of others.

"The war has, in fact, assumed a character essentially opposed to the whole spirit and doctrine of Christianity; it is now (disguise it as we will) a war of selfish ambition —or at best a war against a form of Government of which we do not approve, but with which its subjects are perfectly satisfied. A year ago, who would have ventured to suggest a war against Russia because she was barbarous, despotic, and powerful? Who would not have admitted that such a war was unjust and unnecessary, and therefore unchristian? *Now*, it is evident that no terms which Russia could offer, based on the original cause of quarrel, would be listened to for a moment; the limit of our punishment of Russia is to be the limit of our power to punish. 'Freedom,' 'Civilisation,' and 'Self-preservation' are by turns appealed to. Every blow we strike is thought

to make peace less justifiable, and the longer the quarrel lasts the more deadly we are determined it shall be.

"Surely, whatever may be our opinion as to the original merits of the quarrel, this is a state of things most lamentable to those who, if they are real Christians, must think *all* war unjustifiable, unless in extreme and exceptional cases. Surely it is mournful to think that at this stage of the Christian era, we are acting on a policy and in a spirit worthy of the Middle Ages.

"I had hoped that the spirit which originated the last war with France, had died out among us: that it was no longer on such grounds as that a nation had adopted a form of government different to his own, that Christian England would deluge the fair face of Europe with blood. But here we have the same England pursuing the same bloody course, because (for these are our *present avowed* motives) Russia is 'despotic,' because she is 'barbarous,' and because one day, we are afraid, she may be too powerful.

"It seems to me that the effect of all this, is already beginning to tell fearfully on the national character. Much must no doubt be allowed for the bitter feelings engendered by this dreadful strife; but over and above this, I think I see in the altered tone of society, the barbarising and demoralising effect of the great national sin we are committing, in shedding the blood of our fellow-creatures—for such is now the case—without adequate cause.

"Now I think, my dear sir, that from the pulpit, and especially from *your* pulpit, much might be done to rouse men's minds to a sense of what they are really doing, to call them back to the happier days when war was horrible to them as Christians—when nothing but stern duty and necessity, no vague dislike of despotism, no baseless fear of barbarism, would make them unsheath the sword, and let loose the passions which turn earth into hell. It seems to me that the monitions of Christ's minister are more especially needed to repress this spirit, which is rapidly becoming a love of war for itself, to teach the sacred truth

(which men seem to have forgotten) that it is in but few cases, carefully, jealously, and anxiously weighed, that war can be approved by Him whose mission was love and whose kingdom was peace.

"I trust, my dear sir, that you will excuse anything which may appear presumptuous and uncourteous in what I have said. I have felt it a sacred duty to write in this sense to you; and I am sure that you are not of those to whom suggestions of this kind will be offensive, or be cast aside as unworthy of your attention.

"Believe me, my dear sir,

"Most sincerely yours,

(Signed) "HOBART."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

1855.

"The spirit of *The Times*, which I suppose represents the nation or a large party in it, is more to be regretted every day. The other day in a leading article they said that the struggle had come which had so long been predicted and hoped for by the best men; and that many great and wise men had 'desired to see the things which we see and had not seen them.' Can you imagine a more shocking blasphemy?"

"*January 8th*, 1856.

". . . I can't read war articles now. One thing is clear, that we shall have a great deal more of this stupid, brutal, useless war, and my own belief is that it will end badly for us. You should read the extract from the last Russian Circular in *The Times* of yesterday; it is a perfectly true, rational, dignified, and temperate statement of their case. I think the conduct and bearing of Russia throughout the whole business is in most painful contrast to our own.

"I have a great longing to do something more in the cause of peace, but don't see my way to it. Indeed, this matter has now been taken out of my hands by better men."

"BOARD OF TRADE, *October* 23*rd*, 1855.

"Alford shocked me on Sunday by preaching that the war was teaching us that gain was not everything, by which, I suppose, he meant that it was a cause in which we are right to sacrifice our national wealth. There are bread riots every Sunday in Hyde Park; I saw one yesterday—a most miserable affair, and caused entirely by the war; for if it were not for that, bread would be at 6*d*. instead of 9*d*.

". . . As to the war, it is perfectly true that at the last Conference (June 4th) the Russian Ministers offered to accept the very terms we had proposed—limitation of the Russian Fleet—and the only reason the English and French Ministers gave for breaking off the negotiations was, that Russia had before absolutely refused to accept limitation, which was *not* true; and if it had been, what then?"

In 1854 Sir George Grey was Secretary of State for the Colonies, and he offered his private secretaryship to Lord Hobart. This was an opportunity not to be lost, and one which was highly valued by Lord Hobart from reasons of personal regard and appreciation. At that time the policy which led to the Crimean War was supported by the Liberal Government. The feeling of the country and of the Tories was so warlike that the only alternative seemed to be a stronger hostility to Russia. Those who opposed the Crimean War formed a small minority in the country, but they were represented in Parliament by Lord Grey and Mr. Bright; but the newspapers strongly advocated the justice and necessity of the war.

England, France, Piedmont, and Turkey, had drifted into war, and a peace of forty years' duration had been broken.

In February, 1855, terms of peace were proposed by Russia. Lord Hobart resigned his private secretaryship,

for, as secretary to a Cabinet minister, he did not feel free to oppose the warlike policy of the Government. He wrote the following letter to *The Times*, thus using the only public means in his power, to support a more pacific policy towards Russia. Had he been in Parliament he would have warmly sympathised with Lord Grey and Mr. Bright for the reasons given in his letter.

"A JUST AND HONOURABLE PEACE.

"*February* 22*nd*, 1855.

"SIR,

"Any hope which I may have that you will publish this letter rests upon no other grounds than the impartiality for which your journal is honourably distinguished, and the assurance I am able to give you that the views which I shall express have not been formed hastily, nor without careful and anxious consideration. Lord John Russell is gone to Vienna. About a month ago we were authoritatively informed that the Emperor of Russia was desirous to treat for peace on the terms proposed, and in the sense intended, by the Western Powers, and yet—I do not say where is the blame, but surely there is blame, deep and enduring somewhere—no decisive step has until now been taken to close with the offer. But let that pass. Lord John is gone to Vienna; here, at least, is something gained. But how much? How does this announcement affect the hopes of those whose most earnest desire really is that which most of us profess to desire, 'a just and honourable peace.' 'Of course,' it will be replied, 'if a just and honourable peace is to be had, Lord John will get it.'

"But, alas! this is small consolation to those who differ with Lord John, so far as they can judge from his own speeches and those of the Government of which he is the representative, as to the definition of a 'just and honourable peace,' who believe that Russia will offer terms of peace which will be just and honourable, but which will not be

considered so by Lord John. Let us consider, then—it is surely time to do so—whether the terms which Russia is understood to offer are those of 'a just and honourable peace,' or whether Lord John is justified in insisting, as it appears he intends to do, on other and more stringent conditions.

"In the first place, then, I presume it will be allowed that a peace would be just and honourable which should accomplish the objects with which the war was undertaken. If this is not conceded to me—if it is contended that we should be justified in continuing the war notwithstanding that its original objects were accomplished—I can have nothing further to say upon the subject. I am aware that an opinion has been expressed that the losses and expenses which we have incurred in the war, warrant us in demanding harder terms of peace than those proposed before the war began—an opinion, the result of which, if logically acted upon, would be the continuance of every war until one or the other of the contending parties were exterminated, and which at least cannot with any consistency be held by a Government composed of men who, to their credit, declared that they were entering upon the war with certain definite objects, and that so soon as these were attained they would lay down their arms. But I am too much a believer in the good sense and right feeling of the nation to fear that this opinion has taken serious root in the national mind. I believe that if it was for once clearly explained to the people of England—misinformed and misled as they have been throughout these unhappy transactions—that Russia had offered terms which were fully sufficient to accomplish the objects with which the war was avowedly begun, and that accordingly peace had been concluded, the announcement would be hailed with approval and gratitude by the nation. Let Lord John Russell first conclude a peace upon this principle, and let him next, in his place in Parliament, clearly state what he has done and why he has done it, and he need have no fear of even that transient unpopularity, the dread of which has so often been fatal to a statesman's career.

"The question then is, Would a peace upon terms such as those which (as is well known) Russia is prepared to concede accomplish the declared objects of the war? I do not mean the objects of those who proposed by the war to put a final stop to Cossack domination, the use of the knout, Siberia, and despotism in general; but of those men of ordinary prudence and sense who justify us taking up arms.

"Russia is prepared:—

"1. To give up her treaties with Turkey respecting the Greek Church there, and therefore her exclusive protectorate over it.

"2. To give up her quasi-sovereignty, or whatever else the privileges may be called, which she possesses in Moldavia and Wallachia.

"3. To set free the navigation of the Danube.

"4. To consent to some limitation of, or counterbalance to, her naval power in the Black Sea.

"Now, sir, I confidently assert—and I believe I shall be supported in the assertion by any one who will take a dispassionate retrospect of these transactions—that if, when war was finally determined on, the Government had been asked whether they had any idea of continuing it for one day after even the first three of the above-named concessions should have been made by Russia, they would have replied at once in the negative, not without some indignation that the question was thought necessary. I well recollect, indeed (nor does it require a long memory to do so), that the question asked by all men of ordinary prudence who advocated war was, not whether these terms should be accepted if offered, but whether it was at all likely that Russia could be compelled to offer them.

"There were, of course, persons who were prepared to enter upon a war with far more ambitious objects than these; but these views were repudiated by the Government, by Parliament, and, I believe, by a majority of the nation. It was only after the breaking out of war and of the passions which it excites, that the Emperor of Russia, an old and steady ally of Great Britain, and whom nobody used to think

particularly shocking, has assumed such terrible dimensions and so villainous an aspect.

"It appears, then, that Russia is prepared to make not only the concessions, to obtain which the war was undertaken, but also other concessions, and, therefore, that the peace which she is prepared to make could not but be considered as perfectly just and honourable to both sides.

"Lord John, it is greatly to be feared, takes a different view. Besides the terms offered by Russia, he is resolved to insist on another, to which Russia will never, except on absolute compulsion, agree, viz., the extinction of her great naval stronghold in the south; and he probably supposes that before the negotiations have reached any advanced stage, the fall of Sebastopol will have made it easier for him to conclude a peace upon this condition.

"Now, whether Sebastopol be taken or not, of one thing we may be assured—that it will be only after not one or two, but many campaigns disastrous to her arms, that Russia will consent to a peace of which one of the terms should be the non-existence of Sebastopol. On this, as I have said, it seems to me that the circumstances of the case give us no sort of right to insist; and I know not which would be the greatest, the guilt or the impolicy of continuing the war, when peace is offered to us on terms far more liberal than those which we originally proposed to obtain.

"I have said nothing in this letter of the justice or policy of the present war. I am one of those who think that the war was unnecessary—that it was the result of irrational panic and baseless suspicion; and that the circumstances of the Vienna Note have given it the character of a proceeding questionable in point of honour and good faith. But I am content, for the present purpose, to assume that the war was originally justifiable; and on that assumption I now contend that it is our bounden duty, as I believe it to be our best policy, to accept the very large measure of concession which has been offered by Russia.

"If it be said that the Emperor Napoleon will not agree

to such a course, and that our fortunes are now bound up with his, I answer—First, that there is great reason to believe that his views upon the subject are more moderate than our own; and, secondly, if they were not so, that where political morality points to one course, and apparent political expediency to another, there can be no doubt as to which of the two it is the duty of a nation to pursue.

"If it be a feeling of mortified pride that restrains us, I answer—First, is there no solace for our pride in the very great extent to which Russia has been induced to yield—her demands upon Turkey withdrawn, her long-cherished treaties abandoned, her offers in regard to the Danube and the Black Sea? Is there no solace for our pride in the splendid victories we have won? I answer—Secondly, if there were no such solace, I would yet believe that, as a nation, we are capable of sacrificing the gratification of pride to the dictates of justice and mercy.

"Even if the case were tried by the lower test of apparent expediency, what is it that we have to dread from the proposed peace? If the Czar had accepted the Vienna Note with the Turkish modifications, and had thus retained intact his treaties, his provincial rights, and his power in the Black Sea, Europe would have remained at peace; all the bloodshed and horror of the last twelve months would have been avoided; and yet, I venture to think, we should have slept quietly in our beds, very little agitated by fears of the annexation of India or Cossacks stabled in Whitehall.

"Now, when Russia is ready to give up her treaties and her rights in the provinces, thus putting an end to her principal 'pretext for aggression' upon Turkey, as well as to make other stipulations adverse to her interests, we demur to peace on the ground that it would be fatal to the cause of civilisation and the liberties of mankind.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"HOBART."

Read by the light of subsequent events this extract from Lord Hobart's letter has a strange bearing on the present state of public feeling.

That great and terrible wars should depend upon the fickle passions of public opinion is a fact which confuses all ideas of the civilisation of the nineteenth century. As yet we seem blind, or in that first stage of sight when we read our lesson upside down.

The circumstances connected with Lord Hobart's letters about the Crimean War, give additional interest to the following extract from the last article he ever wrote, in February, 1872:

"It is, then, in war, as now looked upon and practised by European States, that the great league for the disruption of society has found its best ally. Some twenty years ago the long repose of Europe was broken by a devastating conflict which scarcely any one, even of its surviving authors, can now be found to defend. Since then it is not too much to say that there is hardly any national passion or aspiration—whether it be pride, envy, antipathy of race, lust of territory, or love of military glory—which is not recognised as a more or less fit subject for gratification at the cost of war. The 'war path' of the Red Indian is not, to judge from language and appearances, a more familiar subject of contemplation to him than are 'eventualities and complications' to modern diplomacy; by which it means the ghastly and sickening horrors described by correspondents from seats of war in words of disgust and shame. The only nation which it is the fashion to speak of as particularly culpable in this respect is France, because she fights for military fame. But from a moral point of view there seems to be no long step from the love of military fame to the love of extended empire; and for this almost every nation in Europe has either been fighting or is ready to fight. The Danish War and the

war of 1866 were made by Prussia for the sake of German unity, which is only another name for extended empire; and of these wars, which were emphatically wars of ambition, the terrible contest lately ended was the natural fruit. In that particular tragedy France was the aggressor; but neither for that nor for the present state of Europe in general is France alone to blame. For these the three Governments which in 1854 shattered a peace of forty years, with all its bright promise of permanence, and all its wealth of material and mental progress, for purposes not worthy to be placed for one instant by their side, are primarily answerable. But upon the Governments which from that moment have abandoned themselves to the beggar-my-neighbour game of fleets and armies—which have heaped tax upon tax for the purpose of enabling them at any instant to rush into conflict on pretexts of which the men of a century ago would have been ashamed —which have rejected every proposal for reciprocal disarmament—and which have apparently ceased to consider that war for any cause whatever, if only a nation which goes to war supposes itself to be in the right, can possibly be without justification,—upon these also a heavy load of responsibility is laid."

Peace had not long been signed when England was again involved in a war, which we may call a civil war of a very terrible character.

The Crimean War and our alliance with the head of the Mussulman world, the Caliph or Sultan of Turkey, was constantly justified by its importance to our Indian possessions. That alliance was now proved to have been powerless as regards any conciliatory influence on the mass of Mahomedans who constitute a large proportion of the inhabitants of Northern India.

Mahomedans and Hindoos united in open rebellion, and the darkest page in the history of the English in India

followed. That sad story can never be forgotten. Naturally among Anglo-Indians the Mutiny roused the deepest indignation against the treachery of the rebels, and consequently against natives generally. A bitterness resulted which, though dying, still exists.

A wise man had to be calm in his administration of justice, and the guiltless required protection. To remember that such consideration was still due to the native races of India caused suspicious indignation, and mortified or tantalised the terrible longing for revenge which is the too frequent satisfaction of war. The Governor-General, Lord Canning, met the storm in the true spirit of wisdom, and the fury with which he was abused was disastrous.

Lord Hobart could not be silent, but his words were in support of the Government representative and of the Government policy.

The following letter appeared in *The Times* of December 3rd, 1857, the morning that Parliament met:

"SIR,

"As a rule the English nation is just and generous towards those who serve it well. Admirable as have been the courage, patience, and self-devotion of the small band of heroes who on the soil of India have won for themselves and their country imperishable fame, they have not, and will not, have any reason to complain that they are not appreciated by their countrymen. Havelock, Outram, Nicholson, Neill, Greathead—it will be long before the light of well-merited popularity which surrounds these illustrious names will have ceased to shine. But unquestionably cases do occur in which the national judgment in regard to the conduct of public servants is strangely and signally at fault. In the present instance why is it, while the attention of the world is fixed in astonishment and admiration on the successful stand made by our country-

men in India against odds which appeared desperate, the head of the Executive Government of that country, the prime mover and controller of these events, has received from the unthinking clamorous censure, from the more thoughful and influential, cold indifference (at least), the damnation of faint praise? Lord Canning had scarcely assumed the government when he found himself placed in circumstances of difficulty unexampled in history, of peril more tremendous, responsibility more anxious than perhaps have ever before beset the tenure of great power. Of the mode in which he has met those difficulties, of his tone and bearing in that great extremity of danger and adversity, of the details of the measures which he has taken to encounter that terrible crisis, we know but little. One thing we do know—that he has been completely successful. Without the aid of one bayonet from England, in the midst of a tumult of social disorganisation and dismay, the great Indian Mutiny has been crushed; for what remains is not to resist, or conquer, but to perish. One other thing we know that in the presence of a popular frenzy, blind to all considerations of policy as well as of mercy, Lord Canning, fortunately for England, retained his prudence and self-possession, and forbore to disgrace and endanger her dominions in the East by confounding the precept and decisive repression of revolt and execution of justice with the gratification of a ferocious and undiscriminating revenge.

"In the letter of 'A Civilian,' published in your paper of to-day, the following passage occurs: 'The other serious danger is lest our present violent feeling against the Mahomedans should drive to despair that great section of the population, and induce a really general Mahomedan revolt, as dangerous as the great Mutiny.'

"The danger is not only serious, but one which, were it not for those features of Lord Canning's policy which have been so censoriously or so coldly considered, it might by this time have been impossible to avert. That for these great services Lord Canning will, sooner or later, receive his

due meed of praise, I cannot doubt; that he should not receive it now is sufficiently unaccountable. It seems impossible that the nation, actuated by mere caprice, or following the key-note struck by the Europeans of Calcutta under the combined influence of pain and exasperation, will long continue to withhold from the man on whom the chief responsibility has rested, and who would have borne the chief share of the odium consequent on failure, the approbation and gratitude due to his successful encounter with a peril which seriously menaced the power and prestige of England, but which, by the manner in which it has been met, has materially improved her position among the nations of the earth.

(Signed) "HOBART.

"6, Eaton Place South."

The Globe, which was the Government organ of that day, considered that this letter had "rendered a service, by giving that word in season which at times of excitement recalls our treacherous memory to the standard of good sense," and in the evening Lord Hobart had a private note from a Cabinet minister who said, "I must write one line to tell that I was delighted with your excellent letter in *The Times* of December 4th."

In 1861 the Foreign Office had applied to the Board of Trade for some one capable of investigating into the condition of the Turkish finances, and of advising some system for their better administration. The mission was offered to Lord Hobart.

An offer of such political importance would in itself have had great attraction, more especially to one who so keenly loved travel, and to whom the routine of official life in a subordinate position was becoming a very trying necessity. Mere personal ambition was entirely absent from his character, and he decided to undertake the work only

because he considered his services belonged to the Government.

After a good "tussle" with the papers, which were sent for his information before he decided whether he could undertake the Financial Mission to Turkey, he wrote in March:

"SIDMOUTH.

"I have got through a good part of them, and I must say, a more hopeless state of affairs I never saw. The Turks are on the verge of bankruptcy; but the difficulty is not to show how they might get out of it, for there are many ways which have been shown often enough, but to make them take the proper remedies, which, as all the authorities are interested in keeping up the present state of things, they will never do.

". . . I suppose it will end in my going to Turkey; but I can't quite decide till I come to London. The business will not be pleasant, for the Turks are all but bankrupt, and it is not plans or reports that are wanted to set them right, but energy and patriotism, which I can't give them. If they had adopted half the plans that have been proposed they would now be all right; but they won't adopt them. . . . . I can't make up my mind about this Turkish business. It is a hopeless, thankless, and, I think, absurd mission."

Before the matter was decided, and after he had most carefully studied the papers sent to give him the necessary information on Turkish affairs, he came to the conclusion that the mission to Turkey was a political blunder, and he wrote a private letter to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in which he strongly expressed his opinion on the subject, hoping that the decision might be reconsidered. He felt that it was his duty to place his services at the disposal of the Government; but, at the same time, he

thus expressed himself about the policy of the Government:

". . . . It is evident that, in order to place *for the future* the Turkish finances upon a sound basis, the most essential requisite is a thorough administrative reform. No readjustment of the incidence of taxation, no creation of new taxes, or extension of old ones, will without this be of the slightest avail. So long as there is no regular system of accounts, no security that the annual budgets will give any real clue to the probable income and expenditure, no check such as publicity would afford on the most reckless extravagance and improvidence, no limit to the power of each minister to issue promissory notes, or of the Sultan to help himself out of the public treasury; so long there will be no possibility of depending on the solvency of the Porte. And, on the other hand, a thorough reform in these respects would give it every prospect of permanent financial prosperity.

"Now the necessity for such a reform, and the principal measures which would be necessary for effecting it, have already been frequently brought under the notice of the Porte. Not only have they been urged upon its attention at different times by Sir Henry Bulwer, but they have been indicated in detail in the careful and comprehensive report of the English and French members of the late Financial Council, and have been recommended in that form by Her Majesty's Government to the Porte for its adoption.

"Under these circumstances, it appears to me that what is now required is not further inquiry into the evils of the Turkish financial system and their remedies (for this, as I understand it, is the object which your Lordship has in view in appointing the present mission), but simply the adoption of the remedies which have repeatedly been proposed, and which indeed are obvious and natural, for admitted evils. Whatever may tend to induce the Porte to put these remedies into practice, to give effect, in short, by a radical change in its laws and regulations to the suggestions of the

European members of the late Council, will tend to rehabilitate the Turkish Empire. No further investigation of its financial system would, as I venture to think, be of any use in providing a remedy for a state of things which proceeds from a want—not now of knowledge or advice—but of power or of will.

"Such being, if I may judge from the correspondence, the present state of affairs in this matter, I confess that I should be reluctant to be employed upon a service which, as it appears to me, would not be attended by any useful result. I feel, however, that I may well be mistaken with regard to the object and probable results of the mission, and I am aware that there may be reasons of State policy of which I am not cognizant, which render it desirable; and if therefore, your Lordship is still desirous after reading this that I should proceed to Turkey, I shall hold myself at your disposal, and be ready to leave England at the time mentioned."

The following extracts were from letters to Sir Louis Mallet:—

"TOULON, *April* 28*th*, 1861.

"We have got thus far on our financial tour, having rushed from Paris to this place in twenty-two hours, 'without solution of continuity.' I suppose you know the railway view from Marseilles to Toulon. It was my first introduction to the Mediterranean, and surpassingly beautiful. Perhaps it would have been a little better if it had not come at the end of twenty-two hours of railway. The weather has been glorious. As to the Mediterranean, it has a charm which is all the greater for being inexpressible, for I don't think it *literally* more beautiful than the many sea-shores I have seen."

"*May* 12*th*, 1861.

"I read at Geneva the debate on the Budget, in which Northcote came out strong. I suppose he will be Chancellor of the Exchequer some day.

"Our financial system will be a strange thing soon, depending as it does, not on sound principle, but on the venal influence of able editors. . . .

"I don't know if I quite agree with you as to the Italians. I had much rather travel in this part of Italy than anywhere else I have been abroad."

"CONSTANTINOPLE, *July 6th,* 1861.

"Fuad Pasha has so far acted well, and is a thoroughly clever, sagacious man; but my task is neither easy nor altogether pleasant. I have written home as Lord R—— desired me, but have received no word of reply or even acknowledgment. . . . . .

"*The South is being whipped as we predicted, and as it deserves. Every Englishman here prays (of course) for the success of the wrong cause; which reminds me that my task here is made still more difficult by the utter want of encouragement from Europeans, but especially from the English Embassy (Bulwer excepted), who make it their business to abuse and disparage beyond all reason the Government which Lord Russell fondly supposes they are defending against ill-minded French and Russians."

"THERAPIA, *October 4th,* 1861.

"Having got over five-sixths of our ground, we find the remaining one-sixth unconscionably stiff. Why, I can't say. I believe it is from sheer laziness that the Turkish Government won't give us the two or three things which remain, and without which our report would halt most lamentably. However, we can't, of course, stay very much longer. We had a most interesting private interview with the Sultan the other day, at his particular desire. He was not only very courteous, but most sensible, and gave us a most favourable impression, except upon one point (the building of ships), upon which he seems to have 'a craze!'

"He asked us what remedies we suggested for the finan-

* This alludes to the American War.

cial defects which Bulwer (who was with us) had mentioned, and we told him several things that ought to be done; to all of which he listened attentively, and then said that all this ought to be put in writing, and that then steps would be taken with a view to act upon it as far as might be possible.

"As to the prevalent dishonesty, he said: 'Why, when I came to the throne I found a certain sum charged for soldiers' shoes, and when I went to see them myself, I found the soldiers had *no* shoes. Therefore there was robbery somewhere.' We talked for a long half-hour in this kind of strain. If he could get *one* strong honest man at his elbow all would be well. But such a thing appears not to be forthcoming.

"I expect Merivale here to-day. A nice little run for a six weeks' holiday.

". . . We have made a long report, which I suppose few will read and none profit by, not even (to judge by former proceedings of a grateful country) ourselves. The Turks seem to expect that the immediate result of our return will be the transmission of a large loan to Constantinople, probably by the next mail. I must say I wish them every kind of prosperity, but I don't believe they will get a loan at present; though, if they would set to work in good earnest to reform, they might have one for the asking. For the rest, I like them much, and find, as usual, that in hating and despising the Turks, as we Britons do, we have only given another instance of our folly and vulgarity. But I don't consider they are the least fit for the government of a great, unwieldy, heterogeneous empire."

"THERAPIA, *August 6th.*

"We are wading through our work, but it is slow and not very satisfactory, though I believe the Turks do almost the best they can for us now in the way of information; but they can't understand why we should be in a hurry, and despise us thoroughly for it. We had four hours

sitting yesterday with the Finance Minister, looking over their accounts, and smoking pipes incessantly.

"The views of the Sea of Marmora through the windows were so exquisitely beautiful that I found it very difficult to keep my attention on the subject in hand.

"There are some signal defects in their mode of keeping accounts, but so far as they go they are wonderfully kept, and look much better than our own.

"I had a pleasant letter from Lord John, ending, 'go on and prosper.' I am, perhaps, too sceptical, but I don't believe the Turks will adopt our recommendations to any satisfactory extent. *Mais c'est toujours possible.* There is a reaction in the hopes about the present Sultan, which is, perhaps, as exaggerated as were the hopes themselves. I am inclined to think myself that he will do something, but it was not enough to dismiss Riza; there are others, and at least one other, quite as bad. I should have better hopes if, after having dismissed peculators and women, he had not taken to *ship-building*. It is like forswearing brandy and taking to gin! You cannot pay your debts with cannon-balls; and in what respect will Turkey be better off because she has a larger navy?

"It is mere food for another Sinope. . . . Sir H. Bulwer had a conversation the other day with the Sultan about our mission, to which he expressed the most favourable intentions—he wanted to put us on the Financial Council, which would simply swamp us. Sir H. explained that would not do."

"THERAPIA, *May* 30*th*, 1862.

"The French have appointed a commissioner. . . . The Prince of Wales has been here for a week. His manner and address are perfect, and for my part I conceived a great liking for him. The Bulwers did the honours really well. The weather was glorious, and the scenes interesting and amusing. . . . The Turks have given me a perfect little house on the Bosphorus, and treat me with great civility,

as indeed they ought, since, if I have not civilised the East, I have raised the wind for it!"

"THERAPIA, *August* 12*th*, 1862.

". . . The duel between Palmerston and Cobden ended as usual. After all, it is not a question of argument, but of opinion. Palmerston's weapon is public opinion, which is better than Armstrong guns. I confess that to me the whole tone and conduct of England on international matters (always excepting the financial mission to Turkey) is most deplorable. If there is any hope for the human race, it must be in the determination of one of the two leading nations to set the example in point of humanity, conciliation, sense, and justice, and so put a stop, once for all, to the childish folly of perpetually quarrelling and fighting; and if the nation which did this were England, I, as an Englishman, should neither be ashamed nor frightened.

"I agree with you that the North can win if they take time. The only question is, will they endure? In the meantime, why have we taken pains to make enemies of them? for the affected surprise of *The Times* at their indignation against us is emphatically 'bosh.'"

Soon after arriving in Constantinople, Lord Hobart sent the following letter to Lord Russell:

"THERAPIA, *June*, 1861.

"MY LORD,

"As Mr. Foster and I have now been more than five weeks at Constantinople, it may be well that your Lordship should be informed as to the course which we have pursued, and the position in which we find ourselves; and our only reason for not addressing you officially, is that, notwithstanding the time which has elapsed since our arrival, we have not as yet been able to obtain from the Turkish Government any official information whatever on the subject to which our mission relates.

"Soon after our arrival we were presented by Sir Henry Bulwer to the Foreign Minister, the Grand Vizier, and the Finance Minister, and early in the present month, a room was provided for us at the Porte, to be used for such investigations as required our presence there; and Agathon Effendi, an Armenian member of the Financial Council, who is well informed on the subject of Finance, was instructed both to act as our confidential adviser, and to afford us such other assistance as might be in his power. About the same time (on the 5th of June) Sir Henry Bulwer transmitted to Aali Pasha a paper, which (after consultation with the former) we had prepared, stating briefly the heads of the information, which in the first instance we should require respecting the amount and collection of the revenue, and we requested an immediate reply.

"No steps seem to have been taken by Aali Pasha, in regard to that communication, for, when on the 13th of June we waited on the Finance Minister and requested that he would take measures for putting us in possession of the required information, he replied that he had no authority from the Grand Vizier to comply with our request, and it appeared that without such authority nothing could be done. We sent therefore immediately (15th of June) a letter to the Grand Vizier, requesting that he would instruct the Finance Minister, and also the President of the Financial Council, to furnish us with all the information in their power on the subjects we named, and which comprised all matters within the scope of our inquiry, and also to allow us to inspect any book, registry, or other document which we might desire to see. Instructions have (we understand) been prepared in accordance with this request, but the signature of the Grand Vizier has not yet been given to them. The 'Baïram' week, in which no work is done, and the death of the Sultan have however occurred since our last-named letter was addressed to the Grand Vizier, and these events have afforded an excuse which is at least plausible for the delay with regard to it. We cannot but think, however, that if there had been any great desire to assist

us in our inquiry, more promptitude would from first to last have been shown. In the meantime, we have done all that it appeared possible for us to effect, otherwise than by direct investigation, for the purposes of our mission. We have sought information, opinions, and suggestions from those Europeans resident at Constantinople, whose knowledge and experience seemed likely to be useful to us; and we have prepared a paper of questions respecting the taxation of the country, which we are sending confidentially to those persons, whether in the capital or in the provinces, who are in a position to inform or advise us upon that subject. For the rest, I trust that report speaks truly respecting the present Sultan, for, if so, we are justified in expecting something like sincere co-operation from his Government.

"Your Lordship is, no doubt, aware that the expedient which the Porte, in its inability to obtain a loan, has adopted to meet present emergencies, is that of a further issue of paper money; a course which, while relieving them, involves them, as regards the future, in still greater embarrassment. At an interview which we had with Mehemet Rustadi Pasha, the President of the Financial Council, he asked, with reference to this further issue, what other course was possible for his Government, and added, 'If you had given us a loan, all would have gone right.' We answered that unless they could re-establish their credit they would never obtain a loan, and that they could only re-establish their credit by reforming their financial system. I should hope that, under the new reign, there may be some prospect that this may be done. Some of the most important reforms required are obvious enough, and already well known to the Turkish Government, but the will or power to effect them has hitherto been wanting. One or two indications, however, of a better state of things have already appeared.

"Probably your Lordship may be aware that a direct collection of the 'dîme' (or tithe) is this year being tried in Roumelia, as a substitute for the pernicious system of 'farming'; a fixed money rate, calculated according to the value of the produce for the last five years, being also sub-

stituted for payments in kind. The new system is not free from objection, but, so far as we can at present judge, the change is likely to be most advantageous. The great difficulty is the character of the employés; but this is a difficulty which can scarcely be regarded as insuperable. If the salaries of the collectors were higher and their tenure of office more secure, the Government would probably be able to find men who would act honestly, and all that remained would be that, having found, it should appoint them.

"We have observed, also, that a project of law is under consideration, with a view to increase the revenue derived from stamps, which is now only small, and might doubtless be greatly increased with considerable advantage to the public interest. It may be that these changes are favourable symptoms."

The account of the revenue and expenditure showed a large deficit. Among many anomalies of Turkish taxation mentioned in the Report, one fact of general interest may be quoted, viz.: the exemption of Constantinople and its environs from direct taxes, "which not only deprives the Treasury of a large sum which it might legitimately claim, but inflicts a great wrong upon the taxing community, and has the further disadvantage of producing an unnatural determination to the capital of wealth, and social position, which are greatly needed for the improvement, moral and material, of other parts of the Empire."

The Report also mentions the fact: "Foreign Residents in Turkey under the 'Capitulations' (as they are termed) and their respective Governments claim (with what justice is not within our province to inquire) exemption from all taxation."

The Report concludes as follows:

"It only remains for us to express our confident hope that the Porte will, without further delay, by a prompt, systematic, and comprehensive measure of reform, avail

itself of the ample means at its disposal for the re-establishment of its credit, and the permanent improvement of its financial condition. The case with which it has to deal is not the hopeless one of a tax-imposing power stretched to its utmost limit, and yet inadequate to meet the demands of a large inevitable expenditure, but simply of financial disorder, caused chiefly by inattention to the ordinary rules of political economy and fiscal administration. With a taxation, if it were duly adjusted, extremely light; a system of government which even if made thoroughly efficient in all its branches, would be comparatively inexpensive; and a national debt (including under the term every kind of liability) which is less than £42,000,000 sterling, we cannot believe that the Empire will be permitted any longer to remain in a condition bordering upon insolvency. We have no sufficient reason to suppose that the promise of the new reign will be unfulfilled, or that the Turkish Government rather than adopt a few simple, obvious, and, with ordinary firmness and prudence, easily feasible reforms, will quietly allow the prevalent predictions of national disaster and decadence to be accomplished."

Subsequent events, and the present financial disorder which prevails at the Porte are indeed discouraging, and give the last paragraph a melancholy interest.

In this Financial Mission Lord Hobart was associated with Mr. Foster, "Deputy Paymaster-General," his senior in office, and, as such, his senior in the Mission. Their efforts were successful in securing the withdrawal of the paper money; they left no stone unturned in obtaining full information as to the financial position and capabilities of the country.

By inquiries, which were answered by the several consuls in the provinces, and by other means, the system of taxation and the resources of the country were fully investigated, and the reports which gave the required

information and contained suggestions and advice as to the future management of the finances gave general satisfaction. After the Report made by Mr. Foster and Lord Hobart had been recommended by the British Ambassador for the consideration of the Ottoman Government, the Sultan's Ambassador in England was desired to ask that the Commissioners should return to Constantinople and assist in carrying out the measures they had proposed. Lord Hobart was entrusted with this second Mission. France and Austria also sent financial advisers to the Government of the Sultan.

During the first year there had been some embarrassment in regard to the position of the Mission and its relation to Sir Henry Bulwer, who was then English Ambassador. It was therefore arranged on his return to Constantinople that Lord Hobart should treat directly with the Ottoman Government, and act under the immediate orders of the Foreign Office. A Commission was appointed for deciding upon and carrying out the measures for completing the withdrawal of the paper money. The Grand Vizier was president, but two Turkish ministers also belonged to the Commission, and gave the greatest possible assistance and support—they were men second to none in Europe both for integrity and capability. The Government of the Porte realised that the promised reforms must be accomplished; accordingly it appointed two men whose administrative skill and high sense of honour ensured the success of the work. No offence was given to the dignity of the Ottoman Government, and moral pressure was successful. For these two statesmen Lord Hobart entertained a very great regard and respect. One was Ahmed Vefyk Effendi, who was the President of the Chamber of Deputies in the late Turkish Parliament, and has since then been Premier—he refused

the title of Grand Vizier—and lately he has also been Governor of Broussa; the other, Edhem Pasha, not only has been Grand Vizier but represented Turkey at the Berlin Congress.

Until the Crimean War was made the Ottoman Empire had no foreign debt. A result which was a practical victory for Russia. Thus originated their financial difficulties; and so far from curtailing Russian ambition by that war, it was provoked into a most deadly animosity, which never rested until it could be revenged; and besides the utter devastation and misery brought upon the empire by the last war with Russia, it was timed so as to prevent the Ottoman Government from carrying out any reforms, and from reaping any benefit from the counsels of statesmen whom, at the eleventh hour only, the Porte had been forced to consult.

Lord Palmerston's cordial greeting to Lord Hobart after his return from Constantinople expressed the approval of the Government. "Well," he said, "you have done a good stroke of work." All that was possible had been done, and the instructions given by the Foreign Secretary had been fully carried out; but, as was foreseen, the suggestions were powerless for good in leading to measures of permanent financial reform; and when one of the practical results of the Report made by Mr. Foster and Lord Hobart proved to be the greater facility which it gave the Ottoman Government in making fresh loans, Lord Hobart felt that the real administrative reform required was further off than ever, and that sooner or later a crisis must come.

It is impossible to judge of Mohammedan life with unprejudiced eyes without having known Mohammedans—without having felt the power which their worship of the one true God has over their lives, and the dignity

and courtesy which characterise their mutual relations, from their faith in the equality of all men of their own belief.

Lamentable results must abound where an enthusiastic people still adhere to the social customs of the Jews, which have become crystallised and hardened by time and by the loss of that vivifying and ever-changing power which developed them under Christianity. Such cruelties as those which are recorded in the Old Testament have developed into crimes against which, most righteously, all Christendom has risen. And the knowledge that they are possible, and that the misrule of the whole country is still an evil of gigantic magnitude, recalls the words in the letter above quoted: "The most essential requisite to Turkey is a thorough administrative reform."

Whether Russia is disinterested or not in her care for certain provinces and co-religionists, the feeling of brotherhood must vent itself, and seek the means for reforms throughout the Turkish empire; and though the selfishness and jealousies of diplomacy may leave the reforming process entirely to individuals, Christianity and civilisation demand it, and individuals will not be wanting in this mission when war has proved itself powerless to repress the barbarism from which it has been bequeathed to us. It has yet to be admitted that the greatest triumph of Christendom is not to be found in aggressive warfare, nor in the assertion of her territorial rights. Sympathy for the oppressed and appreciation of existing authority fused together, will suggest reforms which are guarded by discernment and loyalty. These, hand in hand, should lead the march of civilisation.

Among Christian nations it has been unwillingly admitted that an immense benefit was conferred upon their

international relations when arbitration prevailed, and England paid the penalty awarded to her in her dispute with America; and yet it was the greatest advance in civilisation, and the first victory of that peace which results from the action of a free people upon the foreign policy of their Government. There are not wanting Russians who admit that when they have arrived at Constitutional government their present policy of aggressive warfare will be made impossible.

The Political Essays in Vol. II. work out the questions connected with such subjects, and it is interesting to trace the arguments as they clear away the dust and growth of centuries from the unassailable foundation of justice which must support all good government.

During the year 1863 changes were made in the Board of Trade, and Lord Hobart was enabled to give up his clerkship, which was abolished, and his retiring pension was claimed. The first winter was spent in Italy, after which he remained for a time in England, and then he was offered the post of Director-General of the Ottoman Bank. During this interval the Political Essays were written, and the following are a few extracts from private letters of that date—some were to a friend, and others were written to me. To these are added other letters on political subjects.

Lord Hobart's experience in Constantinople both on the Financial Mission and later as Director-General of the Ottoman Bank was of a very practical character. He considered the establishment of the Ottoman Bank essential to any effort for reforming the administration of the finances of Turkey. He had scarcely resigned that post when the Duke of Argyll offered him the appointment of Governor of Madras. This was in February, 1872. The last of the Political Essays had just been written, and he was looking

forward to a time of retirement from official work. His leisure would have been devoted to political study and writing. He most highly appreciated the honour which the offer of so important an appointment conferred upon him, and yet it was most characteristic that he accepted it with very great unwillingness. He confessed that he would rather have tried to use any influence he might have, with thoughtful men by writing, and thus leavening their influence over the people, than work in a position so conspicuous as that offered to him.

"—— 1863.

". . . I should rather like you to make Professor G. Rawlinson's acquaintance at Oxford. I got, when reading with him, delightful and sublime glimpses into the awful and beautiful abyss of truth. I wish I had had courage and energy to look further. I don't mean that he was the cause of my seeing, but that he helped me on very efficiently; and I don't mean religious truth, but scientific, whether moral or physical."

"*September* 26*th*, ——.

"I had no idea Mr. C—— was such a Tory—for that he must be if he thinks the people fairly represented. Moreover, Tory or not, it is not fact, but about as much the reverse of the fact as any proposition that ever was uttered. It is not a question of opinion. If the people are 'fairly represented,' then there is no such thing as unfair representation; whether they ought to be more fairly represented than they are is another question. I, myself, have no doubt about it.

". . . I have heard from Huxley in answer. He explains by saying that he does not believe the lowest savage *we know* is the lowest form of humanity; that there is the 'Neanderthal man,' and that others will probably be discovered. He thinks it probable that there was a time

when the intellect of man was merely brutal, and when he was not (as Tennyson says) 'master of his fate.'

"Do you see that Florence is to be the capital, and actually the French troops are to leave Rome in two years? If they do, Garibaldi and Co. will upset the Pope sooner or later.

"I thought *The Times* would have veered round on American affairs, but instead of that they write more lies and more abuse of the North than ever. The idea seems to be to force the Government into a war with the North, which war it is fondly supposed would be easily successful with the aid of the South.

"They will see the matter in a different light in a few months, when the South won't have a leg to stand upon, and *The Times* will have to come down on its knees and eat its own words, and the English people to bring up, with much painful spasmodic action, all that *The Times* has made it swallow in the last two years."

"*September 8th*, 1863.

"We are in *real* danger (as it seems to me) of a war with the United States. Did you see Lord R——'s letter to the Birkenhead Buccaneers? It is really trifling on the verge of a precipice. The Foreign Enlistment Act is beside the question. If a nation deliberately allows vessels of war to be sent from its ports for the service of either belligerent, it is a *casus belli*, as everybody seems to know except our Foreign Office and the asses who write to *The Times*.

"Rome is the end of our journey, where we should be probably about the end of November, to stay a fortnight or three weeks. From the middle of October to the middle of November we shall (I think) be at Florence, and leave about the middle of December if our programme holds."

"FLORENCE, *October 16th*, 1863.

"I entirely agree with you about Florence. It is the most beautiful and interesting place I have ever been in,

and very difficult to leave. Do you know the view from Fiesole? As to the art, it is something of which I had no conception.

"John Ball I did not meet on a Pass, but at Turin and again here. He has good hopes of Italy, but says there are difficulties in apportioning taxation to the different ingredients of her unity. In the meantime the 'brigands' appear to make government expensive.

"Nothing (I fancy) is easier than to put down brigandage, if you are rich enough; and I suppose it is poverty and not will that accounts for the pleasant state of things at Naples. I hope they won't stop the diligence between Florence and Rome, in case we should go by it.

"We were greatly pleased with Parma, though I think I liked the pictures at Bologna better; and I have seen since what has rather dulled the recollection.

"I am glad Lord Russell has seized the rams (steam rams). It has saved us a war. That reminds me that there will be in *Macmillan* for November a short paper of mine on "Blockade," etc., which I should like you to read, not that it has anything to do with steam rams."

"FLORENCE, *October* 21*st*, 1863.

"This place is only too fascinating. The pictures and sculpture one never tires of; but I believe what has most delighted me is Giotto's Campanile. We had races *à l'anglaise* in the Cascine the other day, of which the Florentines were very proud, but which consisted of a desperate struggle between one horse and himself and a trotting race between three horses, two of which broke into a canter immediately. The 'Jockey Club' came out very strong, and the course was cleared by a squadron of hussars. Altogether it was supposed to be a very fast and sporting affair.

"Is it true (as I have seen in the paper), that Lord R—— is to resign in favour of Lord C——. If so, we shall drift into loggerheads with somebody, probably with the North. How are our Southern friends in England?

Jefferson Davis may have made the South a nation, but, if so, it will have had a shorter and more spasmodic life than ever a nation had before."

"ROME, *January* 12*th*, 1864.

"I quite agree with you about the utter stultification of John Bull as to America. It is strange that among the many 'clever' men one knows, there are really not above one or two who are capable of seeing through the folly of public opinion on foreign politics. No doubt there are a good many who are wilfully blind, for there is a sort of silly idea in most men's heads that in some way or other they will 'injure' their 'prospects' in life by having an opinion of their own. But, for the most part, I believe it arises from sheer dulness of brain. As to the Congress, I can hardly imagine a more invidious position than we have got into by refusal.

"Did you see an article in one of the French papers beginning, 'William Pitt is now eighty'? I observed that little or no notice was taken in our reply of the proposal for reduction of our armaments. This is what we complain of most—the fearful taxation for 'bloated armaments' caused by France, and when France proposes reduction we flatly refuse. . . . .

"Rome is a place which it will be hard to leave. It has been cold here, too, with snow and ice; but somehow it is a much less 'hard-hearted' cold than with us."

"*July* 27*th*, 1864.

"*The Times* has really done all it can to gull the nation as to American affairs, and the gross deceptions which it has played off upon poor John Bull ought to be exposed.

"What is to happen in America? It is all a question of endurance. Given an equal amount of endurance, the North, being the strongest, must win. Only there is generally more depth of endurance on the side which fights for independence than on that which fights, however legitimately, for dominion. I suppose our legislators, having

lost half a year in strenuously doing nothing, are going at once to shoot grouse!"

"*October* 26*th*, 1864.

"I had a very pleasant drive to Hythe, and voyage and journey to London, and saw 'The flying gold of the ruined woodlands' which 'drove through the air.' . . . I suppose you will hardly see much of the New Forest, but it must be beautiful in its autumn dress, though not so beautiful as when we drove in the spring through the 'yellow sea' of which the 'waters were a wall unto us on the right hand and on the left.'"

"*August* 29*th*, 1865.

"Read Mill's book carefully. It is wonderfully good and true. He evidently appreciates women more than other men do. I mean he really understands them. He has in fact reduced the present position of women to an absurdity. . . . I have been reading 'Felix Holt,' and don't think it good. I am certain that lady is greatly over-rated. . . .

"I went to the House of Commons and heard a short debate on Parliamentary Oaths. The real fight will be in Committee. How any one can advocate such childish and absurd inventions as these oaths, or indeed any oath at all, I can't imagine. Of course it is the Tory party who defend them."

"*September* 31*st*, 1865.

"I am glad the R.'s like Eller Close (Grasmere). The fact is, one does not half appreciate that place and its surroundings. When I look back upon the Vale of Grasmere I think it is the most perfect thing on earth, and surely very much under-rated. . . .

"The meeting was most quiet, and seems to have been most creditable to the working men. They are *entitled* (I mean the respectable part of them, or, rather, a large selection from the respectable part) to have votes, and are quite right not to rest until they get them.

* "I remember the 'sweet influences' of Pleiades and the 'bands of Orion,' and it is curious, as you say, how 'influential' they really are. Astronomy is almost too grand for me, and gives me pain by holding up (as the French would say) so '*brutalement*' the truth of our utter ignorance of the real nature of creation; or, indeed, of the meaning of the very words we use when we talk of such things. Still, it is a glorious study, and one needs deep feelings with two divine weapons which lie ready to our hands: 'trust and hope.'"

"*November*, 1865.

"What you say about Disraeli is very interesting. The man who can't admire Scott, can't admire Homer; and I could well fancy Disraeli would do neither. He is a man of great but sophisticated genius.

". . . Your account of Disraeli is most interesting; I am afraid he is a charlatan in every sense of the word. He has, however, one quality which I rather admire (perhaps because I have it not myself): *faith* in the pleasure and profit of distinction, and power and courage to work for it.

"I walked to church (Maurice's) and back in the rain. The sermon was one of the most beautiful I have ever heard of his. Hughes was in our pew."

"SIDMOUTH, *April 27th.*

"I had a pleasant drive to Sidmouth on the box of a coach, the only other passenger being the coachman (except for the last mile or two). At a turn in the road near Sudbury a dog was waiting, looking out for the coach, and as we passed the coachman threw down a packet of newspapers, which the dog seized, and trotted off home down the lane. The coachman said he was there regularly every day to take the papers at a quarter to five, and *never* failed. The gorse was out everywhere in great beauty."

* This alludes to the theory that Halcyone, one of the Pleiads, is the centre of the whole universe.

"JULY 3rd.

"I rather agree with you about the *lower orders* of Irish; they always amuse me, and are certainly much less coarse and brutal than Englishmen of the same class: their blarney and brogue, puerility and sentimentality does not offend me so much as it does in the higher class. But after all they are mere children (all classes of them), whereas an Englishman, though coarse and surly, is a man. As to Dublin, it gave me an impression of dirt, meanness, and ugliness—though the mountains near, and the surroundings generally are picturesque. . . .

"I don't at all believe Palgrave wrote 'Ecce Homo.' I should fancy Miss Evans might have written it, but the style is too good for her. . . .

"If we persist in living in London we shall get so habituated to it that we can't live in the country, whereas there ought, I suppose, in any case to come a time when we give up London. . . .

"What a strange state of things about the war! I hope there will be peace. It shows that the most humane thing one can do is to invent murderous weapons. The papers do say that Prussia and Italy refuse to treat with Austria and France. Italy refuses Venetia unless given up to her directly by Austria—so the war will go on, and if Austria really turns at bay she may make an obstinate fight yet, and who knows but Russia might come to the rescue. Napoleon will probably threaten Prussia that he will support Austria unless she (Prussia) gives him the Rhine, and Italy that he will do the same unless she gives him some compensation for her gain in Venetia.

"* Circumstances have decided that any little work I might do in the world must be done not in that line but in another. . . . I am quite sure that if I had been richer I should have shrunk much less from public life."

* This refers to public speaking.

"LONDON, *May* 19*th*, 1865.

"I fear you will find Vienna very hot in the summer, and the change to the great public tea gardens (I forget its name at the moment) is from bad to worse. Don't forget to see a great deal of the picture gallery.

"There are many Titians, Tintorets, etc. etc., beyond all price, and which I should like to see every day of my life.

"Did you read the debate on Baines's Bill? More especially Lowe's speech? If not you should get it sent to you. Nothing to my mind is more mournful than the homage paid to that speech. It was wrong from beginning to end, and yet has been treated by every one (including Liberals) as unanswerable; for the reformers could not turn out a single decent speech in reply. What do you think of his statement that the 'outcome' of the British Constitution in its present shape, was absolutely without fault? Pretty strong, considering that the British Constitution is now a Delanocracy tempered by evening parties.

"Plutocracy seems to be the form which our glorious constitution is rapidly assuming. There are some gleams of light in the election of Mill for Westminster, not to mention Hughes and other honest, if not logical men. Have you read Hare's book, of which Mill so entirely approves? It is an extraordinary production, and I think (with some superficial faults) very admirable. Also I have no doubt that this scheme is sound, and would be adopted with immense advantage here, though every effort is made by public speakers, to persuade the English people that they are too stupid to understand it.

"I slightly differ from Lowe; for I think our present system is ridiculous, disgraceful and intolerable. . . .

". . . We have greatly enjoyed the Lake country, of which I never tire; but rain now threatens to beat us."

"LONDON, *December 8th,* 1865.

"I am in hopes that no war will come out of the Alabama case, owing to the prudence and sense displayed by the Yankees, whom we so greatly despise, and who are (in many important respects) so immensely superior to ourselves.

"Did you see Bright's Eulogy of the Tory party? It was as brilliant as it was well-deserved, and nobody has attempted an answer to it except *The Times,* which strove feebly to pull the 'country party' out of the mud, and left them deeper in it than before. I could do a great deal, but one thing never—belong to a set which thought corn laws a blessing.

"We are greatly excited about Jamaica, and illimitable nonsense is talked about it. It seems to me, at all events, clear that a Governor who stated in his official account that he had no sort of idea what was the cause of the disaffection wasn't the right man for the place. For the rest, the general prejudice and unfairness is more than need have been expected, even from a British public.

"I imagine Reform will stand no better chance with this Government than with the last."

"*March 4th,* 1867.

"DEAR MALLET,

"Your paper on Cobden has given me the greatest satisfaction. It is admirably done, and opens new views of thought which, it is to be hoped, will be further explored. Strong thought is a mine but little worked in this country.

"That expression of Cobden's, 'The international Law of the Almighty,' is wonderfully good, and curiously enough I had never heard of it before. Your paper is a thoroughly good stroke of work."

"PERA, CONSTANTINOPLE, *August 19th,* 1868.

"We have had a glorious summer in finest of weather, yet Eastbourne sounds better than anything here. And as

for myself it has been downright hard, and somewhat anxious work, and in many respects most repulsive to me. But perhaps it is better than the almost utterly useless life I was leading at home, redeemed only by an occasional and effective dig in the ribs, administered to a Philistine, and one or two most languid efforts in the cause for which Cobden lived and died; my work too has been very important, at least to shareholders, for I have taken the reins at probably the most important crisis of the Bank's future. All, however, is going well, and our affairs never looked so flourishing, and if (as seems likely) our work is brought to a completely successful issue, it might almost compensate one for not being among the Swiss mountains just now. . . . A respectable Roman Catholic journal says: 'Romanism and Gladstone have God on their side, Protestantism and Mr. Disraeli, Satan (! !).'"

"I have been talking to M—— about Stanley's (A. P. Stanley) character, which I really consider is about perfect; and M—— admitted it was, if such as I represented."

"*November* 20*th*, 1867.

". . . I thought the country looking very beautiful; the Californian tints set off by dark-green firs and yews were in some places wonderfully fine. . . .

"Surely, having driven Ireland desperate by misrule, we ought not to exact the extreme rigour of the law for what she does in her desperation, unless such a course was absolutely necessary to save the Government and society, which it most certainly *is not*. I believe myself it will make the evil worse than it is. As to Parliament, I must say that public affairs have much that is most sickening and disheartening."

The following letters on the Fenians were written in 1867, and are in harmony with Lord Hobart's opinions on

Irish difficulties. But though he foresaw the continuous nature of the movement, its recent acts and increasing agitation have shown the very characteristics which, according to the following letter, would have justified their treatment as Felons. Discreditable, however, though it seems, the system adopted is evidently the result of a political conspiracy, and firmness and judgment are required to deal with it, and keep down the ill-will which its latest crimes must arouse throughout England. It would be more possible to concede privileges or reforms for Ireland if civilisation had been less outraged.

Dynamite is a weapon that would be scorned by a true and noble patriotism. To be "law-abiding" is more forcible in its patriotic results, as well as more powerful in creating possibilities, than to be simply destructive and resentful. We must hope that the future will bring forward leaders more worthy of a patriotic cause than any which have hitherto appeared in behalf of Ireland. Irish grievances would vanish before high-minded patriotism, and the people of Ireland would no longer be the victims of petty tyrants who feed on their discontent, and maintain the anarchy of the present Irish party. A true patriot of the Hampden type would disown the policy of the dynamist, and reconcile as one the *people* of both countries. Such a man might at this moment do for Ireland what Garibaldi enabled Cavour to do for Italy; but the Irish dynamist is cruel and suicidal, and does not aim at increasing the freedom of the people of Ireland, nor of securing the respect of the world, and no one can feel this more keenly than those who, like Lord Hobart, have wished to consider the question of Irish Reform as one requiring the highest statesmanship. The misrule of the past can scarcely be retrieved by the

destruction of buildings or even cities, and a noble foe scorns to be ungenerous.

The people of Ireland cannot submit to the stigma of continued conspiracy; but that people must rise and prove that they mean to be free and share the blessings of freedom without the stain of cowardice and crime—a character for which seems to be the penalty they are paying for their submission to tyrants who hide themselves and use unworthy instruments.

"THE MANCHESTER FENIANS.

"*To the Editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette.'*

"*November 3rd,* 1867.

"SIR,—No impartial person can doubt that the authors of the Fenian outrage at Manchester have had a fair trial. They have been clearly proved to have done that of which, by the letter of our law, the penalty is death; and they have been sentenced accordingly. But we all know that in a trial for murder this is but half the battle, and that it is when the criminal under a capital sentence leaves the dock that the real question as to what is to be done with him begins. Now, though I am opposed to capital punishment, I have no wish to see any deviation, in particular cases, from the established laws and institutions of this country; and if—looking to the spirit of the laws and institutions of this country, and to the principles by which its rulers profess to be guided in administering those laws—it is right that these men should be hanged, I, for one, should not plead in their favour. But is it so? Most confidently do I answer this question in the negative. It behoves this nation to consider, with the most anxious care, what it is about to do. Tremendous issues are involved: the progress of civilisation, the cause of justice and humanity, the position and reputation of this country in an enlightened

and Christian world. An excited people is in a condition of permanent and active hostility to the Government of its native country. . . . But its efforts have been, and must always be, ludicrously impotent against the colossal power of its alleged oppressors. Of the two eligible methods of dealing with insurrection—firmness with leniency, and firmness with severity—which is most applicable to such a case? . . . If the Fenians had been 'belligerents,' to hang any of them for an attack on police or military authorities would have been monstrous in the eyes of the whole civilised world. They are not 'belligerents,' but it does not follow that to hang them is justifiable. There is enough of 'belligerency' in this resolute, sustained, and comprehensive though hopeless Fenian agitation, to give a *mixed* character to the proceedings of those engaged in it—to characterise them as something between acts of felony and acts of war. Is it, then, to acts of this character that the extreme rigour of a law applicable only to acts of felony ought to be applied? Is it not, on the contrary, to such acts that a middle course, such as the infliction of penal servitude for life, is specially appropriate? I say nothing of the facts that the homicide was not directly intended, and that it was committed by only one man out of the five. These facts, as bearing, not upon the justice of the verdict, but on the exercise of the Royal prerogative, have their value. The main consideration is that to treat offences of this nature as ordinary Old Bailey crimes—to treat men who are avowedly engaged, in concert with thousands of other men, in what they have brought themselves to consider a course of noble and patriotic self-sacrifice as persons with whom, like Palmer or Rush, there is nothing to do but to hang them, is to act in complete contradiction to the spirit of penal jurisprudence in modern times. If the Fenians at Manchester had deliberately shot down unoffending private citizens or laid hands on private property, they would have been justifiably treated as mere felons, and excluded from the hope of mercy.

"That the object of their violence was to release some of their leaders from the custody of the public functionaries unquestionably alters their case. If any one replies that it is expedient for the purpose of checking Fenianism, which is becoming absolutely intolerable, that these men should be hanged, it would be sufficient to remark that to determine the justice and humanity of a given course of action is to determine its expediency. But, further, is there any one who really believes that the spectacle of these five men dying on a gibbet, with the love of their country upon their lips, is as calculated to repress as to aggravate a conspiracy for which it is evident that numbers are eager to give up their lives, to quell and crush as to embitter and intensify a spirit such as that which these men display? Fenianism must be carefully watched and firmly kept down; but depend upon it, the less the hangman has to do with it the better. The remedy which I would venture to suggest as likely to be more effectual than the gallows is that Parliament should seriously address itself as soon as possible to the task of relieving Ireland from the incubus of a Church which she abhors, and from a system of land tenure which would not be tolerated in any other country of the world.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

(Signed) "HOBART."

Lord Hobart's letter was sufficiently misunderstood for him to write again on the same subject:

"LORD HOBART AND THE FENIANS.

"*To the Editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette.'*

"*December* 26*th*, 1867.

"SIR,—The indignation and horror with which I heard of the crime committed at Clerkenwell have only been equalled by the astonishment with which I find that

certain publications are attributing to those who, like myself, ventured to suggest that the punishment specially appropriate to the case of the Manchester criminals was the fearful one of penal servitude for life, more or less approval of or sympathy with Fenianism. That such a charge should be founded upon such materials can only be accounted for by the mixture of just resentment and exaggerated apprehension which has not unnaturally taken possession of the public mind. But the charge has been made, and as it is impossible for me to rest under it, I must request your permission to make one or two statements on this subject. I consider Fenianism (which is the natural product of a series of lamentable events, and to no one who has impartially considered those events can have been either unexpected or wholly without excuse) to be in a high degree criminal, and a proper subject, not only for prompt and vigorous repressive action, but also in so far as it appears inclined to resort to expedients which outrage both humanity and justice, for special and severe punishment. That Fenianism may plead in palliation of its moral guilt the whole sad and terrible course of Irish history, no one who is not a bigot to his party or his creed can possibly deny; that it must be put down with the utmost energy of the executive, and that proceedings such as those, I will not say at Clerkenwell, but such as those at Manchester, should be visited with exemplary punishment, I should be the last to dispute. My objection, not to punishing with extreme severity, but to hanging the Manchester convicts, was based simply on my view of their case in its relation to the humanised and enlightened spirit of modern jurisprudence. It appeared to me that their acts were not acts of treason-felony 'pure and simple,' but were entitled in *some degree* to the benefit of the principle on which prisoners of war go unpunished, in such a degree, namely, as to justify the infliction of a terrible, but not of the most terrible legal penalty. Whether I was right or not depends upon the question whether, on the supposition that Ireland had been actually at war with

England, acts such as those of the Manchester Irishmen would, or would not, have been punishable as being without the pale of legitimate warfare. I thought, and still think, that the answer to this question is in the negative. If I was wrong in so thinking, my case falls to the ground, but the error was one of mere judgment on a question of law. If I was right, is there any one so blinded by passion as to say, that the case is altered by the cruel and revolting attempt at Clerkenwell, and that because the authors of that outrage are beyond all reach of excuse or legal question, those who, in the case of a former transaction having a totally different moral character, ranged themselves on the side where mercy and justice stood together, are to be accused of sympathy with unjustifiable rebellion, and even with something like indirect responsibility for crimes at which Humanity shudders, and from which Mercy herself turns dejectedly away?

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"HOBART."

"*November* 22*nd*, 1867.

"All will, I suppose, be over with the Fenians to-morrow. Still the question ought to be worked with a view to the future.

". . . Read, if you can, Professor Fawcett's speech in to-day's *Times*. I quite agree with it.

"How pleasant to hear news of Livingstone!"

"*June* 28*th*.

"Will you tell Mr. C——, with my kind regards, that it appears to me he is quite right in saying that in the present state of public opinion, those ideas are transcendental, and it is exactly *that* of which I complain. To swindlers honesty, to savages humanity, is transcendental, but one would hardly blame a man who should exhort swindlers to be honest, and savages humane!"

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM LONDON.

"Look, whenever the night is clear, at the planets which come out soon after sunset in the *west;* there were two the other night, one apparently attending on the other, the finest (almost) I ever saw. . . .

"I am very glad Hughes agrees with me about the *Alabama.* I will see whether I can do anything more. The case is in fact much worse against us, but if I had said all I think, I should have done more harm than good, considering the idiosyncrasy of Philistines. . . . The enclosure in the American's letter (Gould's), which I send, was a long letter addressed to me, saying how logical, unanswerable, etc. my arguments were, and that my letter would do great good in mollifying public feeling in the 'United States.' At the end of the letter the writer spoke of me as 'the one Englishman who seemed capable of seeing both sides of the question, and had the courage to raise his voice.'

"There is an article, very good in some respects, about the Abyssinian war in *The Times* to-day. They show up its folly very well, but end by arguing on the necessity. . . ."

"LONDON, 1868.

"I do feel that we have too much to be thankful for ever to repine. But when one is seedy one's mind comes off its hinges, and these rules are forgotten. . . . I am going to get the *Alabama* papers if I can and write something on them; fancy our being so stupid as to quarrel with the 'United States' just now!"

"*January 7th,* 1868.

"*The Pall Mall Gazette* always takes the desponding view about the Turks. It is Lord Strangford's political line, but I believe Russia will find it, all things considered, a very hard nut to crack, and that she will not get to Constantinople for many a long day. Perhaps some of the European provinces may in the meantime shake themselves free. . . .

"To let Ireland have what she wants—self-government—would be too noble and just for John Bull, and is not to be expected of him, being what he is. But it would be right."

"1868.

"Lowe said (as he said in his speech the other day) that the best, if not the only good training for the juvenile mind was the 'natural sciences.' I asked him whether he thought it would not do a man more good to have a thorough acquaintance with Shakespeare and Homer than with chemistry; he said decidedly not, and also that he would not put Homer on the same shelf with Shakespeare, and so we had a little further dispute.

"The more I think of it the more I hope they will keep Voysey in the Church. A few more such cases will be the saving of us. The Church of Christ will then become the Church of Truth by slow degrees.

"As to politics, they seem to be going so entirely to the bad that one is driven not to think about them. This education business, so many coming forward apparently without interest except to serve the country, one is disgusted when one finds it is all or mostly sectarian spite.

"Now one is in England one feels that it is far superior as a permanent resting-place, in fact no arrangement can be better or so good as to live in England and make frequent excursions abroad.

"I wish Y—— could have read the Voysey case in *The Times* the other day, it shows how a man (more sceptical even than ——) can yet make out a fair case not only for being called Christian but even for belonging to the English Church. But the fact that such things (as were reported) *can* be said by any one, and yet the question as to his right to remain in the Church be difficult, is most significant.

"I have read some of Hutton's essays, and like them very much. They are in a most fair and candid spirit, especially that on Renan; some of his arguments struck me

a good deal. They were old arguments, but better put, I think, than I have yet seen.

"Please ask Caulfield to offer my best thanks to the writer of the enclosed, which I return. I consider the photograph a most valuable possession." (This alludes to a photograph from an original picture of Milton in the possession of Sir John Holbourne at Bath, and sent by him to Lord Hobart.)

"*November* 24*th*, 1870.

". . . Mill's letter to-day is very good; Lord ——'s mischievous and silly; and there is another, which is so vulgar and Philistine as to make one quite sick. I begin to fear we shall fight. The war has evidently given us the infection, and we shall not be easy till we join the hideous game. Please send me *The Times* of 22nd (Tuesday). I ought to see Lord R.'s and Lord Shaftesbury's letter. The Bishop of —— (see *Times* to-day) appeals eloquently to his Christian friends to draw the sword and forgive nobody, as becomes their profession. I wish he had to fight himself, and to pay 50 per cent. taxation on an income of 6d. a day, instead of growing a double chin in a comfortable arm-chair! . . . I don't think France had anything to do with this Russian news, though it is all in her favour. The more I think of the war, the more sure I am that the Prussians have greatly injured themselves (even if they succeeded), in the long run, by marching on Paris."

In speaking of some question regarding the evasion of the Black Sea Treaty, Lord Hobart writes:

"A Treaty which has been set aside, in spite of Russian protest, by the Powers (this is not denied), a Treaty which by our own showing was unfair, and which we should not now have made, and which is fifteen years old, is not a Treaty to cut throats about on a gigantic scale. However,

if the general feeling is expressed by *The Times* article to-day, I should hope war may be avoided, as it is hardly likely Russia will begin at once to act upon the Circular at the cost of certain war; but she may. It is quite evident, from the readiness to go to war, that the world is getting more wicked; and if I believed in such things, I should expect some providential retribution. When you find quiet religious people like X—— and Q—— arguing that we ought to go to war, because if we don't people will say we are *afraid* to fight, there must be something wrong somewhere. . . .

"I fear people are too sanguine altogether about the Education Act. I see there are very few candidates for compulsion; and if you don't compel while you take money, the thing will fail; and even it is clear to me that physical want ought to be met before mental, otherwise little will be done. But physical wants cannot be met by the State without danger. . . .

"M—— is disgusted (as I am) with the tone of our journals on the republican question.

"In *The Times* you will see something said about the tendency of the present state of things to drive men of sense and feeling out of Europe altogether, and for my part it makes me wish to live in America, which is really politically speaking by far the best place. . . . .

"The French seem now hopelessly beaten, so hopelessly that I am afraid the war will only end (the Germans having obtained their bad conditions) to break out again before long. . . . .

"As to education, no doubt its tendency is to make man more prudent, and therefore to improve his physical state, but my fear is that you *cannot* educate to any *purpose* children in the wretched physical condition of our lower working classes. I suppose it may do something, but I fear not much.

"I have been reading a good novel of Trollope's, 'He Knew He Was Right:' he speaks in great rapture of the Florentine campanile."

The letter which follows upon the Alabama led to a prolonged correspondence with Historicus, but as the subject of that correspondence was somewhat beside the main object of the letter, it need not be given. Lord Hobart's earnest hope that the differences which threatened to divide the United States and Great Britain should be submitted to arbitration was realised, and he never ceased to use his influence with a view to that object. The two great nations, to whom the cause of freedom is sacred, agreed together to arrange their differences according to the dictates of reason and humanity. Lord Ripon was entrusted with the mission to America which achieved this really glorious result, and which also established a precedent for the future. Privately Lord Hobart was specially pleased that to his own cousin this opportunity had been given with such successful results.

"I am proud to think that I have a drop of the same blood in my veins as the man who has succeeded in advocating the cause of arbitration to settle our differences with the United States." These were his words a year or more after the event. Just before the appointment of Lord Ripon's commission, the essay upon the Alabama Claims was published.

That concession to arbitration was by no means appreciated. It greatly provoked the Philistines at the time, but the wisdom of the policy must, in the long run, prevail. The payment of our share, and our loyalty to the line we had advocated in submitting to the sentence wherever the decision was against us, has proved a very trifling concession from Great Britain compared to the advantages which she has thereby secured. In the late war between Russia and Turkey, America remained neutral, and in no way used her influence against English interests,

and this was known to be the result of the policy of arbitration.

In the present day the friendly relations between the two countries protects the policy of both in their relation to the conspiracies of Fenianism, which in itself is a worthy legacy of the barbarism of old days.

Time is teaching nations that Christianity is, in the long run, not only wise and just, but also expedient; its influence is continuous and progressive. The Jingoes' creed is reactionary, ruthless, and unsafe. Most loyally may we endorse the last words of a speech made some few years ago by Sir William Harcourt, who, in advocating a similar policy in another question of the same sort, reminded us of the well-known words about wisdom: "That all her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

"LORD HOBART UPON THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

"*To the Editor of 'The Times.'*

"SIR,—A few days ago there appeared in your columns a very short diplomatic letter, which seems almost to have escaped public observation, but which was probably of more importance, so far as the future of this country is concerned, than any similar document published in recent times. It was a despatch from Mr. Seward to Mr. Adams, dated the 29th of November last, and its effect was to break off, for the present at least, the negotiation between this country and the United States respecting the Alabama difficulty. 'The condition,' writes Mr. Seward, 'being inadmissible, the proposed limited reference' (to arbitration) 'is therefore declined.'

"There can be no doubt that the failure of these negotiations means nothing less than unfriendly relations between

Great Britain and the United States; that unfriendly relations mean the risk, more or less imminent, of war; and that war between Great Britain and the United States would be a calamity as great as any which could afflict the world. But there is a consideration more immediately urgent which enhances the evil. The Government of the United States has hitherto loyally done its duty to this country in regard to the proceedings of Fenianism within their dominions, but it plainly enough intimates in this correspondence that it may now be obliged to conform its principles and policy to those which it considers to have been the principles and policy of this country during the American Civil War. Nothing else is wanting to make Fenianism, which is now only troublesome and vexatious, serious and formidable.

"It is most important that the people of this country should clearly understand the position in which they are placed in reference to this subject. When all deduction is made for faults of national character, there is in the generality of Englishmen a fund of good sense and right feeling which would, if only they were fully instructed as to that which the Government of the day was doing, or about to do, prevent, as I believe, any very great or frequent errors in our foreign policy. Three-fourths of the wars in which this country has been engaged would have been impossible if the nation could have been made fully aware of what was taking place in the 'drifting' period. But Blue-books are tardy of appearance, inaccessible to the general public, and unalluring to the representative mind.

"The matter, then, stands thus: The United States' Government has pressed upon the British Government a formidable list of claims on account of losses inflicted upon American citizens by the depredations of the Alabama and other vessels of her class, and has at the same time stated very clearly the grounds on which it urges the settlement of those claims. Those grounds are recapitulated by Mr. Seward in his despatch of the 27th of August, 1866,

and are shortly as follows: That by the Queen's proclamation of 1861 belligerent rights were wrongfully conceded to certain slaveholding States then in insurrection against their lawful Government; that, in consequence of such concession, those States obtained, among other advantages, power to assume a national flag, and to seize and destroy goods and shipping of the United States; that thereupon, from the very nation which had mainly occasioned this injustice, there proceeded swift and powerful vessels of war, which became the recognised property of the insurgents, and inflicted enormous injury upon American trade and navigation; that, to prevent such vessels from leaving her shores, no serious, or, at least, no sufficient, effort was made by the Government of this country; that, moreover, such vessels were repeatedly harboured and protected in various ports of Great Britain and her colonies, and that Great Britain owes to the United States indemnity for the losses which have thus been sustained. The British Government, while refusing to admit the validity of this reasoning, offers to refer the question to arbitration; but on one condition—that in the case submitted to the arbiter no account shall be taken of the recognition of the insurgent States as belligerents by the Royal proclamation of 1861. On this condition it insists, because it considers that the question as to the legality or propriety of that recognition is of a kind upon which 'every State must be held to be the sole judge of its duty.' The United States, on the other hand, while assenting to arbitration, desire that the 'whole controversy' may be referred to arbitration as it stands; not for decision upon its merits, but in order that their demand for compensation may be laid before the arbiter, accompanied by the arguments on which it is founded.

"It comes, then, to this—that the British Government has refused, not only to yield to the demand of the United States, but to submit the case, except in a very partial and limited form, to arbitration. Is the British nation prepared to accept the responsibility? To decline to comply with the requisition of a foreign Power because you consider it

unreasonable is one thing; to refuse to adopt the only existing method, except war, of settling the dispute is quite another. And it may well be asked whether, if a question such as that of the recognition of the South as belligerent, inflicting, as it did, serious loss and injury upon a friendly State, be not a proper subject for arbitration, any great question of foreign policy can ever hereafter be decided by any other than those time-honoured but somewhat illogical authorities, bullets and cold steel.

"In the protocols appended to the Declaration of Paris in 1856 there stands recorded, on the part of the four great Powers signataries of that declaration, the unanimous expression of a hope that in future nations will, before declaring war, refer the matter in dispute to the judgment of a neutral State. It was the British Minister who proposed that momentous paragraph; it is the British Government that now, on the first opportunity for applying it, protests against its application. But Governments have short memories; and it is, perhaps, not surprising, under their guidance, to find a nation which a decade ago appeared in the character of general peace-maker and advocate of mutual concession, insisting, at the possible cost of a fratricidal war, on the most extreme and rigorous theories of national sovereignty.

"There is, however, no need to rely upon this argument. For in the present case it happens that no one proposes that any decision shall be pronounced upon the right of Great Britain to recognise the belligerency of the South. The United States do not require—on the contrary, they expressly exclude from their requirements—any such arbitrement. Upon the particular question to be submitted to the arbiter, which is the question whether compensation is due to the United States for the losses inflicted by the Alabama and her coadjutors, both nations are agreed. That such an arbitration may be resorted to without prejudice to national dignity both are also agreed. But one of them demands that certain facts and inferences which the other considers material to the

issue shall be excluded from the case laid before the arbiter, simply because his decision might otherwise be influenced by the solution, in the hidden recesses of his own mind, of a question upon which 'every State must be the sole judge of its duty.' The decision given by the arbiter will amount neither directly nor indirectly, neither expressly nor by implication, to any opinion upon that question. He may consider it; he may arrive at a conclusion upon it, and his decision may be influenced by that conclusion. But what that conclusion is, whether he has been able to form one, or whether he believes that the question has any such bearing upon the particular issue referred to him as that he need consider it at all no one will ever know. Acts and words, supposed to derogate from national honour, have throughout all time been guarded against or avenged at a terrible cost to the world; this is probably the first time that it has been thought necessary to defend national honour at the risk of the most calamitous consequences against the secret thoughts of the heart. I trust that it may not be even now too late to hope for a renewal of the negotiations. Will the English people, tacitly acknowledging the morbid susceptibilities imputed to it by its rulers, or actuated by the childish fear of being thought afraid, allow itself to be committed to an irreconcilable quarrel with a nation of whose friendship it stands just now peculiarly in need, and to be at peace with whom is of incalculable importance to itself and to the world; or will it insist on the settlement, by way of arbitration, without captious and sensitive reservations, of a question which ought not to be kept open for a single day, and which an impartial tribunal can alone satisfactorily decide?

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"HOBART.

"6, EATON PLACE SOUTH,
"*January* 17*th.*"

Our international relations were the frequent subject of anxiety to Lord Hobart, for as civilisation advanced

he hoped for some dawn of a large sympathy between nations. To mitigate the misery created by war seemed to him a worthy cause in which to use his pen, and the four letters that follow will show how readily he urged the principles of an unselfish patriotism, for he ever considered that patriotism might become a vice or it may be a virtue. The scorn of the Philistine was too great an anachronism to disturb or prevent his expression of opinion. The letters are too characteristic not to be given. Of late years the principle of arbitration has been admitted by the European Powers and by America, and practically war must change its character since the introduction of explosives, torpedoes, and other infernal weapons. In these days it is hoped that they will be little questioned, but their appearance at the time was an advance on the generally accepted theories of a somewhat strict and jealous nationalism.

"MARITIME CAPTURE.

"*To the Editor of 'The Times.'*

"SIR,—Mr. Buckle, in a well-known work, takes considerable pains to prove that a good stupid man does more mischief in the world than a wicked clever one; but it is certain that a good clever man may, on occasion, do more mischief than either. When a man whose ability and whose good intentions are so far above question as those of Mr. Mill happens to go wrong on a question of vital importance to the general interest, the peril is serious, and the error calls imperatively for notice and refutation.

"Mr. Mill objects to the complete exemption of private property from capture at sea (which, as he truly says, will probably be the result of the partial exemption from such capture accorded to it by the Declaration of Paris), because, considered as affecting trade and shipping, it will mitigate the severity of war, and therefore diminish the reluctance

to engage in it. If this argument were accepted as it stands, no practice, however barbarous and atrocious, with the object of injuring an enemy in war would be unjustifiable. But, of course, Mr. Mill does not mean to go this length. He knows very well that the question is where to draw a line, which must be drawn somewhere, and his meaning, no doubt, is that to exempt private property from molestation at sea is to draw the line too far on the side of humanity. But if such were his meaning, he was bound to do one of two things—either to show that men have been wrong in prohibiting by the laws of war the plunder of private property on land, or to show that there are considerations in regard to the plunder of private property at sea which distinguish it in this respect from that of private property on land. Neither of these propositions did he even attempt to establish, and his objection, therefore, on this score to the Declaration of Paris is absolutely futile.

"His other objection is that the arrangement is opposed to the interests of England. Admitting, for a single moment, the truth of this most questionable assertion, one may, perhaps, be allowed to ask whether Mr. Mill considers that the interests of England are to be preferred to all other interests whatever—to those, for instance, of humanity and justice—and that when it has been decided by a Congress of States that a particular practice hitherto adopted in war is inconsistent with the general welfare and with the principles which ought to regulate the dealings of nations with each other, the decision is to be condemned because it happens to be contrary to the interests of one of those States. But, in truth (as you have well shown), even this inadmissible ground of censure has no real existence. England may be said to possess a threefold superiority—in naval armaments, in commerce, and in mercantile marine. How, then, would the arrangement made by the Declaration of Paris affect her—first as a neutral, secondly as a belligerent? As a neutral, her mercantile marine, being the best and the largest, would gain the most by the transfor, conse-

quent on the Declaration, of the carrying trade during war, and her trade, being the greatest, would be the most interested in a change made in favour of commerce in general. As a belligerent, she would be the greatest loser in respect of the carrying trade, the greatest gainer on the score of commercial advantage; and as regards belligerent forces at sea, directly the greatest loser, but indirectly the greatest gainer, since she would receive the largest share of the advantage which every State must derive in emergency from the removal of restrictions upon commerce and navigation. In the event, which Mr. Mill contemplates, of the change made by the Declaration receiving its full development in the complete immunity of private property by land and sea, the balance would not be materially altered. If, then, there is any one who thinks that England will, on the whole, be a loser—or, rather, that she will not be a gainer by the change—it must be some one who supposes that in all future history if any two or more nations fight, England is pretty sure to be one of them. For my own part, I have better hopes of my own country. It is evident that in this case self-interest is coincident with right, and there is, therefore, the more reason to hope that the important step in advance which, under the Declaration of Paris, was made by civilisation will prove, in spite of the powerful exertions of Mr. Mill, impossible to retrace.

"I have only just seen the discussion on this subject in the House of Commons on the 6th inst., or I should have ventured to trouble you sooner with these observations.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"HOBART.

"GENEVA, *Aug.* 15*th.*"

LETTER ON WAR.

From "The Times," September 2nd, 1870.

"SIR,—For more than thirty years after the French revolutionary war Europe enjoyed profound peace. War

seemed to have become an obsolete barbarity; standing armaments pressed lightly on the taxpayer; the brains of ingenious men were no longer employed in the invention of machines for lacerating and blowing out of life their fellow-creatures; arms yielded to the toga; victories indeed there were, but they were those of such great commanders as Watt, Arkwright, and Cobden, and somehow the world seemed none the less happy. There were even those who, without fear of good-natured pity, could suggest that there was really no reason why this tranquility should not continue; nothing in the nature of things or the scheme of creation which obliged men, even occasionally, to slaughter each other. More than thirty years—and then all was changed. A street riot in Paris brought misery again upon the world. France, always ungovernable when once she has kicked over the traces, took the bit between her teeth, and the result was the Empire, which is peace. Since then we have had in eighteen years four great wars, in one of which England, at the instigation of France, took a prominent part; and two or three invitations to war, in which the inviter was France and the invited England. The dogs of war, let slip by the Empire which is peace, have, in fact, never fairly returned to their kennel since 1856. Bellicose propensities and bloated armaments have ever since ridden rough-shod over reason and humanity. Peace has indeed commanded a certain conventional respect. She has been duly complimented in certain public journals, and spoken of with approval—not always unqualified—in the pulpit. Postprandial orators, rising from a discussion of the comparative merits of the Chassepot and the Snider, bewail her discomfiture with lachrymose eloquence. But in reality she has long been at a fearful discount. Of late men can hardly be said to have shrunk from war as an evil in itself. Any one who has watched events must see that war has come to be considered the natural and necessary solution of important, and even of unimportant, international disputes. Nations no longer go to war only to avenge their own defeats, but also to avenge the defeats of others. They

fight now to see which is the strongest, and, not liking to confess this, they invent pretexts which they admit are nothing more. Because your ambassador has not been invited to dinner; because you have been asked somewhat peremptorily to disapprove an international act which you allow is objectionable; because you think it for the good of other States that they should form part of your own, are among the *casus belli* now considered admissible. At the present moment half Europe is doubting whether it will not fight, because other nations are fighting, and specifying numberless 'eventualities' in which it will draw the sword. Accordingly, the latter half of this nineteenth century has surpassed all its predecessors in murderous inventions. Rifles which 'tear men to pieces like ribbons;' mitrailleuses which sweep into eternity, with admirable precision, whole battalions at a time; hideous structures, the inevitable result of whose conflict at sea must apparently be the destruction of both, and other similar appliances are the result.

"*Plectuntur Achivi*, of course, and this taxpaying public, and what is worse the working man, whom want of employment drives into crime or the gallows, have found out to their bitter cost. Now, what is the cause of this relapse into barbarism? Setting aside such minor items as Carlyleism, muscular Christianity, and the like, it is attributable to one simple cause—enormous armaments in time of peace. The order of creation does not exclude from the scope of possibility permanent peace. What it does exclude is peace, even for a few years, when every one is armed to the teeth against his neighbours. You cannot spend thirty millions a year on your army and navy—unless you are an Englishman you cannot spend half as much—and never fight. The nation may love peace, but on the other hand the army and navy love war, and, what is more, the love of peace is sure gradually to yield to the reflection that you are paying for war. That this has been the case even in England is, if one compares the Englishman of 1870 with the Englishman of 1840, sufficiently clear. In less

self-contained nations it is patent to the world. France and Prussia are now engaged in mutual trucidation, chiefly because they possess the means necessary for the purpose. Russia, Austria, and Italy are for the same reason ready at a word to join the dance of death. '*Si vis pacem, para bellum,*' is among the mischievous expressions by which nations have been persuaded to persevere in the foolish game. '*Si vis bellum, para bellum,*' is not a sophism but a truism, and should be inscribed in letters of gold on the threshold of National Assemblies and the palaces of kings. There is but one way to a better order of things, and it is this: After the peace—disarmament. It is to be hoped that the carnage and horrors of the last few days will have turned men's minds irresistibly in that direction. Should this hope be disappointed there is everything to fear. The world cannot be expected to tolerate much longer the scandal of such frightful scenes, and the burthen of such wide-spread suffering. The Nemesis of homes made desolate, of the fairest portions of the earth desecrated, of populations decimated and pauperised, to keep a dynasty on the throne, a Government in office, or a class in power, will come in a form little anticipated just now. Let Government and governing classes be wise in time. They are doing their best to teach mankind that Peace can only pass where Liberty has gone before, and when once that lesson is thoroughly learnt, Liberty may come, as all must deprecate her coming, chained to the triumphal car of communistic anarchy.

"I am, Sir, yours, etc., etc.,
(Signed) "HOBART."

LETTER ON DISARMAMENT.

"*To the Editor of 'The Times.'*

"*January 5th.*

"SIR,—The telegram which gave occasion for my letter to you of the 22nd ult., but in which I placed imperfect faith, that France had proposed a general disarmament,

appears to have been unfounded. In fact, if the report is spoken of to a Frenchman, he says that of course disarmament must be 'simultaneous.' And if you reply that some one nation must begin, or else that this international 'beggar-my-neighbour' will never end, he appeals to your sense of justice to say whether France ought to be that first. For an Englishman the rejoinder is difficult to find. Sixteen years ago we spent about 15 millions annually on our armaments, and there were men, neither few nor thoughtless, who considered those armaments too large. Now we spend about 25 millions on them. Yet we have no Teutonic nation compelled by a mixture of force and bad faith into portentous union, and blazing in full panoply by our side. We have no disputable frontier, reft from us by a just and judicious coalition because we objected to our king. We have no regenerated nationality with rival interests and conflicting pretensions, ready if need be to turn against us the life and the weapons which we gave. We have no red spectre (for our Fenians happily a few regiments will suffice) dogging our footsteps and eager to fasten upon our throat. Yet if England will not, it is my belief that France would do wisely, not only to propose such a measure, but should she meet with no cordial response, for her own part to act upon the proposition. In the first place she would by so doing confirm her claim, now but half admitted, to the leadership of the world. In the next place it is more than probable that the other great States would follow her example. In the third, if not one of them should do so, I am prepared to maintain that it is the interest of France gradually to disarm. The postulate of every State peccant in this particular is that its armaments are intended for the purpose of self-defence alone. By maintaining these costly establishments in time of peace is France taking the course best adapted for that purpose? France, by dint of enormous armaments, is in danger of becoming a military but not a fighting nation—a result which England also appears inclined to arrive at by the use of the same means. Who forced back in 1793 the tide

of European invasion, hurled successful defiance at coalescent kings, and made France the most powerful State in the world? The soldiers of the Revolution. And the soldiers of the Revolution were troops whom the occasion extemporised. Ill clothed, worse fed, unused to arms, the patriotic spirit made of them all that was required. Beaten at first for want of experience, they carried the eagles of France to the ends of the civilised earth. And France if attacked would do the same again; but all the more surely, very probably, only on condition that her armament in time of peace had been immensely diminished. The soldier of peace has not the *élan* of an enrolled patriot whose blood is roused for the defence of his country. The purse of the citizen drained in time of peace for an expenditure of war, has not within it that which is demanded when there is question of defending hearths and homes. The millions which have been sunk in parade-grounds and reviews, as well as the other millions which, representing the loss of productive labour implied in the enlistment of every soldier, have gone after them in vain, are no longer forthcoming at a time when every sinew of the State must be strained for its preservation. Let France, England, or any other of those great nations whose motto is 'Defence, not Defiance,' unbiassed by the weight of individual interests, set themselves seriously to consider whether by emptying the pockets and paralysing the industry of their people for the purpose of maintaining these mighty armies and fleets they are really doing that which is most effectual against hostile aggression, and I venture to say that a general disarmament will before long be not proposed but adopted.

"I am, Sir, etc.,

(Signed) "HOBART.

"CONSTANTINOPLE, *January 5th*, 1870."

"THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR.

"*To the Editor of 'The Times.'*

"SIR,—A writer in the current number of the *Quarterly Review* discourses at much length upon the 'political lessons of the war.' Curiously enough, one of the lessons which he learns from it, and which appears to gratify him exceedingly, is that private property will never be exempt during war from capture or destruction at sea. His argument is as follows:—Certain 'soft-hearted' persons who absurdly desire to mitigate so far as is possible the horrors of war, and accordingly maintain that private property ought to be protected by general agreement at sea, support their opinion mainly by the statement that it is already so protected on land. The proceedings of the Germans (he says) in the present war directly contradict this statement, and leave these millennial philanthropists ignominiously stranded. Upon this it might have been sufficient to remark that if the practice of the Germans in the present war is to be decisive of the question, the soft-hearted persons are absolutely in the right, for at the outset of the war the Germans publicly announced their intention of respecting private property at sea. But further, it is not true that the conduct of the Germans contradicts the statement that private property on land is respected during war in the sense intended by those who make that statement. What they assert is that in the wars of civilised nations, and in modern times, private property on land is held liable to capture or destruction only so far as may be necessary for the conduct of military operations, and no further. It is *not*, according to modern as distinct from ancient ideas, liable to capture or destruction of which the sole and final purpose is to inflict injury upon the enemy. Thus, under the modern code, a military commander would be justified in appropriating the private property of an enemy's subjects for the purpose of supporting his army or of transporting it from place to place, or in destroying such property, if it impeded his march, or in retaliation for acts con-

trary to the laws of war. He would *not* be justified in appropriating or destroying it with no such ulterior object, and for the mere purpose of injuring the enemy's country by causing loss or suffering to its inhabitants, or of gratifying the cupidity of his own troops. This, and no other, is the assertion in reference to private property on land made by those who contend that the same rule ought, in common consistency, to be applied to private property at sea; and this assertion has been in no way contradicted by the Germans (rigorous and exacting as they appear to have been) in the present war. The Germans have 'requisitioned' in all directions to provision their armies on the march or in camp; they have destroyed private property which interfered with their strategy; they have burnt houses and villages in retaliation for the attacks of Francs-Tireurs; they have seized private persons and private possessions to punish or prevent hostile operations against them. They have never, as they would have done in ancient times, injured, destroyed, or captured private property merely because it belonged to an enemy's subjects, and in order to inflict upon him all the evil in their power. The fact after this war will be as the fact was before it—that private property on land enjoys during war an exceptional immunity; and it is this same exceptional immunity, and no other, which is claimed by the soft-hearted persons for private property at sea. A little reflection might in this case have prevented a good deal of mischief. Is the war insufficiently fraught with present and future evil that inconsiderate writers should extract from it 'political lessons' disastrous to the general welfare, and which exist only in their own imagination?

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"HOBART.

"6, SOUTH EATON PLACE,
"*February 3rd.*"

The three last letters given, record opinions on important subjects. The letter on "The National Debt" is not

without interest to those who are experienced in such subjects, and financial questions had greatly occupied Lord Hobart's attention.

The letter on "Bribery at Elections" has additional interest at this moment. At the time it was written the advocacy of Mr. Hare's scheme was limited, whereas it is at this moment warmly supported and urged by some of the most influential men, as likely to have weight in the coming Reform Bill; and Lord Hobart's essays on "Reform" go more fully into this subject.

One more letter on "Capital Punishment" is also given. It was written long after the essay, and after the changes consequent on the report of the Royal Commission. His examination before that Commission enabled him to give that body much information on the subject.

"LORD HOBART UPON BRIBERY AT ELECTIONS.

"*To the Editor of 'The Times.'*

"SIR,—Every one who has followed the proceedings of the Bribery Commissioners, or has read your lately published leading article on the subject, must be convinced of the utter failure of recent anti-bribery legislation. The evil of ineffectual measures of this kind is enormous. They mislead public opinion, bring law into contempt, and impress upon men's minds the fatal notion that those by whom they are governed are insincere. Depend upon it, the sooner Parliament abandons such attempts, which have their root deep in political error, the better it will be for this country. Surely it is time to submit this question to the ordinary methods of political reasoning, and to inquire,—first, what is the nature of the evil to be cured; and, secondly, what is the appropriate remedy?

"1. What, then, is the nature of the evil?

"Forty-eight members of an Assembly professedly representative, in a country whose population is about 30,000,000, and which is perpetually congratulating itself upon self-government, are returned by 11,000 electors, being the aggregate constituencies of thirty boroughs—that is to say, by less than one-six-hundredth part of the whole adult male population, and less than a hundredth part of the whole electoral body. These 11,000 electors, finding their suffrages far more valuable than those of voters in general, but having no greater interest in politics, nor any superiority—intellectual, moral, or material; and being usually without any means of judging as to the particular merits of candidates unchosen by themselves, are naturally enough, for the most part, in the habit of selling their votes to the highest bidder, or at least requiring a sum of money as the condition on which they vote. The state of the case then is this: An amount of political power, sufficient to influence in a very important degree the present and future welfare of the whole community, is placed in the hands of an extremely small number of persons, not one of whom is supposed to have any special claim to its possession, and the members who are sent to Parliament by these persons with the fate of the nation in their hands are sent there (speaking generally) for the simple reason that they have money to spend and are willing to spend it. A more complete distortion of the whole theory of representation it is difficult to conceive. Representative institutions, as distinct from other political systems, have two objects in view—a Legislative Assembly whose composition affords security for good government; and, secondly, the mental welfare of the electors. The result of existing arrangements, so far as these borough voters are concerned, is a degraded electoral community and a plutocratic Legislature.

"2. Of such a nature, though, of course, of much wider extent, is the evil to be cured. What is the appropriate remedy? Strangely enough, most people seem to

suppose it to consist in penal enactments, with respect to which it might be sufficient to observe that, besides being inappropriate, they have now been shown to be ineffectual. Experience has proved, what reflection might have predicted, that the difficulty of conviction is insuperable. Common sense would be sufficient, one might have imagined, to show that though the State may hope, by means of penal laws, to prevent people from taking money from each other by force, it must be powerless to prevent them from taking it from each other by mutual consent; and this more especially when the transaction is secret and the date indefinite. To enforce penalties for secret bribery is more difficult than to enforce them for private gaming, which is generally admitted to be impracticable.

"But, even supposing that penal enactments were effectual, is it certain that they would be expedient? Bribery is immoral, but there are worse immoralities which no one thinks of punishing by law; and to establish any valid distinction for the purposes of the question between these and bribery would be a task of immense difficulty. In what respect, both the briber and the bribed may ask, are they worse than the Minister who distributes his patronage, not with a view to the interests of the public service, but so as to reward his friends or gain over his opponents, and whom (whatever may be thought of his conduct) no one proposes to punish? Moreover, it is not for what they do, but for the reason why they do it—in other words, for their motive of action—that the purchased voter and purchasing candidate are to be punished; and if that motive in the voter is any other than pecuniary advantage (such, for instance, as personal feeling, irrespective of political opinions, character, or capacity), no one has ever suggested that the law should interfere. Nor should it ever be forgotten that to make men moral by Act of Parliament is to deny to them the inestimable opportunity of becoming so themselves.

"If the nature of the evil had been properly understood,

no one would ever have sought in penal enactments the appropriate remedy. We have seen that the cause of bribery is twofold—the disproportionate smallness of constituencies, which gives inordinate value to the vote, and the absence of political motive in the elector. To the destruction, then, of bribery the first and most important step is the redress of the electoral balance. Any approach whatever to a satisfactory 'redistribution of seats' will be a nail in the coffin of bribery. The first serious attempt to promote political freedom by something like an equitable apportionment of members to electors will be the first serious check to electoral corruption. The value of the vote being diminished, the temptation to buy it will be diminished in the same degree, and, on the other hand, the sale of votes being no longer lucrative, such public spirit or patriotism as the constituency might happen to possess would have a chance of being heard. Venal voting is the result of a defect in our institutions—the poisonous fruit of a tree planted and watered by the State; and the attempt to repress it by punishing those who eat the fruit, instead of cutting down the tree, seems singularly absurd.

"The other cause of bribery is the absence of political motive in the electors; and unless this also can be remedied the victory, though it may be signal, will not be complete. And here also it is in a candid appreciation and a really liberal reform of our institutions that the remedy is to be found. So long as a Tory elector has a good chance of being represented by a Liberal, or a Liberal by a Tory candidate—that is, of not only being unrepresented but misrepresented in Parliament—so long as the choice of the elector is limited to the two or three persons put before him by the local attorney, or the place-hunters of the Carlton or the Reform, it would be surprising, indeed, if he took much interest in political questions. Until, in some form or other, the scheme of 'personal representation,' so ridiculed and so rational, takes effect in this country, the electors will never be brought to feel that interest in the governing body without which political liberty is shorn

of half its value. Happily, that scheme is too deeply founded in truth to fail of ultimate adoption, and when it is adopted the triumph of the State in its battle with political venality will receive final consummation.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"HOBART.

"*September 4th,* 1869."

"CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

"*To the Editor of 'The Times.'*

"SIR,—The present year will be memorable to all who are interested in penal legislation, as having produced not only a Royal Commission on punishment by death, but also two instances, each of which illustrates with singular force a different and valid objection to that punishment. The first of these was the Wright-Townley transaction. Two persons, accused of precisely similar crimes, were tried, convicted, and sentenced, each in a regularly constituted legal court. If the penalty for murder had been 'secondary' the sentence would have been carried into effect as matter of course, and as the natural and necessary consequence of the trial. The penalty being death, the criminals were, as usual, tried over again before a secret tribunal, the result being (it is needless to say that not the Home Office, but the system is to blame) that one of them was hanged, and the other pardoned on the ground that he was insane; but, it appearing shortly afterwards that he was not insane, ultimately consigned to penal servitude for life. This remarkable distinction in the punishment, where there was none in the crime, caused intense and universal dissatisfaction. But it was not generally seen that the real evil of which the public complained was an evil inseparable from capital punishment. So long as that punishment exists the fate of murderers will be ultimately decided by secret jurisdiction; and so long as secret jurisdiction exists the public will refuse to believe that justice is administered impartially. The true cause of dissatisfaction in this case

was not that a guilty man was put to death and one equally guilty escaped it, but that this was done in the face of a public trial by a secret and uncontrolled authority, deciding upon grounds unknown to the public, or known to it only by conjecture. The great evil of such a system is that it affords no satisfactory security for the equitable apportionment of punishment to crime; and this evil operates with unusual activity whenever, as in the present instance, there is conspicuous inequality in the award. The Wright-Townley case is valuable as having brought prominently into action, at the cost of the community, an important ingredient in the price which it pays for the punishment of death.

"The second instance is the recent murder of Mr. Briggs by Franz Müller. In this case it is not too much to say that if the evidence is not to be considered conclusive, then no circumstantial evidence can be so. And if the legal punishment for murder had been 'secondary,' the amount of proof adduced would have been considered not only conclusive but overwhelming, and far more than was necessary to justify a conviction. As it was, the jury were satisfied and the prisoner condemned; but incessant attempts were made after the trial to set aside the sentence on the ground of insufficient evidence. And if the testimony against the criminal had been to any material extent less irresistible, it is probable that he would have been acquitted, and almost certain that, if not acquitted, he would have been pardoned. The reasoning of the murderous classes, pondering upon this incident, will be as follows: 'Müller was convicted on evidence so strong that it is literally impossible to imagine stronger. Yet intercession was made for him by well-disposed persons, not without hope of success; and if the case against him had been considerably less convincing, he would have escaped. But Müller, besides being a murderer, was a fool. One may be the first without being the second. One may imitate him in the rapidity and completeness of the operation, and not in the neglect of the commonest precautions after it. Nothing

would have been easier than, having committed the crime, to reduce the evidence of it by at least one-half; and to reduce it by one-half was to ensure impunity. For this is none of your miserable "manslaughter" murders, or "ground of insanity" affairs, where escape from the gallows means perpetual slavery or perpetual Bedlam. It is a genuine assassination of the right sort, where the criminal who has been pardoned becomes an innocent member of society, with a fair hope of repeating his crime. Henceforth the way is clear for us to regular and profitable occupation. Henceforth the watches, chains, and purses of solitary nocturnal travellers are all our own.'

"Ordinary evidence—evidence such as in most instances (it might be hoped) would be forthcoming—would be sufficient to ensure the conviction of a murderer, if death were not the penalty of his crime. Extraordinary evidence—evidence such as can rarely be attainable—is necessary to ensure it when death is that penalty. The conclusion seems inevitable that, as regards murderers of the class to which the crime of Müller belongs—the class on which acquittal on the capital charge means complete impunity—a stronger motive would be offered by the severest secondary punishment than is offered by the punishment of death to abstain from their commission.

"If capital punishment is preferable to secondary punishment it must be because the superiority of the former, in point of deterrent effect, is such as to outweigh the peculiar objections to which, considered in itself, it is certainly liable. It may, I think, be conclusively shown that there is no such superiority; but, to assist in deciding the question, here are two cases, the one affecting materially the estimate to be formed of the deterrent force respectively possessed by the two kinds of punishment, and the other throwing into the strongest relief one of the evils by which, apart from all consideration of its effects upon crime, capital punishment, and that alone, is attended. I do not of course doubt that these occurrences will receive due notice and consideration from the Royal Commission, but it seemed

desirable to note their importance, and to indicate their bearing upon the question at issue, while they are fresh in the public mind.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,
(Signed) "HOBART."

"THE NATIONAL DEBT.

"SIR,—The Chancellor of the Exchequer's recent and elaborate advocacy of a sinking fund, as well as the ordinary language of speakers and writers on this subject, appears to me to involve some confusion of thought and looseness of treatment in a case where clearness and accuracy are of immense importance.

"In the first place the repayment of the National Debt is treated as if it were the fulfilment of a moral obligation. But a moral obligation implies the existence of some one to whom you are bound, and, in this case, if there is any one to whom the nation is bound, it must be either the fundholder or posterity. As regards the fundholder, that there is no obligation, whether legal or moral, to repayment, is sufficiently clear. The nation is under engagement to pay to the fundholder a certain specified annuity, and that is all. With respect to posterity, there is more to be said. Speaking generally, a nation has no right to contract debt, unaccompanied by any provision for its extinction by some form of sinking fund within no very distant time; in other words, a nation which contracts a debt lies under a very distinct and positive moral obligation to extinguish that debt within a period of its history in which the then existing generation of men can be said to be immediately interested. It has no right to burden with debt a future generation, the only exception being a case in which it is obvious, not to one party, or even to a large majority in the State, but to every man of ordinary intelligence, that the life or the most vital interests of the nation will be seriously endangered if the debt is not incurred. The reason of this rule is evident enough. The future generation cannot be

consulted, and has every reason to complain if it finds itself saddled beyond possibility of escape with the cost of a course of action in which it had no voice, and which it might very possibly have disapproved.

"In our own case we are called upon to pay some £26,000,000 a year on account of a policy adopted by what was then the English nation, but odious to a large and respectable party in it, and which, if once proposed, would most certainly be rejected by the unanimous decision of the country. If there be such a thing as moral obligation, it was violated by those who interfered by force in the domestic concerns of France, and made no effectual arrangement to prevent the English nation from being weighted, for the term of its natural life, with the tremendous cost.

"There is, then, a moral obligation in the case, but it is that which rested on the contractors of the debt, and which they did not fulfil. There is no obligation upon the present generation to do that for them which they ought to have done for themselves. That one generation having placed a heavy load on the national back, another should, at a great sacrifice, do something to remove it, may be generous and laudable, it cannot be termed just. But, though not just, it may nevertheless be desirable. Self-sacrifice may, indeed, be said always to imply injustice. And, if a particular generation of men determine to stand, at a considerable cost to itself, between the sins of a former age and their effect upon posterity, the resolve might well be thought worthy of admiration. And this determination would be all very well supposing that every class in the nation were not only in easy circumstances, but could be in some way consulted and unanimously approved it. But in the present instance the class which is the most deeply interested, because it is the most heavily taxed, can neither afford to be generous, nor possesses anything like real representation in the Legislature. And that a nation should be committed without the consent of the most interested and poorest part of it (which most certainly would

not be given if it were asked) to an act of self-sacrifice to which it is in no way bound, and which is in fact opposed to equity, seems altogether unjustifiable. It may be replied that the two millions and a half which we now pay annually for the reduction of debt fall upon the payers of direct taxes. But, in the first place, it is admitted that no class can be taxed without directly taxing other classes. In the next, public opinion, headed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, has decided that direct taxation bears to indirect a proportion which, if not already too large, has reached its utmost normal limit. And to say that a certain percentage of the national income must always be raised by indirect taxation—that is, from the working class—is to say that any considerable increase or diminution of the whole amount raised by taxation must be felt by that class. If, as seems now understood, the present ratio of direct to indirect taxation is to be permanently maintained, two and a half millions added to or deducted from the national expenditure must necessarily affect in that ratio the subjects of indirect taxation.

"In the face of these considerations, the reasons adduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for atoning by a payment of two millions and a half annually for the sins of our forefathers must appear, even in the aggregate, to be of small importance. One of them is that, in gratitude for the prosperity handed down to us by our ancestors, we ought to do as much as we can for posterity. The reply is that there is no reason to suppose that we are not doing as much towards the prosperity of our descendants as our ancestors did for us; and, even if there were, that the very debt itself which they have bequeathed to us would be sufficient to redress the balance. 'But,' says the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 'we are so very prosperous that we can afford to pay off the debt.' The answer is that this would be very true if all classes in the nation were wealthy, and not only a minority in it; and further, that our prosperity is itself a strong reason for not troubling ourselves much about the debt. If it be the fact that our total income in

1870 is nearly double what it was in 1850, it is fair to assume as probable that there will be a similar rate of increase as between 1890 and 1870, and, if there is, the National Debt will be in a fair way of becoming, and at no very distant date, that which it was said to be at present by the great Reformer of the age, a 'flea-bite' compared with the resources of the country. Mr. Lowe, indeed, argues that it is desirable to pay off debt, because at a future time the country may find itself in difficulties with foreign nations, and require a heavy addition to its liabilities. But, inasmuch as the burden of taxation is the same, for whatever purpose imposed, this would be equally a reason for proposing that the present generation should pay each year a considerable sum for the purpose of relieving posterity from some of the ordinary expenses of government.

"To say that no impression whatever, upon however small a scale, ought to be made upon the National Debt by the England of the present would be to push the argument to an extreme. But it may very safely be questioned whether it is either just or expedient to inflict upon her working population, whom her astounding progress in wealth seems scarcely to have raised above the level of pauperism, their inevitable share of two millions and a half annually expended for that purpose. Nor would this have been possible but for the insidious character of the instrument employed. The public seems now to be for the first time aware that a formidable sinking fund has for years been among them, employed, under the delusive garb of terminable annuities, in preying upon the public purse.

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"HOBART.

"CONSTANTINOPLE, *June* 16*th*."

Lord Hobart's interest had been warmly roused by the appearance of "Essays and Reviews." For those who had never been troubled by doubts he feared that the book

was likely to be dangerous, but his earnest independence of opinion strongly sympathised with such a courageous investigation of vexed and anxious questions. His interest in that book, in "Ecce Homo," and in many that followed was very deep, and most carefully did he follow the arguments of all who carried on the discussion. Few men felt the pain of our ignorance, the mystery of creation, more than he did, but certainly the result of the study and struggle of faith was useful and reassuring. His hold of truth was strengthened and became more real. He was content to leave questions of dogmatic teaching as very secondary, but his faith in the love of God became more real and much firmer as time went on. The broader view of God's love really governed his whole heart; his toleration was consistent. Especially did he check himself, or those with whom he agreed, about being intolerant to those who were intolerant; and in his anxiety in India to give equal advantages to the Hindoos or Mahommedans he insisted that all the opportunities given to them should be carefully preserved for the Christian religionists. His last speech proves how entirely his faith in the breadth of God's love overwhelmed his feelings about religious differences. The growth of this faith may be traced in his own letters. A few weeks only before his last illness, after reading "Mill's Essays on Religion," he said to me, "Mill is wrong; God is love," and then he regretted the want of leisure to "write an answer to the book at that time."

During later years in London he generally went to hear Mr. Maurice, and when Mr. Maurice left London he would walk from South Kensington to Christ Church, Marylebone, to hear Mr. Llewellyn Davies, whose preaching he greatly delighted in.

He used to have long talks with the late Dean of Westminster, who was one of his greatest friends. To be third on those occasions was a rare privilege. One memorable letter from the Dean remains, from which some few extracts may be given. It shows how warm his own faith was, and yet how tender to those who were tried by doubts. He began by saying how difficult it was to argue on paper, "but I will confine myself to simple recommendations, which I give," he adds, "with the utmost distrust and humility, knowing how little right I have to seem to guide those who seek for guidance. I should dissuade reading any answers to Renan. I have read many, but they all fill me with painful reflections at their utter unworthiness, either from violence or unfairness, of the greatness of the cause which they advocate." After expressing opinions on some of the books on the subject, he goes on to say: "But, secondly, and of far more importance, read Robertson's sermons and Colani's sermons, on the general truths of Christianity—on the life of Christ Himself. Read, and ask whether there is anything in these from which you differ. I doubt whether there is anything. I would even add to these the 'De Imitatione Christi;' I believe the answer would still be the same. You will agree with all, and I believe will feel that the doubts suggested by Renan have no place there." After words of encouragement the Dean turns to the future:

"But if I can read anything in the signs of the times it is that . . . unless we are about to encounter one of those strange relapses which baffle all calculations;—such a reconciliation is coming, not in our day, but in the days that will come after us, if only we will bear with one another in the interval. Without this hope, the prospect of what remains to us of life would indeed be dreary; with

this hope, it seems to me as if it was worth while to have lived in these latter days, for the bare chance of seeing the first dawn of that brighter time." Further he added: "Let me say one word in conclusion: The real question is not what any one *disbelieves*, but what he believes. Take care, I would say, of what you believe, and the disbelief will take care of itself.

"Yours sincerely,

"A. P. STANLEY."

Lord Hobart's three years in Madras left results which are permanent. Governor of an important Presidency, at the end of three years he fell by pestilence, as Lord Mayo fell by assassination. Second to the Viceroy in India, therefore in a subordinate position; still—he fell also at the post of duty. His works and influence in India are following him, and the truth he once expressed to the Grand Vizier, Fuad Pasha, who asked him how it was that Prince Albert had not been more appreciated during his life, may yet apply in its measure to himself—

"Altesse," he said, "il faut mourir pour être grand homme en Angleterre."

The permanent welfare of the Presidency was his constant study.

He considered a harbour essential for the interests of Madras, and especially for the Anglo-Indian community there, their commerce, and the safety of their shipping, as well as upon the grounds of humanity, so that there might be some protection from the fury of the storms and cyclones which at certain seasons make the whole of the Coromandel coast so perilous; for these reasons he persisted in a long controversy which he successfully maintained for three years, and in which he proved that the work would be

both practicable and profitable. At last sanction was given by the Secretary of State for India for the construction of the proposed harbour for Madras. Privately he had received the news that the permission was granted. The Government despatch was however dated upon the day when his government ceased.

Lord Hobart had instigated and strongly urged upon the Municipal Commissioners of Madras the crying necessity for the sanitary measures which were being considered and reported upon, and submitted to the Government of India while he was Governor, and which, as well as the works for the harbour, are now being considered and carried out by the present Governor of Madras.

The absence of any regular system in the drainage of the city had produced an evil so vast, being the accumulation of so long a time, that former governments had been paralysed by its magnitude, and by the enormous expense which it necessarily involved. This expense he considered should be met by an imperial grant. An evil which is the legacy of more than a century of neglect ought scarcely to find its remedy, as was recently suggested, by increased taxation of those who, besides the tax lately proposed, are victims to the malaria which is due to past neglect, and to which by no fault of their own they have been exposed.

The typhoid fever so fatal to Lord Hobart was caused by the malaria which a better system of drainage might entirely prevent.

He was resolutely protecting the interests of the European community, but he by no means forgot the far larger questions connected with the welfare of the native populations of Southern India.

His efforts to diminish taxation were never relaxed. The policy advocated by Lord Northbrook encouraged and invariably supported and sanctioned these efforts. Lord Hobart was also determined to establish schools throughout the Presidency for Elementary Education. In this he was undaunted, in spite of a very strong opposition to any diversion from other sources of the required funds. The prejudices of the services could not be overcome. To him it seemed that the expenditure of the existing revenue should have been readjusted. He would have maintained the first importance of necessary roads; he deplored the luxury of unnecessary roads, which were often a mere question of personal convenience and caprice.

Any effort to control these expenses was opposed resolutely. He maintained that the education of the population was a more important benefit to them and to the British Government than the enormous yearly expenditure upon roads. His proposal to adjust these expenses being finally opposed by the Government, he undertook for himself to ascertain by personal examination the state of the accounts of the different municipalities, hoping in their cash balances to find a part of the funds for the required school expenses.

The personal labour this involved was considerable; the important bearing of that labour upon the principles of government in India he considered worth great sacrifice.

Other measures connected with the civil and religious liberties of the natives he was strongly urging upon the consideration of the Home Government, and much remains of his correspondence, as will be seen in the Minutes and Letters on Indian Subjects, which have been revised and arranged in the second volume by Mr. Carmichael. During the last year (from 1874–5) he was Secretary to the Council

at Madras, and zealously supported Lord Hobart's policy. Later the experience acquired as a member of that Council, which is the position Mr. Carmichael has just resigned, enables him to appreciate the spirit which animated Lord Hobart's policy and opinions on Indian questions. What remains, therefore, to be said of the work of those last three years is entrusted to one whose position enables him to testify to it; and it is a cause for real gratitude that such valuable assistance has been so kindly given to this work.

As Governor every energy was employed in behalf of the thirty millions entrusted to his care.

His own words on the question of education, and on the position of the English in India, are full of the feeling by which he was animated. In a speech made on the Neilgherry Hills, at the Lawrence Asylum at Ootacamund, in September, 1873, after a few words to the committee of management, he said:

"But in truth such disinterested exertions need no thanks of ours. They bring with them their own rewards. After all, anxious and difficult though it must often be, there is no work so pleasant as that which we do for others; there is no gratification half so great, or one-hundredth part so pure.

"From one point of view this Lawrence Asylum appears to me to possess a singular interest. When I arrived at Madras last year, I was struck by the fact that, go where I might—in churches, in cemeteries, in public places—I was confronted at every step with the records of Englishmen who had died for their country. Everywhere around, epitaph, or monument, or statue told, in short and simple words, how, for the welfare of England, they had fought, and suffered, and yielded up their lives, upon those burning plains. There—in that vast and

hardly-won Carnatic—it is not too much to say, that the whole land (in the words of the great Athenian orator), the whole land is a sepulchre of illustrious men. I came to these mountains, and here I found this noble and peaceful structure, assigned as a home to the children of British Soldiers who serve their country in this distant land—a home where they are prepared, in a health-giving climate, for occupations suitable to their class of life. There I had seen how England could send forth men in endless succession to perish, if need be, without a murmur in her cause; here I saw how she could care, while they lived, for those who cannot fitly care for themselves; here I saw how she could respect their memory, and concern herself for those whom they have left behind.

"These two facts—the devotion to duty and the appreciation of it, the heroism and the gratitude—go far to explain how our great empire in the East was won. I hope also they afford some indication that in the eyes of the world and of history we shall not be unworthy of the prize. That, however, I am afraid we must admit, is still a doubtful question. We have given to India material prosperity, firm and liberal government, some partial measure of mental cultivation: what we have now to do is to win her loyalty and her love. But for that great object some change is needed. We must care for our Indian populations as we care for those who are nurtured in this privileged place; we must show them that we are here, not for power and pelf, but to cherish, improve, and elevate the millions committed to our charge. We have given them roads, railways, and canals in plenty; but excepting always a favoured few, we have left their minds in a state of ignorance compared to which roads, railways, and canals are of small importance. For us who are here assembled it is surely a sad reflection, that over all that rich and varied scene which spreads from these mountains to Cape Comorin and from sea to sea—rich in beauty, rich in material products, rich in all the wealth of natural creation—the human mind, the mind of the vast majority

of human beings is still—a desert. The question, the great question, which ought now to occupy the rulers of India is this—how to provide her, gradually but completely, with a system of popular instruction without increasing (and this is a consideration of which I am afraid we are inclined to lose sight), without increasing the pressure of our yoke upon her, without laying upon her a burden of taxation greater than she can bear. The problem is a difficult one; but it can, it must, and it will be solved. There are other changes which are required. About the intercourse of our public service, and especially of the more subordinate members of it, with the natives of this country there still lingers that which is of all things the most senseless, the most groundless, and the most impolitic—a tone of superiority and contempt. When we tax them we are apt to forget that they cannot and dare not complain; when we punish them we are apt to remember that they are not of the same race as ourselves. But I think—I trust—that I already see signs of improvement in these respects; I indulge the hope that of late we have made some progress—some beginning of progress—in the affections of the people of India; and that the day is not so very far distant—that the day perhaps has already begun—when this magnificent dominion of ours will rest (as was once said by a great statesman) not on the narrow edge of the sword, but on the broader basis of a people's happiness."

The speech to the Presidency College, which follows, was delivered two years later on the 19th of April, 1875, only a few days before the last paragraph in that speech received a most literal fulfilment.

"MR. THOMPSON, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I may assure you in all sincerity that no public meeting in which I might have been called upon to take part could have been a subject of greater interest and satisfaction to me than this, which commemorates the foundation and illustrates the success of an institution in the highest degree important to the present

and future welfare of this Presidency. Certainly in speaking thus of it I am speaking in no exaggerated language. Other institutions—and I am glad to be able to say it—other institutions, some of them originated and largely supported by voluntary effort, are pressing eagerly forward to imitate, to emulate, and to aid this their leader in the great work which is set before it. But to this we still look as our surest stronghold and our highest example, the keystone, as I may call it, of the stately fabric of which our University is the consummation and the crown. And I believe that this Presidency College will still justify our expectations—thanks to the talents and energy of its Principal—thanks to the able and accomplished gentlemen who, under his guidance, have done so much to place and to maintain it on its well-earned eminence of efficiency and repute.

"Now I think we may fairly congratulate ourselves—considering especially how limited have been the means which have been applicable to the purpose—I think we may fairly congratulate ourselves on the condition and prospects of the higher education in Southern India. All parts of India have indeed been vying with each other in successful action to this great end, and we may claim for Madras, without arrogance or presumption, a place in that beneficial rivalry of which (to say the least) she has no reason to be ashamed. It would be sufficient, if this were questioned, to point to the distinguished men who have owed to a course of training in our schools and colleges their high position, their splendid powers, and their imperial renown.

"But, while we have cause to be satisfied with the success of our work, there is need of vigilance and caution, lest we should be blind to any defect in the machinery or any imperfection in the results. It has been frequently said, for instance, and I suppose there must be some truth in the statement, though I have never for a moment suffered it to be generally true, it has been said that students in our Indian Schools are students for one

exclusive reason—the hope of obtaining employment in the public service; that among those who have been brought up in them reading or writing for the pleasure of it is scarcely known; that books are looked upon as mere stepping-stones to office, and as providing in themselves no food for enjoyment and no incentive to exertion. If this be to any extent the fact—for my own part I do not doubt that the case has been greatly overstated—but if this be to any extent the fact, it is deeply to be deplored. One object, one most desirable and valuable object, of the statesmen who planted and have followed with so much hopeful solicitude the growth of education in this country, was to prepare any who might receive it for taking, if opportunity should offer, a part in the conduct of public affairs. But it was a secondary, not a primary object. The primary object was not to clothe them with official authority, but to adorn and invigorate the current of their lives; not to put money into their coffers, but to give grace and strength and elevation to their minds; not to qualify them for public employment, but to make them better and happier men. And for those who have interested themselves in this subject a bitter disappointment would be in store, if it should prove that in response to their efforts and in return for all their anxious care the youth of India were crowding to drink at the fair fountains of knowledge without one thrill of admiration or one sensation of delight; and that the choicest treasures of literature—of history—of poetry—of science—were cast contemptuously aside, as soon as they had served the coarse purpose of material advancement. Nor is this the only consideration. Among all the great motives of human ambition knowledge is incomparably the worthiest. But knowledge is jealous and exacting; she brooks no rival near the throne. And those who value her for the sake of the physical advantages which she brings to them, will find that the physical advantages which she brings to them are less than if they valued her for her own. Whatever is most essential to success in life—prudence, energy, self-command, swift apprehension,

eloquent expression, developed faculties and high aspirations—proceed from literary and scientific study; but proceed from it in any but a very imperfect degree only when it is regarded not as a means to an end, but with a zealous, earnest and devoted affection.

"There is a feeling which should result from the education imparted here, and of which it would not be easy to over-estimate the importance. In Englishmen it is a gratifying and encouraging thought that we have been able to present, however partially, to the people of India the glorious gift of mental culture. But the encouragement would be less keenly felt, the gratification would be seriously alloyed, if we could not hope that among the effects of our exertions upon the comparatively few who have profited by them, was this—a sincere and earnest desire to extend to others—to extend to the millions who are now excluded from it—a participation in the benefits of the boon. Ever since my arrival in this country I have felt that an imperative and paramount duty was now incumbent upon her rulers—some serious attempt to remedy, without adding to popular burdens, the colossal evil of popular ignorance. (I say without adding to popular burdens, because to refrain from impoverishing the people of India is even more important than to educate them.) It is impossible to conceive that any wish so unworthy as that for a monopoly of intelligence—any thought but of compassion for all who are shut out from the light which they themselves enjoy—could find an entrance into the minds of those who have been instructed here. And I call upon them—upon you, my young friends, when you go forth into the world—upon all throughout this Presidency who have tasted the pleasures and advantages of intellectual cultivation—to assist by every means in their power—to assist the Government in the anxious and difficult but great and enviable task which lies before it—that of dispelling (though it is but by slow degrees), of dispelling mental obscurity which affects the poor, the industrious, the peace-loving, the law-abiding population committed to its charge. Much has been

done, admirably done, by public expenditure for the higher instruction among us, but it has been done in the hope and the belief that sooner or later, and however gradually, the higher instruction would reach a stage beyond which it might advance, as rapidly and as prosperously, without depending upon assistance from the State. It would seem that the time has already come, not indeed for such independence, but when some portion—some limited portion—of the funds now devoted to that purpose should in future be applied for the benefit of those who on the one hand are most in need of teaching, and on the other are least able to provide it for themselves. And we may confidently expect, from the generosity and good sense of that less numerous but more fortunate class which will have to submit to some small sacrifice by reason of the change, we may confidently expect, not reluctance and dissatisfaction, but cordial approbation and unhesitating support.

"One other remark I would offer, suggested by these proceedings. Some persons assert, that by promoting education in India, we are doing that which is injurious both to India herself and to the stability of our own Government—that education bears pernicious fruit in personal independence and political discontent, which may result in changes disastrous to the interests of this country. Let no one believe it. Ignorance, not knowledge, is the parent of political as well as of moral evil. Every step in the progress of reason and reflection adds depth and strength to the foundation of an empire based on principles such as ours. Education brings with it a sense—a delighting and ennobling sense—of power and freedom; but brings with it also a sense of the great duty of political subordination and enlightened liberality of thought which can appreciate the value, understand the difficulties and make allowance for the defects of a firm and liberal administration. There is another and yet greater advantage. This invitation of the West to the East—this call to intellectual association—will prove (as I firmly believe) to have been the knell of every painful feeling that ever marred or impeded their

intercourse. Misunderstanding, which is another name for ignorance, lies at the root of every kind and degree of national antipathy. Religious animosity, which is another name for unreasoning folly, cannot breathe in the pure atmosphere of mental advancement. The prejudice which could resist both time and civilisation melts away before the sympathy of thought. Men learn that the mere accident of race or faith can never affect either the motive or the obligation of mutual friendliness and respect, and that whether born in England or in India, and whatever may be the creeds and dogmas which have kept them so long and so lamentably asunder, their duty and interest for the present, and their hope for the future, is in reality the same."

On the 27th of April, eight days later, Protestants, Catholics, and Roman Catholics, Mussulmans and Hindoos knelt in united prayer around their Governor while his spirit passed away.

FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENTS.

In reading these "Fragments," the dates of the originals which were published anonymously will in some cases explain the aspect of events as they were then considered by the Author.

This is especially the case in "Points of View."

In "Autumn Travels" it may be interesting to trace the Loss and Gain of enjoyment experienced since the increase in the number of railways, and the more luxurious arrangements which now exist for Travellers.

"Thoughts on English Literature" never satisfied the Author, and he always intended to write again on this subject. The article was written hastily, and many favourite standard authors are not even mentioned.

In the following pages, especially in the "Trip to Scotland," and the "Chapter on the Sea," may be seen the feeling for nature, the enjoyment of which was the constant devotion of what latterly were only his snatched moments

of leisure. What that enjoyment amounted to can only be called Devotion—a deep reverent adoration of the Love of God as revealed in His works in nature—enjoyment which it was a privilege to witness, and which while fully feeling the mystery, felt also the triumph of Love in creation, and when words failed would oftenest delight in that well-known but incomparable Hymn of Praise:

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing, ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move

In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.*

* * * * * *

These Fragments will, it is hoped, be valued by many friends in remembrance of

"The Days that are no more."

* Paradise Lost—Book V., beginning line 153.

A TRIP TO SCOTLAND.*

I HAVE travelled a good deal in my day, and seen as much as most people of the glories of Continental landscape. For instance, I have stood at an upper window of the Schweitzer Hof on the Lake of Lucerne, some ten minutes before sunrise on an August morning, and beheld a view of such bewildering beauty and wonder that I positively feared to look at it. I turned away, "dazzled and drunk with beauty;" and when I summoned courage to look again, it was gone—the sunrise had robbed the scene of some three parts of its beauty, leaving, however, a fourth part with charms enough to go mad about, if one had not seen the other three. A hundred other favourite haunts of the "tourist" within the scope of Murray's *Handbook,* and many without it, have I seen; and great as my enjoyment has been—rapturous as my homage—I declare that I would far rather travel in my own country; and this not from any morbid patriotism, but because I like the scenery better, and should do so were it in Timbuctoo. If I am asked why I like it better, I can only say that foreign scenery is apt to overpower me, and that I miss

* Published in *Fraser's Magazine* for January, 1857.

the calm loving tone that mellows the quieter pictures of home. There is Mont Blanc and Chamouni. Amidst the crowd of devout pilgrims who flock every summer to adore the monarch of mountains, are there none for whose nerves his majesty has been too much? On arrival at Chamouni you are crammed into a tight-fitting apartment, with one small window, which you no sooner open than you are struck dumb by the extraordinary apparition of the giant mountain, which appears quite close to you, and in such a foreshortened attitude that all his grace though none of his terror is lost by the jumbling together of his head, shoulders, and limbs. Then your eyes are quite blinded by the glare of the sunlit snow, which, though it is miles distant, seems as if you could almost touch it, and even—horrible reflection!—as if it was coming nearer and nearer to you, and would finally overwhelm you. Then the glaciers, the "aiguilles," the chamois-haunted fissures, the strange unearthly sound of the avalanches deep in the heart of those wildernesses of ice and rock—how terrible is their delight! Perhaps I am wrong, but on the top of Ben Lomond or Cader Idris I have felt more love of mountain country than in the midst of the High Alps; and if the reader of this paper were to consult me as to the choice of the direction in which, having a little spare time and money, he should shape his course, I would say to Scotland, to the English Lake district, or to Wales. Suppose we say to Scotland. In a few days—but when once in Scotland you should travel slowly—you may see some of the choicest treasures

of that northern Paradise, Perthshire. Betake yourself, then, to the Euston Square or to the King's Cross station—I would say rather to the former; for though the Great Northern line will show you York, and between Newcastle and Edinburgh will whisk you along by the side of the blue German Ocean over a country of rare though gentle beauty, and full of the poetry of the old Border days, yet by the North-Western and Caledonian lines you will pass the English Lake district; and to see that, even from the railway, is a great privilege. Look well at that group of mountains—they are on your left soon after you pass Lancaster—and yield to their soothing and purifying influence, as the distant shadows float over their calm purple sides; and if when you left London there was any wild passion stirring at your heart, the chances are it will leave you here. After threading the desolate beauty of the sheep-pastured Border hills, with their lovely glens and wonderful grace of undulating line (I know no "curves" like these), we will suppose you arrived at Glasgow. Well, stay there as short a time as you can, and then direct your course—it is a matter of two or three hours now—to Balloch, at the southern end of Loch Lomond. Put up at the inn there for the night, and stroll for the rest of the afternoon along the lake, keeping as close to the water as you can, for there you will get the best views—far better than from the deck of the steamer. What a calm, gentle, melancholy lake it is—from the little bay that comes rippling up with a quiet *plaffing* sound—so quiet as to be unheard at first—against

the strip of silver sand that binds the oaken thickets through which you wind your way, to the expanse of blue water seen as you double some headland, with that long island in front shaped something like a beautiful human foot, and almost bare of foliage, but covered with a soft velvety turf; and farther up the lake the slopes of numberless heath-clad hills coming gradually down to the water's edge; and on the right Ben Lomond with his double summit, clothed with mossy verdure to the very top; and he also, proud as he is, sloping gradually down, for the lake is here (as I have said) a quiet, melancholy lake, and will suffer no sharp contrasts—no abrupt embraces of intrusive mountains—to ruffle the grace of its serene repose. Wander on, I say, and let twilight still find you there; so that when you return to your inn you may have thoroughly tasted and made your own the sweet, sad beauty of that enchanting scene. I think it is Mr. Ruskin who says that Walter Scott's is the "saddest" poetry he knows. This is a paradox, but it contains some truth; and the reason, I believe, is, that the country which Scott describes, though of an exquisite is of a rather sorrowful beauty. "Was never scene so sad and fair," is the feeling, I think, of all right-minded tourists in regard not only to moonlit Melrose, but to all that can be called beautiful in Scottish landscape.

But you are off next morning by steamer up the lake; and the morning view, as you twist about among the thirty islands, and see the light dancing in diamond showers on the blue laughing waves, and watch the cloud-shadows floating over the mountain sides as they

simmer in the hot mist of the glowing noontide sun, has scarce a shade of melancholy in it. And now you are at Rowardennan, about half-way up the lake, at the very foot of the majestic Ben. Here is the favourite place for ascending him; and if it is a fine, clear day, you had better go straight to the inn, put your wife (if she is with you, as of course she is, and I ought to have mentioned her before) on one of the lumbering ponies kept there for the purpose, and start at once for the summit. It is before you the whole way, and beckons you on over rock and sward, over moss and moor, as you slowly climb your long, but not toilsome, and infinitely beautiful road. Throughout there is neither difficulty nor danger. Winding at first among gray rocks fringed with purple heath and bedded in waving fern, over gigantic knolls looking down into deep grassy glades, in which here and there a rill glides stealthily down its rocky bed, curtained with dwarf birch and alder—then out on a wide moorland —and then the path becomes steeper, and you are really working your way up a good honest mountain side. And now—look back. What a change since half-an-hour ago! Far down beneath those heathery rocks and grassy knolls lies the laughing lake, at least half of its thirty miles in length spread out before you, dotted with islands of every variety of shape and size; and beyond the hills on the further shore, which seemed, when you were on level ground, to form its only frame-work, strange mountain-forms have started up and made a triple barrier; and, peeping out behind them, here and there, grotesque-looking shapes, the

heads and shoulders of unknown mountains yet beyond. Higher yet, and suddenly the view on the other side of the Ben opens before you—lakes, mountains, a far-winding river, and a boundless plain. Now you are engrossed with the greater steepness of the ascent, and in your anxiety to reach the top you get but a general idea of the increasing glories of the landscape. One more short pull, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and you are on the summit. Now, if you were an ordinary tourist, your first proceeding would probably be to give what is called a "hearty British cheer," and your next a pull at the brandy-flask; but as you are not, and as you have had a light luncheon half-way up the mountain, at a spring of the purest water in Scotland, you do no such thing; but, throwing yourself on the grass, you give yourself up for a few minutes to that delight so rarely felt by man—the profound, awful, yet most soothing silence—the peace of peace—the rest of rest—the "sabbath of the mountain-top!" And now by degrees you begin to analyse the wonderful panorama at your feet. To the north, the view is of a strange and awful beauty. Beginning almost from where you stand, and stretching far away, some fifty miles as the crow flies, a dark expanse of tumbling waves—yes, waves; but the sea is petrified, and *every billow is a mountain-crest.* The effect upon the mind is indescribable. In the whole space between you and Ben Nevis, whose snowy summit (the only snow you see) is faintly visible in the utmost distance, not an inch of flat ground—not the faintest indication or semblance of a valley; but far as the eye can reach,

the whole wide landscape is one dark, stern, motionless multitude of thickly-congregated summits. Look till your vision becomes bewildered in that inextricable maze of mountain majesty, and your brain somewhat troubled with the wild fantasies of that wondrous scene; and then turn to the eastward, and refresh yourself with the full delight of the contrast. Here, and to the south, all is soft, smiling, and serene. You are standing at the edge of a sheer precipice of some two thousand feet, and peeping over it you see the infant Forth rising just below, and can track his wanderings through many a mile of sunny plain. But you do not follow him far, for a little beyond him, and right opposite to you among those heathery hills, lies a lake notable for its calm and desolate beauty, and for the silvery blue of its water. Not a tree to be seen on its banks; but it is of an exquisite, though simple workmanship, and girt with a never-failing strip of the whitest sand. Its name? To your astonishment, Loch Katrine. But where, then, are the Trosachs? where the maze of birch and heather—the haunts of the "wild rose, eglantine, and broom"? Hidden, all hidden, by that bold sweeping side of the merciless Ben Venue; and what you see is in fact only that which (second-rate) artists would call the "uninteresting" part of Loch Katrine. And now, when you look closely, just where the mountain outline cuts across the lake, you can discern what seems a thick brushwood creeping up the steep sides of the opposite shore; and that is just enough to give you an idea that trees may grow there, but not of the

wilderness of sylvan beauty that lies hidden from your gaze. Southward are other lakes, and one of special attractions, deep buried in close clustering woods, the reflections of which in the water are clearly seen, even at this distance. That is "Loch Ard"—"far Loch Ard and Aberfoyle," where the stag, at gaze on the crest of Uam-Var, first "pondered refuge." These lakes are guarded round by beautiful but scattered mountain-forms; and this is the country traversed in the "Lady of the Lake," by young Angus with the Fiery Cross, when

> Ben Ledi saw the cross of fire;
> It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire;

Strath-Ire, there before you, over the hills beyond Loch Katrine; and Ben Ledi, that proud soaring summit which dominates all the country round. More to the south, the mountains cease, and a wide, rich plain melts off into hazy distance and possible Edinburgh. We have said nothing yet of the view to the west, with Loch Lomond for foreground, and mountains as strange, but not so close-lying as those to the north, leading the eye over them till it rests upon a streak of silver sea, and you find that the further mountains are islands; and beyond them in the utmost distance an appearance which may or may not be land, but which you are told is the coast of Ireland; and in the south-west, far over the majestic Clyde, the Blue Border mountains, and even Skiddaw himself—the pride of Cumberland.

We have kept you some time on the summit—

though not longer than you like if you are of the right sort—so we will say but little of the descent, and suppose you landed safely on the shore of the lake, which has welcomed you with an enchanting smile from the moment you began to descend. Now cast one look back at the task you have performed, and then launch yourself in a boat with two stout rowers for Tarbet. You are now in a more secluded part of the lake, which you have hitherto only known in the character of a calm, wide, isle-besprinkled mere. Now there are hill-sides steep down to the water's edge, and clothed with thick forests of oak, birch, hazel, and alder. Promontories of dark gray rock, crowned with purple heath and tufted with a birch or two, whose grace of attitude is consummate, stretch ever and anon out into the clear brown water; and above, wherever you look, wild mountain forms are closing round, and gradually the lake is narrowing, till the dark green points of those two wooded knolls before you seem almost to meet upon the water. But before you reach them you are at Tarbet, where you will be quite comfortable for the night, and where you will dream, with "tender dread," like Tennyson's lunatic lover, of the beauties you have seen and are yet to see.

Morning on Loch Lomond!—there are few sights equal to it; and of course you look with wondering delight at the blue lake seen through the arches of the ash trees, and the beautiful mystery of the mountain-side beyond; but they hardly affect you as much as they deserve, for to-day you are to see Loch Katrine. For myself, I almost wish I had never seen it, for the

sake of that thrill of anticipation. Scott's poem had made Loch Katrine a first love with me. It is strange —for Scott does not describe it with anything like accuracy—but yet, in some way or other—I think by giving here and there with great truth a feature peculiar to the scene, by the affectionate mention of all the places in it which bear names, and not a little by the gentle cadence of his fair-flowing line—he does manage to bring before the mind some degree of likeness. In his very first mention of the place—

> But nearer was the copsewood gray
> That waved and wept on Loch Achray;

there is a sound—a sweet, sad, far-off melody—that to my mind at once recalls the peculiar beauty of the Trosachs. But you shall judge for yourself. Go on board the steamer for Inversnaid, higher up the lake, whence a drive of five miles will take you to Loch Katrine. Your steam voyage is short; but a more beautiful one it would be rare to see: for the lake here is buried deep in the mountains, reflecting on all sides the rich woods and heath-clad rocks, and is more like a broad river—like some parts of the Rhine, indeed—only that the mountain shores are infinitely richer and more varied; and its northern end is guarded by tier behind tier of bold mountain forms, backed by one (Ben-More I believe) towering far above the rest, and giving a magnificent finish to the scene. And now you are at Inversnaid; and I would have you mount the coach which starts at once for Loch Katrine—for though a coach is

not poetical, I think (if you are not obliged to answer them) it is always pleasant to hear the remarks of other people on the first sight of what is best in nature. A long ascent, skirted by a foaming torrent of dark-brown water, and of which every step you rise makes the lake you are leaving more beautiful, brings you on a level road and a wild mountain moorland. Every trace of vegetation (except that here, as everywhere, after long search you may see a little birch tree or two nestling fondly in the bed of a mountain stream) has disappeared; and the narrow road winds over a wild moor, bounded at no great distance by heathery hills scantily dotted with sheep; and on you fare, till a small lake, its shores utterly bare, save that at one end there is a fantastic little island close to the land, and on which are some dwarf trees; and then the road begins to descend, and at last a strip of silver-blue water, with a setting of white sand between it and the shore, appears among the low, undulating hills—and "there is Loch Katrine." At first you are disappointed—or rather your fellow-passengers are—for *you* knew that you would come upon Loch Katrine at its "uninteresting" end; but soon this feeling gives way to general delight at the masterpiece of simple and exquisite beauty before you. The lake has opened out now, and still there are no trees, except on that small island to the right, which is crowded thick with them; but as far as you can yet see, it is a lake whose sides are flat moorland or gently sloping heath-clad hill, except indeed that deep recess to the

left, which you had hardly observed before, and which seems to have been one of Nature's playful afterthoughts (for the lake certainly meant to have ended where you are standing), but which is adorned with a regular succession of wooded knolls stretching out into the water. But it is time to start on your voyage up the lake; and here you should avoid the little hissing steamer which is the regular vehicle, and take a boat. As you glide along, each stroke of the oars presents you with a new combination of mountain, moor, and lake, all wild and desolate, and of a somewhat mournful beauty; and so far as you have yet gone Loch Katrine is still "uninteresting." But there are striking points, too; for the bald head of Ben An stands out high and bold at the further end, and, after a time, peering between the gentle curves of the hills on your left which open to reveal him, the double summit of Ben Lomond gazes with serene approval on the peaceful lake. Suddenly you sweep round a promontory; and then—what a change! An instant ago all was barren, almost dreary. Now look round. You can hardly believe your eyes. It is a scene of most gorgeous and yet most graceful beauty. Everywhere the lake, which is here much narrower, is closely hemmed in by gigantic masses of rock backed by precipitous mountain sides; and on every rock and half of the mountain sides rich mazes of tangled wood—of birch, hazel, alder, of broom, and oak, and pine, showing at occasional intervals a glimpse of the carpet of purple heath on which they grow; and the lake

is half filled up with islands and peninsulas—among which it wanders and loses itself—each consisting of rock thickly carpeted with heather and crowned with luxuriant trees—the foliage on every side rather overhanging the rocky basement, so that these islands have been likened to "baskets of flowers." Such profusion of varied colouring in so small a space is, I suppose, hardly anywhere else to be seen: the gray rock, the purple heath, chequered by the gleaming white stems of the delicate birch trees as they climb every height in skirmishing order, and meet on the summit in one harmonious aggregate of clustering beauty; the infinite variety of other trees, set off here and there by a fir of soft, dark, velvet green; the small space of bright blue sky seen above the narrow gorge, and all these hues reflected faithfully in the crystal water. Note also the wondrous seclusion of the scene. From the top of Ben Ledi, or any commanding eminence in the whole region round, no bird's-eye view would give the slightest idea of the existence of this most elaborate little Paradise; for all the country round is wild and bare, and Loch Katrine is as deep hidden in its beautiful retreat as ever was diamond in a mine. As I said before, Scott has not described the lake with anything like accuracy. For example, he has said but little of the birch trees, which pervade more or less the whole scene and do much to form its peculiar character; but in the very grace of his story there is a harmony with the ground on which it is laid, an affection for the lake in every mention that he made of it; and it is impossible to

look round you here, and think without a sigh that his eyes can look no more on this scene that has been made so famous by the adoration of one large loving heart.

The lake contracts so much at the end, and is so shut in by rocky heights piled one upon the other and covered thick with tangled vegetation, that coming upon it here—which is the place where Fitz-James first saw it—you would believe it, as he did, to be only

> A narrow inlet, still and deep,
> Affording scarce such breadth of brim
> As served the wild duck's brood to swim;

and would not dream that what you saw was part of a lake six miles long. But in the wooded rocks that enclose it here with a strict and jealous embrace there is a small, a very small opening; and that is the opening of the Trosachs—the only pass hereabouts into the Scotch Lowlands. With a sense of strange, mysterious delight you enter the defile. Deep winding among dark thickets at first, through which you have ever and anon glimpses of tall fantastic rocks, with their freight of heather and birch and ash and oak, the road steals on by huge mounds (not "pyramids," as Scott says; they are too fantastically irregular for that) of mighty rock, each crested with its quivering multitude of clustering birch-trees; and then the scene opens out a little, and here and there appears a level tract of purple heather, in which you may wade literally waist deep, and set off as before by the white birch-stems embedded in it.

Still further, and the ground is yet more open; and as you look back the steep gray side of the giant Ben Venue, and a huge birch-crowned ridge, over which the beams of the setting sun come streaming in a long level line, shedding a glory on the heads of the topmost birches, but leaving all dark and shadowy below,* have shut out completely from your view all the beauties which you have passed. And now on your left there is a deep vast glade, backed by tier above tier of precipitous cliff, mounting up to the very shoulder of Ben An, who rears his bare head above them; and "far over" this "unfathomable glade," a wilderness of tangled wood; and up the sides of these cliffs innumerable birch-trees running, jostling one another as if in headlong race; and here and there one, in the impetuous dash of its joyous career, actually crowning the highest ridge of almost barren rock, and shivering there triumphantly in the summer breeze. Here the road is darkened again with rocks, and when it emerges it is to skirt the "margin of Achray," of which in Scott's time it could well be said,

> Where wilt thou find in foreign land
> So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?

but not now, for close down upon Loch Achray a huge and hideous structure, in style something between a mosque and a workhouse, the monstrous fruit of a

> * The western waves of ebbing day
> Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
> * * * * * *
> But not a setting beam could glow
> Upon the dark ravine below.

union between speculation and bad taste, has been erected "for the accommodation of tourists;" and there you must take up your quarters for the night, and for my part I rather envy you your dreams.

Next morning (I am supposing that you have but a few days to spare) you are off for Callandar, the road to which lies at first still "along the margin of Achray," and under "Ben Ledi's living side," where, at the whistle of Roderick, the fern and heath became suddenly alive with bonnet, plume, and tartan. It is a noble mountain, that Ben Ledi ("the mountain of God," I believe it means); and it looks down on a noble lake—Vennachar—some seven or eight miles long, by the side of which you are now journeying; and as you cannot yet see the steep parts of Ben Ledi, the view here consists of the lake with its broad sheet of silver and low heathery hills. As you approach Callandar, Ben Ledi rises in all his majesty; and from the end of the lake the swift Teith rushes forth, and by his side lies your route nearly all the way to Stirling; and as it is much the same as that of Fitz-James in his fiery ride from Coilantogle ford, near where you now are, to Stirling Castle, I shall leave it to Sir Walter to describe, only requesting you to look back now and then in your onward progress at the noble background formed by Ben Ledi and "Ben Venue's gray summit wild." From Stirling you may be in a few hours in London; and though your time has been short and your expenses small, I venture to say that you will go back to your chambers or your counting-house, a happier and a better man.

A CHAPTER ON THE SEA.*

THERE are very few people who know anything about the sea. Myriads there are who sail on it, row on it, walk by it, bathe in it, fish in it, rave about it, and write about it, but scarce one of these who has any acquaintance with it. Sailors least of all. I never knew a sailor who had any real knowledge of the sea. What it may do to him and his ship, how he may circumvent and be even with it, by what judicious manipulation of cloth and cordage he may utilise its power or disappoint its voracity—on such points he is knowing enough; but of the sea as that which in this strange and awful life-theatre of ours is the most astonishing result of creative power and love,—of the sea in that "infinite variety" of attribute which "time cannot wither nor custom stale,"—of the sea in its terror, its wonder, its sublimity, its majesty, its fury, and its pride,—of the sea in its peace, its calm, its gentleness, its purity, its fascination, and its delight; he, who of all others ought to know most, knows (I speak generally) absolutely nothing. "Oh! the sea is *so* delightful," says young Crinolina; and in her innocent little heart she thinks—of what?

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Of the new hat with its "charming" broad brim that will throw into such soft becoming shade the delicate young face, of the fun it will be to walk on the beach without seeming to know that she is seen by those terribly bored and *blasés* officers peering all day out of the window of the "Subscription Rooms;" of the ride along the sand under the cliffs with Cousin Frank, whose chestnut moustache and cut-throat collar have figured (fortunate appendages) in many an innocent young dream. Perhaps, too, the little darling, if she is of what is vulgarly called a "romantic" turn, thinks pleasantly of the fresh sea-breezes, and the grand overhanging cliffs, and the dark expanse of blue water diversified here and there by the fitful gleam of a sea-gull or a sail; or if she is a sketcher, she thinks of the long washes of green, blue, and purple, which she will inflict upon the "block," and go home in the happy delusion that she has made a faithful likeness of the sea. But as to the sea itself, she is no more intimate with it than she is with a man whom she knows merely because she has danced with him once. She sees it every day, and she thinks she admires and likes it: but does she feel or understand it? Has she, so to speak, any sympathy with the sea? Not at all. It is ten to one that she does not even note the changes which it undergoes from hour to hour. Exulting in the fresh rosy light of morning, or heaving in the hot mist of the languorous noon, or brooding in the calm celestial light of evening, its language is much the same to her. If there is a storm, she is a good deal frightened and perhaps

a little pleased when in the furious onset of the waves upon the shore their sharp, dark edges break into cataracts of fiercely-boiling foam. But on the whole she comes to the conclusion that "the sea looks *so* wild and dreary to-day," and that she hopes it will be all quiet again to-morrow.

Has anything good been written about the sea? Not much, considering its poetic value. Of course when a man is a great poet he cannot altogether avoid thinking occasionally of the sea; and accordingly, from the harps of the immortals in all ages have sounded here and there the most precious melodies in its praise. Homer never speaks of it but with "tender dread," and both he and all the other poets of old Greece, though they dealt less in the picturesque than is the fashion nowadays, understood far better than our modern bards the comparative poetic interest of the sea. Ἀτρύγετος, οἶνοψ, δῖα, πολύφλοισβος, every Homeric epithet for the sea goes to the heart, and recalls to the genuine lover of it, with an almost painful fidelity, some one of his idol's numberless delights. I forget whose is that delicious Doric hexameter:

Τὰν ἁλὰ τὰν γλαύκαν ὅταν ὤνεμος ἄτρεμα βάλλῃ.

Think of all the convulsive attempts of our modern poets and poetasters to express the same or a kindred idea—think even of Byron's "o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea," and "the green wave that trembles as it glows," and say whether any of them can equal this. We cannot express it in English, for that glorious Greek definite article has here a force triumphant, and

all its own; and the colour, γλαυκός, not green, not blue, but that indescribable one seen only on the sea and expressible only by this one Greek word, and the wonderful skill with which dactyl and spondee are handled so as to express the tremulous volitant motion of breeze upon wave—these things are inimitable in our less perfect language.

> Ὦ Δῖος αἰθὴρ καὶ ταχύπτεροι πνόαι
> Ποτάμων τε πήγαι, ποντίων τε κυμάτων
> Ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα.

No one could approach, no one has attempted to translate that. No one, did I say? Yes, in the "Christian Year" we read of "the many-twinkling smile of ocean," and in a note we are quietly referred to this ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα, as if it were much the same thing. And so it might be—to a boarding-school miss, but not to the chained Prometheus riveted to that pitiless rock, "ringed with the azure" air, mocked, cruelly mocked, by the multitudinous merriment of that illimitable sea.

It seems strange that the Latin poets should have done so little for the sea; but the truth is, admire them as we may, they were "made up" poets; and that Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and the rest, are to the Greek bards as old gentlemen, wigged, rouged, and tightened, are to young ones. Horace was a great poet, but his muse was curbed by the stiff collar of refined society, and jammed in the strait-waistcoat of Imperial flunkeyism, so that in the region of the picturesque, which by nature was her own, she was very ill at ease; and Virgil, with all his opportunities

of subject, could not for the same reason make anything of the sea.

Shakspeare, Milton—we were going to name many others, but none ought to be named in the same breath with these two, if indeed any other in the same breath with the first;—how Shakspeare felt the sea any one who reads "The Tempest" may know; and every now and then throughout his plays he speaks of it as only he and perhaps Æschylus could have spoken.

> The multitudinous sea incarnadine,

is one of the grandest of his lines: and there is one which we like still better. It is in that noble specimen of martial oratory which might make a coward brave and a Quaker rush into the battle—the address of Henry V. to his soldiers before Harfleur:

> Let the brow o'erwhelm it (the eye),
> As fearfully as doth the galled rock
> O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
> *Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.*

"Wild and wasteful." What art of Turner or of Stanfield; what richest rhapsody of Ruskinian eloquence could come within five hundred miles of that? It is the actual poetic truth, which your soul has so often yearned for when you have tried to recall your impressions of the surf-beaten shore; and if you will repeat the whole line over to yourself till you are quite familiar with it, you will see and hear, as if you were on the wave-worn rock itself, the long impetuous roll of the threatening surges as their fierce

battalions break upon its adamantine base; and then, leaping wildly into the air with impotent fury and vast expenditure of useless foam, fall back at last upon their advancing comrades with a long-drawn melancholy wail. And here I am reminded of a simile taken from a mock-heroic or burlesque poem published in our own day, of which I forget even the title, and of which my impression is that it has little to recommend it except the lines in question, which, however, are exquisitely beautiful:

> As in obeisance lowly
> To Ocean's argent Queen, in some calm bay
> By moonlight ebbs the uncomplaining tide,
> O'er sheeny sands serenely drawn away.

Yes; a small sand-paved bay by moonlight (say in Guernsey or Jersey, pre-eminent for their delicious bays), is in itself enough, though seen but once, to make life a blessing. Silence, seclusion, mystery, calm: the pale radiance of the moon; the ebb of tides "serenely drawn away." Not sound, but its beatified spirit; not light, but its sanctified soul; deep, peaceful sadness, ineffable love, "divine despair," and stronger perhaps than all, the memory of the past; for somehow or other, explain it as we will, there is an unfailing link between memory and the moon. Milton loved the sea as only a great poet can love it, though his acquaintance with it was anything but familiar; and though in "Lycidas" he insulted it by calling it the "watery floor"—a chambermaid's metaphor. But from the time when his bright chestnut hair curled about his smooth young forehead and

deep poetic eyes, and he wrote in his ode "On the Nativity," how—

> The winds with wonder wist,
> Smoothly the waters kissed,
> Whispering new joys to the mild ocean:
> Which now had quite forgot to rave,
> While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave:

to the day of his consummate power when, in the "Paradise Lost," he sings, in lines of elaborately wrought and matchless melody—

> As when to them who sail
> Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are passed
> Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
> Sabæan odours from the spicy shore
> Of Araby the Blest:—with such delay
> Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
> Pleased with the grateful scent, old Ocean smiles.

Milton was a worshipper of the sea. To our thinking he could have done something really worthy of it: something which would have been to the sea what "Paradise Lost" was to the land, and which the mermen and mermaidens "would not willingly let die." There is perhaps no one like him who can give you that delicious sensation which he only has felt who has been at sea in some latitude verging on the Tropics, when the air at once fresh and languorous and laden with the subtle odours of some spice-island fifty miles away — *ἔνθα μακάρων νάσους Ὠκεάνιδες αὔραι περιπνέοισι,* — plays round his temples as he leans against the bulwarks, gazing over that wide expanse of silvery blue water, that wears an aspect of calm delight, and only here

and there testifies by an ebullition of freshening foam the exuberance of its joy. In that long abstracted gaze, if the man has a grain of feeling or imagination, what thoughts unutterable of divine power and love —of rest and peace somewhere—of the glory and wonder, but above all, of the mystery of creation—of death, of life, of human ignorance and helplessness—of things far other and deeper than these, and which in truth there are no words to express,—will chase each other through his charmed but bewildered brain: and all this strange composite sensation, if once it has been felt, a few Miltonic touches shall have power to recall.

Byron has been said by some to be the only poet who has written anything worthy of the sea; a statement quite saddening in its unveracity. When Byronism was at its height, when shirt-collars were turned down, and you could not be interesting unless you were miserable and vicious, it might pass, as did much other counterfeit coin; now few, we should think, would accept it. The four or five stanzas beginning "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll," contain some noble versification (how should it be otherwise with such an ear as Byron's?), but the thoughts, with one or two exceptions, are not of the highest order.

> Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,

is a bold and masterly use of a suggestion in a sonnet of Shakspeare,

> Time writes no wrinkle on thine antique face,

and is altogether fine. But the idea of the power of man "stopping with the shore"—one in itself rather questionable in point of poetic truth—is overstrained; and that of the eternity of the sea as compared with the perishableness of empires, is far from a good one (for the same may be said of the land), and is worked out into absolute nonsense. The truth is that Byron, born a poet and a gentleman, lived according to his own account, as Thackeray has well said, the life of a snob. And thus, through all his poems, immortal though they be, there runs a vein of more or less snobbishness, and thus, when he came to speak of the sea, which of all created things seems the most intolerant of snobbism, he was apt to flounder and to fail.

Scott—with his eye for the picturesque, his fine ear, and his genial but superficial nature—could write very prettily of the sea. A fresh, life-like, and soul-stirring picture is that voyage of the Nuns of Whitby, when:

> It curled not Tweed alone, that breeze,
> But far upon Northumbrian seas,
> It freshly blew, and strong.
> Upon the waves she stooped her side,
> And bounded o'er the swelling tide
> As she were dancing home;
> The merry seamen laughed, to see
> Their gallant ship so lustily
> Furrow the green sea-foam.

But it was little more than the face of the sea, and not its deep, passionate heart that Scott could understand. Coleridge? Yes; in the author of the "Ancient

Mariner" there was a deep sympathy with the sea, as any one will confess who has lain for three days and nights (for it is too hot to sleep below) on the deck of a vessel becalmed on the Line, when the sea is like solid glass, and though you feel a lazy motion in the vessel, looking over the side you can detect none in the water, down into whose vitreous depths for many a fathom you can see, and watch there the sportive wrigglings of small parties of fish that look like serpents without heads, and wonder how it is possible that waves can ever again appear on that floor of transparent stone, varied here and there by the tortuous courses of currents stealing far away with a strange mysterious interest in their wanderings, till they are lost in the hot mist that confounds at no great distance sea and sky.

> Day after day, day after day,
> We stuck, nor sense nor motion,
> As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean.

Then, in another kind, how wonderfully fine is this :—

> The fresh wind blew, the white foam flew,
> The furrow followed free;
> *We were the first that ever burst*
> *Into that silent sea.*

After reading that you hold your breath, and ponder on it with astonishment and delight.

And this reminds us of Barry Cornwall. Of this gentleman I was for a time inclined to think that his song of the sea was too melo-dramatic to be really

laudable. But there are one or two redeeming touches which lift it well out of that category.

> The waves were white, and red the morn,
> In the noisy hour when I was born,
> The whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
> And the dolphins bared their backs of gold,
> And never was heard such an outcry wild
> As welcomed to life the ocean child.

Compare this with

> The blue above and the blue below,
> And silence wheresoe'er I go.

Yes; the sea is both noisy and silent, and the man who could feel this was a poet not altogether of the "Black-eyed Susan" order. There is silence in every sound of it, from the lulling undertone that is just enough on a calm summer evening to mark the union of sea and land, to the wild roar of the fierce Atlantic, maddening in its eternal strife with the iron-hearted cliffs of Western Ireland, making every cave and inlet, won from them by the toil of ages, a seething, howling cauldron of contending waves, which show here and there amidst the deluge of their surf glimpses of black-blue water, and sending up to the very summit of the giant rock traces of its wrath and power in flakes of scattered foam and blinding mist of spray. In this, too, there is silence, for loud as is the noise, there is nothing to jar upon the ear—or rather, to the ear there is stunning sound, to the mind there is profound and solemn stillness. This may be paradoxical; but who feels that silence is really broken by the vociferous chorus of birds deep in the thicket of June?

Who does not feel, indeed, that the silence is rather deepened by the sound—that it is not sound, but melodious silence, that is there?

Our greatest living poet (to say the least of him), Alfred Tennyson, has not as yet done much for the sea; but not a few gems which take their lustre from it are to be found in his poems. Every one remembers that masterly touch, so true to the German Ocean, about

> Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
> And the hollow ocean ridges roaring into cataracts.

And in the same poem sign of sympathy with a tropical sea in

> Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

"In Memoriam" has a noble landscape in one stanza:—

> Calm and deep peace in yon great plain,
> That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
> And crowded farms and lessening towers,
> *To mingle with the bounding main.*

And in the final stanza of the same most exquisite lament:—

> Calm on the seas and silver sleep,
> And waves that sway themselves in rest,
> And dead calm in that noble breast
> That heaves but with the heaving deep.

Looking at this stanza by itself, I should have guessed that the sea which Tennyson here speaks of was a winter or late autumn sea; for it is then, as it seems to me, that the splendour, gladness, and beauty of light (not of colour) upon the sea are most

conspicuous. And accordingly (for a great poet is potentially a great painter too), when we look back to the first stanza, we find that it is in that season when "the chestnut patters to the ground."

As to painters, I really do not remember ever seeing a sea-piece which I thought thoroughly good. Mr. Ruskin's abuse of the Vans and Backs and all their brother charlatans is only too well merited. Claude could paint most exquisite pictures in which the sea figured prominently; but it is in his rendering, not of the sea, but of the light upon it that he is so consummated a master. If a mill-pond touched with the light of the setting sun were faithfully painted, the picture would be of incalculable value; and so Claude's pictures may be worthy of all the praise bestowed upon them, and yet not be good as "sea-pieces." Turner's "Fighting Téméraire" is a picture absolutely perfect in its way; but then it is only the shallow, smooth, artificial sea of a harbour,—the sea emasculated and civilised to suit the ways of men. In Stanfield's "Abandoned," exhibited last year, there was fine feeling and much power in the roll of the surging waves, tossing as easily as children would a ball from one to another the huge, desolate ruin; but is there any picture of Stanfield's, whether of sea or land, which, with all its merits, is not deeply tainted with conventionality, which does not in some sort remind us of the drawing-master and his masterly tree-touches at a guinea an hour?

I said that very few people knew anything about the sea; and in this respect I must at once confess

that I am little, if any, better than most of my neighbours; and if I am asked, why, then, do I write about it? I answer, it is because I know enough, and wish to teach others enough, to show that there is far more of wonder and delight in the sea than is currently supposed, and what a sacred duty it is, not only to our Maker, but to ourselves, to learn more about it. For myself, I feel respecting the sea as a man does about some specially delightful person—a woman, let us say—by whose side he has sat at one of our much-abused English dinner-parties (at which, stiff and solemn as they are or are said to be, you may nevertheless, if you are lucky in your neighbour, pass an hour or two with considerable satisfaction)—whose charms of face, of manners, and of mind, he learns quite as much as but no more than the reserve of passing acquaintance will admit of his attempting to learn, but enough to send him home with a kind of half-unconscious feeling that there would be both pleasure and profit in making such a character the study of a life.

The strangest, if not the most delightful, sensation which one has about the sea is, I think, in childhood. What a field for wondering interest in the dawning intelligence of six or seven years, when it is first told "you will soon see the sea;" or, "there is the sea!" The sea—what is it, who made it, and how? why is it not land? And in spite of parents, nursemaids, and governesses, the child feels that there is reason in what it says, and that it is asking questions which it is perfectly natural to ask, but which cannot

be answered satisfactorily. In my own case, when this event in my life occurred we were approaching Scarborough. Along hot, dusty, chalky roads, winding, as it seemed for ever, over breezy, turf-clad downs, the lumbering old carriage had dragged its way; and there was in the air that strange sense of freshness and freedom, and that delicious briny odour caused by the proximity of the sea; but these sensations could scarcely be noticed or understood at seven years old; and the feeling, when they said we should soon "see the sea," was one of far more pain than pleasure—that pain I suppose which the human race incurred when it ate of the "tree of knowledge," —the dawning, half-conscious apprehension of the great mystery of life. And when between the horizon and the turfy hill the sea itself appeared, I remember no pleasure in the sight of it.—I remember nothing but an all-pervading sense of novelty and wonder.

You may say, perhaps, it is all very well to tell us we ought to study the sea, but who can do it? How many can afford the time and the money for a sea voyage? Well, but you may study the sea for half your life, and yet have much more to learn about it, without taking any sea voyage at all. To have made a sea voyage of any length is indeed a magnificent recollection. Even the feeling when the last faint outline of the cliffs that have long ago lost their whiteness has melted into the distant sky, and for the first time you find yourself in the midst of the vast circular desert of water with its great dome of sky, is most memorable in its strange novelty; and

when after only a five or six days' passage you glide softly into the delicious harbour of Funchal, and feast your senses on the rich odours stealing from the shore, and the intense and gorgeous colouring of the dark-blue water, you feel at least several years older, both for the exciting sensations which the voyage has given you, and for the startling contrast between the green shores which you have left, and the paradisiacal beauty of that to which you have come. And then the long weeks of that floating prison, whose barriers are stronger than a wall of triple brass; the strange consciousness of dependence upon your fellow-passengers, who are all the world to you now; the delight of leaning over the bows and watching their progress through the green waves, that come laughing and dancing round them, and then gracefully part to make way for them; while here and there your eye falls upon a nautilus sailing calmly on the heaving bosom of a wave that seems proud of its delicate little burden, or a host of flying fish start suddenly out like a flight of silver arrows from before the ship, and as suddenly disappear.

Then there are the nights of danger, when the vessel reels and staggers through the storm, and you can hardly keep your footing as, to the astonishment of the officers, you brave it out on the deck with your "plaidie" round you, exulting perhaps in the darkness, the peril (which we will suppose not to be great), and the fierce struggle of the ship with the winds and waves, as fearlessly she ploughs her way through that terrible and trackless solitude. Or

perhaps on the sultry evening of some more sultry day, you see at no great distance the outline of what is apparently a mountain which has just started out of the sea for your special amusement; and before nightfall you are enclosed in a blue bay of one of those torrid African islands (the Cape Verds, suppose) whose desolate and adust beauty sets the imagination all on fire, but to yield to whose charms and dwell long upon whose loveliness is to the European death. So you leave in a day or two that beautiful mischief, and your vessel runs southward on the wings of the trade winds, whither I will not follow you, for I was forgetting that what I had to show was that to get some knowledge of the sea it was not necessary to go so far.

Nor is it; for you have only to take a short run by railroad, with perhaps a very few miles by coach, and however intense a Cockney, however steeped in the utilitarian pursuits of these unsentimental days, you may be with the sea and (literally, if you are a bather) in its arms; and believe me, she is not a mistress that will disappoint you, if you come to her with a reverent mind. You have been luxuriating, we will say, for months in the sights and smells and sounds of London; stunned by the eternal brayings of the Belgravian brass band, or the greasy grinding of the Tyburnian hurdy-gurdy; howled into a state of chronic bewilderment by all that horrible gradation of shrieks and groans which lies between the suicide of Lord John Russell and hareskins; distracted and humiliated by the charlatanism and chicanery of your party or your

profession. At last you find fresh air and sea-breezes absolutely necessary, and you determine on seeking them. You can hardly go wrong, but let me recommend the south coast, and especially the south coast of Devon. When you arrive at the little watering-place which you have fixed upon, go down at once (and if possible alone) to the shore of the sea. Already you feel a strange sensation of altered existence. Instead of the rumbling omnibus, the fussy cab, and the everlasting jostle there is a figure in cap and shooting-coat lounging about, or a tarry old fisherman hobbling along, or a broad-brimmed beauty tripping down to the beach with a basket for those dear anemones. And now you are on the dry, clean "parade," and your mind feels suddenly let loose as your eye rests once more upon that glorious expanse, and you taste the well-remembered balmy breath of the sea, and hear the long-lost voice of its glorious monotony. With a bound you have leaped from the sea-wall, and thrown yourself on the shingle, as it were at the very feet of the sea. And here you may stay if you like for hours, and all the time in a state of enchantment; for wherever you turn your eyes some exquisite picture meets them, and the regular, lulling sound of the waves gives a sort of dreaminess to the whole view, without detracting for one moment from its delight. On either hand cliffs—gigantic, but turf-clad to the summit on the land-side, and on the seaside wild, jagged, and rifted, but covered with a thick undergrowth of innumerable plants and flowers—shut in the valley that shelters the little town; but on the left, that stately hill that terminates

in the cliff is only the first of a long array, each with its weather-beaten face, whose time-worn rifts and scars are coloured with every sort of luxuriant vegetation, turned proudly to the sea, and making strange contrast to that part of its smooth turfy side which is not concealed by its neighbour hill, and on which you may see the white sheep pasturing the calm sunlit sward.

What a place for a pedestrian! It is impossible to stay longer where you are. You must up and follow the long white sweeping curve of shingle, heavy walking though it be, that lies between the base of that mighty battalion line of cliffs and the blue water on which they gaze, to where it ends in a snow-white promontory, beyond which all is hidden from your view. And if you do that, you will be really alone with the sea. As you advance, you have a feeling almost of terror, as if you had no business there, so desolate and self-contained is the beauty of shore and cliff and sea;—but this is only because you are a Cockney, and fancy all that wild loveliness cannot be meant for you. Onwards you tramp through the deep shingle, now casting a look upwards at the tremendous overhanging cliffs of red sandstone, with their huge boulders like buttresses of an enormous cathedral, and peaks starting up abruptly into the deep blue of the sky, and streams trickling down their furrowed sides,—now turning to refresh your eye with the clear, gray green of the fresh tumbling waves, and let it wander with a never-ending delight over that illimitable expanse, whose colours are too many and too

beautiful to describe, and which stretches far out into calm sunlight, till it joins in faint yet luminous distance a sky of that pale celestial gold that sympathises with all that in the human heart is deepest, tenderest, and most divine. And now you are clambering over wild rocks, about which the sea is foaming and splashing, and which have hitherto hidden what was beyond them from your view—so that when you have passed them there is the delight of satisfied curiosity to add to the beauty of the scene itself. The cliffs are now as high, but not so steep, and covered in parts with turf and with all kinds of creeping plants; but above the rich green of their sides huge gray, fantastic, primeval rocks are peering, in somewhat irregular array, with kites wheeling about them, and here and there a bit of sky serenely blue seen through some cleft in their hoary sides. Beyond, the opening of the deep narrow gorge or "combe," shut closely in on all sides except that towards the sea by hills covered thick with wood, and perfectly enchanting you with its profound seclusion, its winding path through impenetrable woods, its tracts of cool, green sward, its deep glades into which none but the midday sun can shine, and the hillocks of smooth soft turf that crown its guardian hills when they near the sea, and catch the last rays of the descending sun, and the stream buried deep in its bosom, and which you can hear but cannot see for the wild flowers and creeping plants that cover it. Or you may ramble under the cliffs to the right of the town, as far as that huge wall of dark and red sandstone, barred from head to foot with long buttresses,

every one of which is faced with a strip of green turf, and overhanging a secluded nook of the finest and smoothest sand; and when you are tired of strolling about on the sand, you may begin to explore that wilderness of rocks and pools that stretches from where you are standing for miles along the shore, every yard of which is a submarine garden, and every pool starred round with anemones, crimson, white, or brown, and, most beautiful of all, green, these last having their multitude of undulating arms tipped with a purer and more delicate rose-colour than the fingers of Venus as she rose from the sea. And here I will venture to say, that though you be no naturalist, you will linger till the clear tide comes welling up almost to your feet, and begins to cover the "rich and strange" wonders of marine existence that you have seen.

Though I have confessed that I know very little about the sea, I could go on writing about it for a long time, perhaps longer than my readers would like; but if this paper, far below the subject as it is, shall induce any one of the thousands who read "Fraser" to think of the sea more as it is—a fountain of exhaustless wonder and delight—I feel that I shall not have written altogether in vain.

AUTUMN TRAVELS.*

REACTIONARY symptoms have recently appeared in regard to foreign travel. What a panic, for instance, must have been created among the swarm of animalculæ who feed and fatten upon that confiding creature, "the tourist," by a leading article which appeared in *The Times* in August last, informing the people of England that on the whole it was better to stay at home. And so, as travelling is now carried on, I verily believe it is. At least I know that by far the most miserable-looking people I have ever seen have been "tourists." Stand at the door of one of the crowded hotels of Switzerland in the travelling season, and watch the countenances of the English party who have just arrived in that dusty, rickety vehicle, and are asking anxiously if there is room. You would say, not so much that they were unhappy, as that they were in that stage of suffering when misery has passed into despair. It is evident that four of the party, viz., the father, the young swell with the green veil and alpenstock, and the two once-enthusiastic daughters, have for hours not spoken one word to each other, except to ask how far it is to their

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destination, and to be invariably informed that it is "*eine Stunde.*" The stoutish and reddish mother of the family has probably spoken often enough, for she is evidently of a sort whose pluck and loquacity it is not easy to subdue; but her talk has been irritable and querulous, and it is with something of exhaustion in her tone that she makes the necessary inquiries. It is rare indeed, at the end of a day, to meet even a tolerably contented-looking tourist.

Nevertheless, I boldly assert that the pleasure of Continental travelling is not only not overrated, but that it is one of the greatest and purest pleasures which this world can give. It is not the travelling, but the travellers who are in fault. Our friends in the dusty *voiture* had been doing too much. Having perhaps but two or three weeks to spare, they thought that the best way of enjoying them was to get over as much ground as possible. Accordingly, they rushed in a few hours from London to Bâle or Geneva, their impressions of foreign countries being thus far limited to sea-sickness, gesticulation, jabber, *gendarmes*, passports, *billets de bagages*, and *salles d'attente*. They probably rose in a state of utter bewilderment at two or three o'clock in the morning of the day on which it was your privilege to see them; since which they have been in an omnibus, a railway-train, a steamer, over a mountain pass, and five or six hours with a *voiturier*. Their object was to do a great deal, and their consolation is that they have done it. They have "done" the lake, the pass, the waterfall, the cathedral. They have seen the sun rise over so and

so, heard the echo that everybody hears at one place, drank the wine that everybody drinks at another, and seen the figures come out on the clock at another. It is this insane desire to "do," which is at the root of the tourist's misery. On his return home he finds that he might just as well have stayed there, and that having "done" everything, he has seen nothing. I remember once being in a steamer on the Rhine, just where and when the Rhine was at its loveliest. It was a beautiful though very hot day. There had been a good deal of noise and bustle in the vessel for a short time after we left Coblentz; but gradually the talking and laughing yielded to the entrancing loveliness of the scene, as through the deep seclusion of its guardian hills the "wide and winding" river swept onwards like a dream; and it seemed almost profanation to speak until the vision should have passed away. I was sitting accordingly perfectly silent, with my eyes fixed upon the vine-clad shores, when my reverie was broken by the loud enunciation of these appalling words: "The advice which I have received is to *do* the Rhine in one day." The voice proceeded from the most conspicuous of a small knot of English tourists of the genus "gent," who was standing on the deck with an open *Bradshaw* in his hand; and between whom and the Rhine, to judge from his manner and appearance, there could be no sort of conceivable sympathy. He was "doing," not seeing or feeling the Rhine.

I will answer for it, if people would give up the "doing" system, and take to the seeing, they would

seldom complain of disappointment in foreign travel. Let them remember that a beautiful scene is not beheld to the greatest advantage if you rush by it in a steamer, or if all the time you are looking at it you are panting with heat or sighing with fatigue, or wondering whether you shall be too late for the next train. You have no right to travel in this way. You have no right to deny yourself time to dwell on the majesty and beauty of those glorious works of God which it is your rare privilege, for no desert of your own, to see; nor to come suddenly upon them with a mind in that devotional state which is the result of the daily perusal of articles in newspapers and a sedulous attendance on metropolitan dinner-parties. If it were possible for you to do without them, I should even have advised you to dispense with *Murray* and *Bradshaw*, and the whole tribe of guide-books, as dangerous incentives to "doing."

Confident in the soundness of this doctrine, I determined last autumn on a short expedition to Switzerland:—a proceeding voted "slow" enough in these days of locomotive development. "Everybody goes to Switzerland," I was told; "going to Switzerland is like going to the Crystal Palace." And so perhaps it may be; and yet to me Switzerland was new ground. For what writer of a Swiss tour (and they are many) has ever given the slightest idea of what Switzerland really is? As for those gentlemen who perform enormous pedestrian feats there, and publish their performances, they seem to

me, judging from their books, to constitute merely a more sublime variety of the "doing" tribe. These remarkable persons think it not only spirited but sensible to walk in a thick mist or heavy rain from the bottom to the top of a mountain twelve or fifteen thousand feet high. They have "done" the mountain, and they are satisfied. If the weather was fine, they tell you a good deal about "stupendous precipices," "magnificent panoramas," and "boundless views;" but the only things which seem to make any distinct or positive impression upon their minds are the number of hours they walked, the number of bottles of wine they had with them, the angles of inclination at which they climbed, the jokes that Balmat joked, or the steps that Coutet cut. When they get to the top, they always shake hands all round and drink a bottle of champagne, and of this they manage to give you a tolerably clear idea; but as soon as they begin to describe the view, the most charitable wish you have about them is—that they had let it alone.

We crossed to Calais (I once tried travelling alone, and it drove me to the verge of lunacy in a fortnight), over a sea upon whose deep blue surface, calm as a lake, the mid-day sun rained diamond showers, taking a yet deeper azure where in a long straight sweeping line it cut against and made whiter the white cliffs of Dover, and lazily laying its lips in still more exquisite harmony of colour against the broad, smooth belt of golden-brown sand, above and scarcely above which appear the few queer-

looking structures that mark the whereabouts of Calais. There is no town so pleasant as Calais, and no hotel so delightful as Dessin's. To find yourself at Calais and at Dessin's in the evening of the day on the morning of which you were threading the sombre streets of London, is a strange and deep delight. The quaint old, quiet, historic look of the hotel—the court-yard with its orange-trees and green shutters and little groups of gay flowers (or rather "fleurs," which sometimes, I think, are quite different things) coquettishly disposed about it; and then, as you pass under a side archway, the wonderful little garden upon which you suddenly come, close shut in on all sides and brimming over with innumerable flowers, but having its gaiety subdued and solemnised by the tall trees that shade and seclude it, intensely quiet and peaceful though almost in the heart of a large hotel; even the old waiter, who has been there any number of years and shows you to your room with intense politeness as if the house were his own and you were on a visit, and serves you up in less than half-an-hour an admirable little dinner, with wine not scorching the vitals and dulling the perceptions like our dear old British ports and sherries, but refining while it invigorates—these things, and many more, give to Dessin's a charm entirely its own. There was time, too (for we left London early) to stroll through the picturesque old town, and take a glance at the lions to which the guide-books send you; but as a general rule I make short work of lions, for I never was much of an antiquarian, and there is

a horrible sensation which begins in the calves of the legs, and gradually rising takes possession of you body and soul, as you listen to the parrot-like prating of the merciless ruffian who walks with you round the castle or the cathedral, which quite destroys any small pleasure I might have in listening to its history. But let no one who ever goes to Calais neglect to walk out at sunset right to the end of the long narrow pier. A fine sunset from Calais pier is a sight as glorious as any which our part of creation has to show. I have been a pretty constant observer of sunset skies, but one so grand as that which on that evening traced its long path of rippling gold from the foot of the very pier itself to the horizon line of western sea, I never before or since have seen. Whether Turner could have given any idea of it, I do not know; I am quite certain that I could not.

A long day's journey, in which the heat and dust were extreme, but having become respectively *chaleur* and *poussière* seemed more tolerable than they used to be, brought us safe to our hotel in the Rue de Rivoli; and it was pleasant the next morning to wake among the well-known sights and sounds (to say nothing of the smells) of Paris, the orange-trees and gold-tipped rails of the Tuileries gardens, the jingle of the bells on the omnibus horses, and the incessant drumming of small parties of blue, white, and red soldiers, constantly marching by at the top of their speed, as if they were wanted immediately in an affair of the greatest urgency. I have heard of people whose mode of travel was to engage a *voiturier* in Paris, and

go from one end of the Continent to the other with the same carriage and horses; and I only wish I could have done the same. But time forbade; and after a drive in an open *fiacre* through the bright laughing streets, and past the sentimental column of July, round whose patriotic base a few thousand troops were assembled in rather equivocal connexion with the funeral of Béranger, the poet of the barricades, and an easy railway journey through a country of that quiet, unpretending beauty which Turner loved and drew so well—of placid river wandering through plains all yellow with the harvest or green meadows dotted over with innumerable kine, and reflecting here and there in its slow winding waves the long rows of poplars, with their calm monotony of graceful form, pointing, spire-like, to heaven—we arrived at Dôle, where we put up at a remarkably unclean hotel (which seemed somewhat surprised at our doing so), and thankfully took farewell of railways for some time to come.

Dôle is a dirty and discomfortable town; but it is nobly placed on the side of a hill overlooking the rich plain which lies between it and the hills of Jura; and if you lounge, as I did, in the early morning on a bench under the lime-trees that shade the little terrace which is the public sauntering-place, where a few time-worn statues stand out in strong relief against the sunny haze of the wide champagne below and the faintly descried forms of the distant Jura range, your recollections of Dôle will not be without their charm. We soon came to terms with a *voiturier*, who was to

take us through the Jura valleys, and the next day being Sunday, we determined to spend it in the very heart of that beautiful region. It is delightful, that travelling *voiturier* fashion, free from all the annoyance and discord incidental to every form of public conveyance, free to stop when you like, to go on when you like, to botanise or sketch if you like, sure of no disagreeable companions, and emphatically "master of the situation." All those bright hot morning hours along the wide white road, through a plain of corn and wine bounded on all sides by blue distant hills, we journeyed on, peacefully rejoicing in our complete escape from civilised life, and feasting our eyes now on the bold outline of the far-off hills, now on the bright array of wild flowers that fringed our way, now on some quiet roadside scene of cottage and orchard, till the hills in front of us had grown perceptibly nearer, and nestling at the foot of the Jura mountains, whose crags peer down inquiringly into its hot, bright, narrow streets, Poligny sparkled in the sunshine, and soon received us for our mid-day rest.

It is surpassingly beautiful that winding ascent from Poligny, as through the deep, narrow gorge, hemmed in by shaggy cliffs, you climb the heights of Jura, and look back upon the boundless sunny plain which you have left behind, its sea-like expanse melting off into infinite distance, far beyond the art of Turner or of Claude, set in a framework of fantastic rocks, which close, as you rise higher, slowly and reluctantly upon it, as if de-

termined that your parting with it should be affectionate and lingering. And now the last faint blue streak of distant landscape is shut out from your view, and you are alone with Jura. You have reached the table-land now, and on all sides round you nothing is to be seen but a level expanse of dark-green sward and tangled thickets, and sunny banks of rich and strange wild flowers, and you almost wish that this part of your journey might last for ever. All at once you recollect that you are going to Switzerland, and Switzerland reminds you of Mont Blanc, and you remember to have somewhere heard that he might be seen from your present road. You ask your *cocher*, who after peering for some time into the horizon a little to your right, exclaims rapturously, "On le voit!" You look in vain for a long time in the direction which he points out; but at last, over the dark horizon line of the rich green plain, there appears what at first seems the upper part of a small rosy-white cloud: but no; it is too steady and distinct, though faint and far away, for that; and soon you see plainly that yonder motionless apparition, set in the hazy purple of the far-off sky, is indeed and in truth the monarch's snowy diadem. From time to time it is again visible, as the road or the copse-wood favours you; but soon you lose sight of it altogether, for you are entering now on what seems a wide vale or "strath," beyond which rises a barrier of calm, gentle hills, meekly bearing their burden of innumerable pines, among which are seen long tracts of park-like sward, and showing here and there glimpses of rocky

dells and deep secluded valleys enclosed in their fond protecting arms; and between you and those hills, on the banks of a winding river, looking most pensive and peaceful in the calm evening light, lies Champagnole, where our Sunday quarters were to be. What a place for a Sunday! The evening shades were descending on tall poplar avenue, and long narrow street, and calm river, and grassy plain, from which, close on the left, rose grandly one solitary hill, its proud crest turreted like a castle, and shaggy with impenetrable woods; and having passed through the single street of the town, and seeing nothing but straight road before us, we began to wonder where the inn could be, when suddenly the road turned sharply to the right, and crossing a bridge over a stream deep hidden between rocks all tangled with creepers and gloomy with the shade of acacia groves, our *cocher* pulled up at a neat little house with a flower-garden, so clean and quiet that we could hardly believe it was an hotel.

The landlord lamented bitterly the scarcity of British *milors*, who, it appears, bent "on doing" and attracted by the charms of some new-born railway, have deserted this old Jura road. But he got no sympathy from us; for how else should we have known the deep peace of that Sunday morning at Champagnole, sitting with our books about us (there is no Protestant church there), in the shade of that terrace-garden looking down upon the bright entanglement of stately trees that filled the wide deep dell below, with quaint old villas and pleasure-grounds

half hidden among them and gleaming among the acacia woods of the heights around, and upon the roofs, glowing in the mid-day sun, of the houses that rose tier above tier on the skirts of the mighty hill of which I spoke before, and which gave, with its slopes of terraced sward and its wood-crowned summit, relief and finish to the whole sunny scene?

At sunrise the next morning we were again in our moving home, threading the maze of pine-covered hills which we had seen before us as we approached Champagnole, journeying on among rich pine-woods, tipped with the silver light of the early morning, and deep sequestered glades, and tracts of velvet turf embroidered with wild flowers, and here and there strewn thick with whole armies of inexplicable loose round light-gray rocks; then, through a rocky ravine, into which there was no admission, even on "business," for the morning sun, and which, with its splintered sides all tangled with brushwood, and its brawling torrent, reminded us of Scotland; then out on the breezy turf and level land again; and then down, down, unceasingly down between those emerald walls, till all sign and thought of the outer world has fled away; and when at last you reach level ground you feel as if you never knew what a valley was before, and that now indeed and at length you are in the deep, peaceful heart of the Jura. For hours you journey on, buried deep among the giant hills that gather closely around, and brood over you "in solemn troops and sweet societies," and over whose steep and swelling slopes your eyes wander in wondering

delight, watching with half-amused interest the exhaustless and playful variety with which the pine-woods group themselves, sometimes crowning the hill with a dark impenetrable mass, like an army in position, sometimes climbing it in sinuous columns, with skirmishers in front, and laggards bringing up the rear by twos and threes, that seem to lay their heads together and consult upon the awkwardness of being left behind, and here and there a solitary straggler, dark and lonely, on the bright green sward, and seeming quite bewildered by the helplessness of its situation.

At length, with a sensation as if from some rich mine of gems you were being wound up to the surface of the earth again, you gain, by a tortuous ascent, a barren table-land, as great a contrast as possible to the scenes you have just left, and soon arrive at Les Rousses, a small collection of houses which forms the frontier town of France. You are conscious of no crime, and just now feel particularly innocent on account of the sweet converse which you have been holding with some of the calmest and holiest scenes of nature. You are therefore surprised to find yourself apparently the object of the gravest suspicion to certain peremptory individuals in cocked hats, who demand your passport, carefully peruse it, turn it over and over, carry it off, write on it, and at last reluctantly return it to you with a fixed and stern examination of your countenance. You have scarcely started again on your way, when you are again stopped and closely inspected, not satisfied with which a cocked hat

of portentous dimensions issues forth, and to your astonishment not unmixed with alarm — actually measures your *voiturier's* horses, in order, as your *cocher* afterwards informs you, that he may know them again. As soon as your nerves have recovered from this shock, you perceive that you are travelling through a country of quiet lawn and woodland shut in by low turf-clad hills, and for about an hour you go dreamily on enjoying it both for itself and for its likeness to England, and you think that perhaps after all there is nothing like travelling post along some English country road, when suddenly you start and rub your eyes—for what is that dim mysterious shape, glorious in its far-off majesty, looming large in your very path, between the tall thickets that skirt the road? You cannot tell why, but the sight of it, if you have never seen a snow mountain before, has given you a sixth sense, and made you a different man. Yes, that is an Alp; and by this time it has been joined by another as strange, as awful, as beautiful a form. Another and another—as the road winds on, the whole sublime and glorious array, the vanguard of the mountain host, deploys before you; beyond them a bewildering multitude of mountain-forms, till far away into the utmost distance of the south and east the whole wide landscape is one tumultuous ocean of crest and peak and ridge, dark as an unbroken thundercloud, or glistening with eternal snow; and beneath, as you begin to descend, stretched smiling at their feet, a soft and dream-like expanse of the calmest blue. And Mont Blanc—where is Mont Blanc? In all that

proud assemblage there is none so supereminent that it might be he. But see, as the road descends, more mountains are gradually appearing on the right from behind the thick green woods; and there, there surely—that pinnacle of spotless white, much higher than any you have seen, that must be the mountain king. Not at all. It is but one of the steps of his mighty throne. And now one by one, rising higher and higher, the whole solemn procession of *aiguilles* appears, and every moment you expect to see the dome-like summit just above them; and presently you *do* see it, but the sight impedes your breath, and denies you utterance of articulate sound; so unutterably grand from the last of the cathedral-like *aiguilles* is the sweep of that majestic line, higher, higher, still higher, till it rounds into a crest of consummate majesty and grace, and there at last, not where you expected to see it, but far up in the seventh heaven, is the summit of Mont Blanc. Still the view opens out, and with it the magnificent fall of the mountain's other shoulder, and answering array of white-robed *aiguilles* descending in beautiful gradation, till at length, covering and whitening half the picture in your front, and dwarfing the vast conclave of giant mountains round it, the whole wonderful structure stands revealed. The sight would be too grand for you, but for the blue level of that smiling "sea," softening as she lies there—the queen of lakes beneath the king of mountains—his majesty by her beauty, and drawing new beauty from the terrors of his mien. So confounded are you with the glorious vision, that

when the greater part of it is hidden by the woods of the descending road, you scarcely notice what remains, and see but dimly the pleasant orchards and gardens and villas through which your hot dusty road is leading; and your dreamy state lasts while you clatter through the rickety vine-tangled streets of Nyon, and is only dissipated by the jabber and confusion of the steamer that is lashing into snow-white foam the deep blue waters of the lake, and bearing you rapidly to Geneva, just as the sunset is throwing out dark against a background of burnished gold the long ridgy summit of Jura, and flushing with delicate rose the snows of Mont Blanc, now, alas! shorn of his height, and looking, but for the purity and breadth of his shining raiment, almost like an ordinary mountain.

Everybody knows Geneva, its gleaming blocks of houses, its showy shops, its staring hotels, with their over-worked waiters and solemn, endless tables-d'hôte, its gay quays and pleasure-gardens, and the blue rushing of its well-bridged Rhone. For my part, I am no lover of cities; and in Geneva especially I feel hopelessly cramped and jammed into a corner. What chiefly interested me, I grieve to say, were some enormous gnats with, as it seemed, forked tails, collected in a gas-lighted shop-window, and of which a bystander remarked in rich Helvetian French, "*Ils font des boutons sur le corps, ces gens-là;*" and the next morning, as I sat on a bench under the shade in the *Ile de Rousseau*, the evolutions of a bevy of swans that seemed to have dipped their feathers in

the snows of Mont Blanc, and their exquisite grace of movement as ever and anon in chase of each other they ruffled the sapphire waters of the Rhone, which changed to emerald or to opal where it touched the soft radiance of their swelling sides.

That same afternoon we were again on the lake, bound for its other extremity, and feasting our eyes on that marvellous blue, the very type of peaceful joy, set off by the never-failing strip of yellow sand that marks its meeting with the vines and orchards and villas of the rich plain stretching fair and free far away to the steeps of Jura, and on the gentle wildness of the southern shore, where as yet a few low solemn-looking mountains, standing far back from the lake and veiled in the hot mid-day haze, hide Mont Blanc from your view.

But now the steamer has startled quiet little Morges, serenely rejoicing in its shade of walnut-trees by the lake, and bright expanse of blue water, and exquisite vignette of Mont Blanc seen at the end of a long vista of mountains which fall back on either hand to reveal him, and disturbed with its horrid shriek the contemplative repose of retiring Lausanne; and you perceive that the lake has taken a turn and a broad sweep to the southward, flanked on the right by a huge pile, tier above tier, of gradually rising mountains, their highest rocks streaked here and there with snow, and at their feet, between them and the lake, a bewildering maze of hills, their sides covered to the water's edge w
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their level summits long sunny *parterres* of bright green turf rising terrace above terrace to the very foot of the barren rocks, and making you long to explore their beauties which for very multitude you cannot see, and which you feel that to know thoroughly would take you half your life; and you are right, for those are the "Rocks of Meillerie." And now Vevay is close on your left, and before you a paradise of strange wild loveliness. The mountains have closed about the lake, and shut it in on all hands except that from which you have come; and for a time you are unable to turn your eyes from the mighty barrier in your front—the proud soaring summit of the Dent du Midi, the serrated edge of whose colossal wall of rock runs sharp and clear along the fading blue of the evening sky, and whose eternal snows, and light-gray crags too precipitous for snow to rest upon, no chamois-hunter's foot has ever profaned. Nearer to the lake, stern and uncompromising in their guardianship, but soft and yielding in their beauty, runs the long rampart of the Rocks of Villeneuve, their sharp peaks of whitish gray, fringed with a single row of pines, just emerging from the wilderness of wood that clothes their steep and verdant sides. On the right, far off, the rocks of Meillerie; and on the left, close to you, a scene of the softest, most luxurious grandeur—of scattered villages nestling among vines and orchards and deep chestnut groves that clothe the base of mighty hills sloping steeply down upon the lake and sweeping, fold beyond fold, far up into the sky—far up to the

haunts of the chamois and the eagle on the thunder-riven peak of the Dent de Jaman. There they lie, the gems of the lake, deep buried in their mine of woods, Clarens and Montreux; and there, a cluster of white towers rising out of the lake, the mirrored beauty of time-worn and wave-worn Chillon.

You are still in the wondering reverie produced by this marvellous scene, when you find yourself on shore and ascending among walnut and acacia trees the neat gravel walks of the terrace-garden of the hotel, if indeed it be an hotel, that large solitary mansion with its quiet paths and pleasure-grounds and its aspect of luxurious repose. You enter, half expecting the millionaire owner of the house to come out and ask you your business; but you are at once satisfied upon this point by the cheerful alacrity with which you are welcomed and waited upon, and soon find yourself seated comfortably at the window of a luxurious room looking out on the lake, in time to watch the sun go down behind the long wavy line of distant Jura, and the burnished gold of the lake fade into a grayish purple that matches exquisitely with the dark, cool green of the woods and hills above Chillon. And there you are sure to stay till the last faint flush of rosy light has faded from the twin mysterious peaks that crown the rocks of Meillerie, and their fantastic outline shows sharp against the sky by the silver light of the moon just rising above them and throwing from the dark, silent shore beneath a [illegible] pale, delicate, wavering light right across [illegible] it blackens

the tops of those tall poplar trees close under you, swaying gently in the soft night air, as if in time to the lulling monotony of the lake as it breaks softly on the shore beneath its fringe of walnut-trees. It is a place of resistless fascination, that Hotel Byron; and if you can get away from it without staying there a few days, you must be a man of superhuman apathy; for when you look out of the window the next morning, you will feast your eyes on a scene perhaps unrivalled in the world; and all through the morning hours in the deep, cool shade (for you are under the broad shadow of the rocks of Villeneuve) you will watch the varying colour of the lake, bright green at first, brightest and greenest where it nears the white walls of Chillon, and then, as the early mists rise up from the sunny slopes of Meillerie, showing some streaks of purple on its bosom and fading off in the distance into an opalescent gray; and about noon, far away on the utmost horizon of the lake, a long line of the richest azure cuts suddenly against the faintly descried form of the long Jura range, and getting broader and broader, nearer and nearer, drives before it in its triumphant march the gray, the purple, and the green, until at length the whole lake lies before you one joyous expanse of bright sparkling blue. You need never leave the hotel, or even your rooms, for from sunrise to moonrise the lake will occupy you enough; but if you do, there are rambles without end under the vines and chestnut-trees, and up among the mountain ravines, on soft turf redolent of rich and rare wild flowers, and wherever you walk, yor

will ever and anon be startled and gladdened by some beautiful apparition of the lake seen far below between the trees. But you cannot stay here for ever, or you will be wholly enervated and undone, and after a few days are over, you will do well to consult your maps and engage your *voiturier*, and set out, as we did, on your way up the valley of the Rhone.

If we had been "doers" we should have rushed to Martigny, over the Tête Noire pass to Chamouni, over the Col de Bonhomme into the Val d'Aosta, thence over the St. Bernard, and after a visit of two or three days to Zermatt and the Matterhorn, by way of the Gemmi to Thun and Interlaken, thence by the Grimsel and Furca and St. Gothard to Lucerne, and so home, all in an incredibly short space of time. As it was, we determined to take the Rhone for our guide, and let him lead us gently and naturally into the heart of the Swiss Alps.

It requires some courage to leave the lake of Geneva, looking her best on a fine summer morning. As we went jingling down the garden walks of the Hotel Byron, she looked so provokingly beautiful lying half awake in the shadow of the Villeneuve rocks, that I believe we should have turned ignominiously back again before we had got many miles on our road, had it not been for the marvellous grace and grandeur of the Dent du Midi. It was early morning yet, and all on the left—the concourse of hills above Villeneuve, and the vast buttresses of the Diablerets, and of the other high Alps between us and the lovely Simmenthal —and h[illegible] Rhone valley, which was to be

our home for two long days, lay slumbering in the deepest shade; but on the right, as it seemed about five miles before us, rose the Dent du Midi bathed from head to foot in glorious light, some thousands of feet of green mountain side (as if a whole landscape of lawns and dells of pines and chestnut groves had been heaved with one mighty impulse up from the level valley), from whose vast sweep of concave outline rose sheer into the morning sky a long range of smooth, precipitous rock, sheeted with vast tracts of pure, smooth, radiant snow, and culminating where it overhangs the valley in one predominant peak that crowning all "stands up and takes the morning." For some ten or fifteen miles the changing aspects of this mountain, in form as exquisite as any that I know, are a constant source of delight to you; and when you stop to breakfast at Bex you can think of nothing and look at nothing but the Dent du Midi. You lose sight of it after leaving Bex, and journey on among pleasant orchards and gardens, looking lazily from time to time at the beech and pine-covered sides of the mighty hills which at a respectful distance shut in your road, till you clatter over the bridge that spans the Rhone, where, but for the Rhone, two vast mountains, the Dent du Midi and Dent du Morcles, of which you can see nothing but the woody and rocky basements, would meet and touch each other; and then the August sun has risen fierce and hot over the valley, and the rest of your road for hours is steeped in a blinding glare. The valley is more open now, with the swift stone-coloured Rhone winding

and gleaming under you; but before you the mountains loom through the hot haze larger and nearer together, and as you approach Martigny you are all among them, with smooth precipices of rock on your right, from which comes ever and anon a waterfall of surpassing beauty; and before you, where the valley turns sharply to the left, a tremendous array of steep and rocky hill-sides, over whose wild entanglement of forest and cliff your eyes are listlessly wandering, when you are struck by a sudden sense of strange mysterious awe. Far above and beyond these hills, and yet scarcely beyond them, looking indeed so near that you could almost touch it, appears all at once a vast steep field of spotless snow, spreading away for miles on either hand and rising high into the heavens till it is lost (at least so it was in our case) in a solemn-looking cloud. What mountain can it be? Far and near there is surely none that could present you with a sight of half such majesty, except Mont Blanc. But if it be Mont Blanc, how on earth can he have got there? You are a bad geographer, perhaps; but you thought him twenty miles away to the right, and quite invisible here. But now the cloud, which has been tantalising you dreadfully, by lifting slowly and revealing more and more of the vast field of snow, only to descend again and shut it out from your view, rises higher than it has ever risen before, and though it instantly falls again, in that brief moment all your doubts were set at rest and the repose of perfect faith took possession of your mind, for that moment revealed to you the well-known line of d auty to

which no mountain summit but one can lay claim. And when, soon after, you are battling with the flies and the heat in the hottest place you ever were in—an hotel at Martigny—and the waiter, who has lived there all his life, confidently informs you that you cannot see Mont Blanc from the road you have been travelling, you merely pity the ignorance which you do not attempt to dispel. You were not far wrong in your geography. The mistake you made was in under-estimating Mont Blanc. He is, as you thought, some twenty or thirty miles away from you, and yet so vast are his proportions that he overlooks you even here; and if you were to follow that winding path under the chestnut-trees for which there is just room between the vast wooded rocks that overshadow Martigny, you would have entered on the Tête Noire and Col de Balme pass, and be brought face to face with his dazzling glories. Great are the attractions of Martigny, but as you are not a salamander, you will hardly stay there longer than you can help in the middle of a hot day in August; and after studying from the window of our hotel the great corner "Buttress of an Alp," on the other side of the Rhone, long enough to see how admirably Mr. Ruskin has drawn and described it, we were on the road again, with the sun turning the Rhone valley into a great simmering cauldron, but at least in the enjoyment of some faint similitude of fresh air. It is a strange feeling, that of journeying for hours through that great primeval glacier course; on either hand of you a long serried rank of hills which

would be mountains if they were in England, but here are only the footstools of the great snow giants which you cannot see, an endless procession of steep and towering heights covered with pastures and pine forests, their higher regions every now and then bare of all vegetation, and glinting scornfully back the fierce rays of the sun in all the stern triumph of adamantine rock, writhed, and twisted, and cleft into strange unearthly forms,—an endless procession broken only at rare intervals by some fathomless ravine which looks as if it would be almost too awful to explore.

Sion appears at length, your resting-place for the night—a slovenly, superannuated town, looking from its gentle eminence far down the long vista of mountains through which you have come; and from morning till evening the next day your road is still between the same mighty walls, and under the same scorching sun; but the valley is wider and more varied in its scenery, and the road winds at times through thick pine-woods and over low, rocky, undulating hills; and the mountains on either side are of more stalwart proportions; and on the left, about mid-day, beyond the little town of Leuck glittering on that green rising ground on the other side of the Rhone, the granite rocks are rent from head to foot with one tremendous fissure; and creeping along the side of one of them appears dimly what looks a little winding path, but is in fact the broad road leading to the great rock staircase of the Gemmi. An hour or two more and you are at Visp,

where you are sorely tempted to become for once a "doer," by the exquisite beauty of the entrance to that secluded valley which leads to Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn, your view of which is closed in by a great white mountain which you are told to your disappointment is *not* Monte Rosa. In fact, the hotel-keeper has a positive contempt for it, and for you for supposing it is Monte Rosa; and you think, if that is so contemptible by comparison, what must Monte Rosa be? The shadows are lengthening as you approach Brieg, and there is a placid but mournful look about the valley as if it was soon coming to an end; and before you, on the right, the snowy pinnacle of the Simplon appears; and on the left, here and there in the hollows of the highest rocks, a lining of pure white just faintly tinged with emerald or blue—the advance-guard of some great glacier that has managed to work its way and peep over into the valley from the vast snow-fields of the Oberland.

Brieg is the end of the Rhone valley for the ordinary traveller, for here the great road winds up the Simplon and over into Italy; and if you wish to see more of the Rhone you must go on horseback or on foot. The sun was setting, but there were two hours more of light; and having engaged guides and horses (pedestrianism is a mistake) to take us in two days by way of the Grimsel to Meyringen, we clambered into a rough mountain cart, and jolted merrily off, charioteered by the guide-in-chief, for a drive of two hours to Viesch, which was to be our refuge for the night, leaving the horses and baggage

to follow as best they could. Oh, the shaking of that springless cart on that rough mountain road! If anything could equal it, it was the provoking placidity of the driver—a sturdy honest-faced Valaisian, who looked as if no power on earth could tire him, frighten him, or make him tell a lie. But we soon forgot the jolting in the strange beauty of the scene we were passing through. It is but little known to "the tourist," that upper valley of the Rhone, but it is none the less delightful for that. It is a gorge now, and not a valley. Winding about at first among chestnut-woods, and past little *châlets* buried in trees and flowers, your path leads on between mighty hills closing in and almost overhanging you, so that on the left you cannot see their summits, but only their steep shelving sides bare almost of grass and scattered thinly with straggling multitudes of large pines—darker for the evening shades that are closing round you and settling solemnly upon the impetuous torrent of the Rhone rushing just below through groves of willows and alders, or between steep rocks from which little graceful trees are bending down in passing salutation as he hurries by, and on the vast bare sides—bare of all but smooth, short turf—of the giant hills on the right rising straight from the rocks that overshadow the river for thousands of feet into the evening sky, till in the triumphant close of their upward career they catch the last rays of the descending sun, and bathe their pure calm foreheads in his mellow light. And now your path is obstructed by the br

face of a colossal hill; and crossing a bridge under which the Rhone comes thundering out between steep and rocky banks from a dark chasm on the right where he is lost to your view, you leave him to cleave his way in secret between the hills; and turning to the left you are landed by a series of endless zigzags high among the mountains, and taste your first breath of real mountain air. It is a strange and startling, yet a soft and tender scene that meets you there. You can see but a very little way in any direction, for you are close shut in on all sides by hills; but there is not a sign of rock or snow, and over all is spread a carpet of rich green sward, and small clusters of dark pines climb the heights around, and gather solemnly and silently about you in the waning light. But close to you, almost overflowing its grassy banks, a fierce though narrow mountain torrent rushes on, and the pure cold breath of the glacier is on your cheek and you feel, though you cannot see, that all around that scene of seclusion, so soft and peaceful that it might be the most sheltered nook of some deep Devonian valley, the Alps of Italy and Switzerland are marshalled in wild and terrible array. And where is Viesch? There, just before you, that small cluster of rude *châlets* among the pine-trees at the foot of the steep green hill that bounds your forward view; and presently crossing the torrent, you draw up at the "hotel," consisting apparently of a few logs of wood piled up so as to resemble a house, and inhabited by one old woman. You are rather a

at this prospect of accommodation; but you soon find that there is no cause, for a cleaner or more comfortable resting-place in a simple sort of way it would not be easy to find. We strolled out again under the moon along the torrent side to enjoy once more this perfection of mountain solitude, and to discuss the question (for the charm of the place was strong upon us) of staying there some days. If we had been without nerves, we might have done it. As it was, there was a sense of utter helplessness and isolation from mankind which we felt would in a few days have been too much for us. There were inhabitants, it is true, but most of them were crétins, and as we strolled along the moonlit path idiotic faces peeped and gibbered and mowed at us from behind the heaps of fir-wood on the wayside; and whenever we went in or out of the "hotel," a small assemblage of abject-looking beings collected at the door, and eyed us with a mindless stare.

The hoarse murmur of the torrent beneath your casement that lulls you to sleep at night greets you when you open your eyes the next morning, and as you issue half awake from the queer little cabin, and find at the door the small patient group of horses and guides ready for their long day's march to the Grimsel, you may be excused if you doubt whether you are not dreaming still. But before you have ridden more than a few yards up the hill through the fresh morning air of the mountains every n [illegible] ılty is braced to the [illegible] keene [illegible] enjoyment,

and when you have climbed it you are just in the right mood to enjoy the exquisite scene which opens out before you. Your path lies along the side of the mountains on the Swiss side of the Rhone, whose verdant slopes, gemmed with wild flowers and diversified here and there with woods and rocky dells, stretch far above you, giving you glimpses ever and anon of a pure field of snow, or a gleaming glacier that has wandered to its utmost verge. Some thousands of feet below runs a long reach of level valley, where your old friend the Rhone winds pleasantly through the sweet haunts of his infancy, among willow copses and tracts of glittering sand, and beyond him an answering range of turf and fir-clad mountains, or rather enormous hills, the gigantic proportions of whose towering forms look larger still for the hot mist through which you see them. You look back, and utter an exclamation of wonder and delight; for, closing in the long valley in the direction from which you have come, appears, far up in the distant sky, a shape of celestial magnificence—a multitude of pyramids, snow-robed from head to foot, and grouped into the perfect harmony of one simple mountain-form, the loveliest and grandest, next to Mont Blanc, of all the Alps of Italy—the untrodden and inaccessible Weisshorn. Then, as the hot sun beams fiercely down upon your head and the whole landscape is basking in the mid-day glow, soaring high into the bright blue air the dazzling white crest of the Galenstock shuts in the valley at its further end; and for hours you journey on in that delightful state of satisfied

craving for beauty which none but a picture so perfectly finished can bestow. And now, after a rest at the little *châlet* village of Munster, above which on the left a path runs up to the deep moraine and mud-soiled beauty of a glacier, and opposite to which the gigantic hills beyond the Rhone opening suddenly reveal a great square-cut mountain clad from head to foot in snow, your path descends gradually till you are nearly on a level with the valley, and suddenly turning off to the right brings you face to face with one of the great hills, which if you had kept straight on you would have skirted like the others, and with a feeling of mingled reverence and curiosity you find that here begins your ascent to the Grimsel. As you look up at the hill it seems of enormous height and almost perpendicular; but a wonderful series of zigzags takes steadily and slowly up it, your horses pausing regularly to take breath at places which they seem to know nearly as well as their own stable; and as you rise higher and higher through thin woods of spruce fir, and over mossy turf and among banks of rich wild flowers, the great hills on the other side of the valley seem to become higher and larger at every step, and beyond and above them vast snow-fields are appearing, backed here and there by a stern-looking peak or ridge. But now the cloud which had been gathering round and threatening us descended in a steady rain, and the whole upper end of the valley was shrouded in a deep and solemn gloom. It was grand, but provoking. The ascent had become very gradual now, and we were crossing an open moorlan

with here and there a gray rock rising out of it but not a vestige of shrub or tree, only short mossy turf still starred with numberless wild flowers; and now the rain and mist came closer and closer about us, so that at last some few yards from the path was all that we could see. Then the road became more stony though scarcely more steep, and gradually all sign of vegetation vanished, and with rueful thoughts and damp and chilly frames we struggled on over gently rising ground, among loose rocks and across little streams ice-cold and crystal-clear, and over little patches of snow on which our horses slipped and floundered, till at last the track became faint, and it was clear that the guides themselves would have been at fault, were it not that ever and anon appeared, dimly seen through the thick mist but a few yards before us, a tall ghastly-looking fir-pole, carefully secured by heaps of stones piled nearly half-way up it. What a dreary scene! Was this the region of the Grimsel, which we had thought of with such delight? And where was the Hospice? A good way off yet, and, as seemed certain, in as cheerless and miserable a situation as could well be conceived. Why, it was not even interesting—it was positively repulsive, that dreary waste of slaty rock over which we had so long been plodding; and we began seriously to wish we had chosen some other road to the Oberland. Suddenly the rain almost ceased, and the mist seemed to take a yellowish tinge, but all around was as dim and dreary as ever; when in a moment and as if by magic, it seemed as if the heavens had opened, and

there appeared in the opening, almost directly over our heads, set in a small semi-circle of bright blue sky round which the all-pervading mist was closely curling, a proud pinnacle of gleaming rock, like some celestial revelation, looking down and reproaching us for our impious discontent. Before we had time to recover from our delighted surprise, the mist began to part in other places, and gleams of sunlight and blue sky to show themselves all around, and from the proud rock-summit great floating wreaths of vapour fell slowly and majestically away, till the whole of the vast precipice which it crowned spread grandly out before us, and wherever we turned our eyes some awful form of precipice or rifted rock was starting into view. Several hundred feet below us lay a deep secluded hollow, round which on every hand the huge crags had ranged themselves in a jealous guardianship, and on its further side a small still lake, whose intense transparency of dark-green water mirrored their gray and weather-beaten sides. Beyond the lake, and separated from it only by a low barrier of smooth shelving stone, a stupendous chasm cleft the mountain side, up from whose fathomless depths the mists were boiling and surging, and baffling all attempts to penetrate the terrific mysteries of its downward career. A few steps more, and under the rocks a little to the left of the lake, appeared a simple cottage-like building, with one or two small figures moving about before it and peeping at us through telescopes as we wound down the slippery rocks,—and that was the [illegible] of the Grimsel.

It is a strange place and an admirable, perched like an eagle's nest in that snug corner of that terrible hollow, some seven thousand feet above the sea. No sound here but the unearthly rumble of an avalanche, or the roar of a mountain torrent, or the sharp crack of a riven ice-field, or the moaning of the winds playing at hide and seek with each other in the labyrinth of rocks. But the pure and bracing air sends the blood bounding through your veins, and you feel now, for the first time, the strange delight which "dwells in height and cold, the splendour of the hills." Abbots and monks have given place to chambermaids and waiters; and so much the better for the small crowd of travellers who, wet and hungry, crammed the audacious little structure that night, and shouted, and ate, and drank, and smoked, and changed their clothes, and ran against each other in the narrow passages, and wriggled themselves in and out of the little mouse-trap-like rooms, through whose wooden partitions every syllable of the choice language uttered by your neighbours is heard and admired by yourself. The rain came on again soon after we arrived, so there was nothing for it but to go to rest early, and hope for the morning. Nor did the morning deride our hope. It was a joyous sight, in the bright sunrise, the mounting and parting one after the other of small bands of travellers, looking, many of them, as if they could hardly believe they had passed the night in that awful solitude, and as if the wild magnificence of the scene had given them serious

doubts of their personal identity. We were soon on horseback and away. Taking the lake-born torrent for its guide, the path, almost as smooth and easy at first as a garden walk, and rising and descending alternately, winds through a maze of rocks, on which after the first few minutes long grass and wild flowers begin to appear, but no sign of other vegetation—not even one solitary pine. Then the scene opens out a little, and you cross a tract of swampy ground that looks like the dry basin of a lake, and all about which huge fantastic mountain summits, bearing great glaciers and snow-fields on their Atlantean shoulders, gather and close it in, except where a small opening in the rocks before you, filled with the blue haze of the summer morning, marks the course of your downward way. You reach it, and then the path begins to descend in right earnest, and over steep, slippery places, where your horses go wisely and warily, and down long slopes of loose shingle, you follow the lead of the impetuous Aar, who joined you some time ago, and who has now begun to foam, and chafe, and roar, and plunge and fret, as if he had just found out that he was to make his way to the plain, and was determined to do it magnificently. You look up from your gaze of admiration at his proud fierce bearing, and see that you are descending through a gigantic gorge, whose sides are vast precipices rising high into the heaven above you, and as you throw back your head to enable you to see their summits, every now and then the wide sloping field of some

sapphire-tinted glacier meets your view, and fascinates you with the awfulness of its mysterious presence. And now the mountain sides begin to be thinly sprinkled with pines, and the torrent loses itself from time to time in chasms overshadowed by their boughs; but still you are journeying between close-serried ranks of the mightiest Alpine precipices, and still at intervals the glacier or the snow-wreath glistens over your head. Down—still down, and the deep defile has begun to take a dark-green hue, for the gray rock sides are clothed nearly to the summit with thick pine-woods, and you can hear oftener than you can see the Aar, for his path is cleft between tremendous rocks overshadowed by stately trees. It is a scene so perfect that you feel that to ask you to diverge but for an instant from your course, or even to speak to you, would be an injury. So at least we felt, perhaps to our cost; for on the guide casually remarking that there was a waterfall near, and asking if we would turn aside to look at it, we peremptorily refused, and only discovered some time afterwards that we had missed seeing the famous "Handek Fall," where the Aar, becoming incontrollably impatient, clears at one tremendous leap, deep in the heart of the mighty rocks, two hundred feet of his journey to the plain. It was mortifying, and a triumph, I admit, for the "doers."

Down, still down; the gorge is as deep as ever, and its walls as steep, but the glaciers and mountain-peaks have disappeared from among them, and the climate has changed, for the fresh pure air of the

mountains no longer mingles with the summer heat, and your path winds pleasantly down among woods and over tracts of short turf interlaced with fruits and flowers, and by the side of the Aar, who now at intervals lays aside his terrors, and runs a rapid river between verdant and mossy banks. At Guttanen men and horses rest and refresh; but you have three or four hours yet before you reach the plain, and all that time you are still descending between those endless ranks of precipitous rocks laden with the wealth of rich pastures and chestnut groves, and at every step the vegetation becomes more luxuriant, and the colouring richer and more varied, and the heat greater, and the air less buoyant, and at length you find yourself suddenly freed from the embrace of the hills that have closed about you so long, and issuing, with the Aar flowing swiftly at your side, into the open plain. You look back from time to time with regret at the receding entrance, flanked by two proud colossal hills like mighty gates, of the magnificent scene of your day's march, and in an hour or two arrive, quite ready for rest, at the pleasant little inn of Reichenbach.

You are in the heart of the Oberland now, and if you wish to see it well, you should drive, as we did the next morning, down the sunny vale of Meyringen, and take the steamer on the bright laughing lake of Brientz lying green and still in its mountain cradle, with the silvery course of the Giesbach Fall twisting and hurrying down for hundreds of feet among the dark woods of pine and chestnut, and falling in a

bright sparkling shower into the emerald lake. In an hour you will be at Interlaken, and there, at your leisure, under the shade of the walnut-trees and resting your eyes on the haughty loveliness of the Jungfrau, you should plan your excursions in the Oberland. If I were to describe what I saw of it I should run beyond the length of an article in "Fraser," so I can only give you a word of parting advice. You will see no doubt the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and you will cross the Wengern Alp, and perhaps the great Scheideck. But whatever you do else, give a week to Grindelwald, falsely called "the Chamouni of the Oberland." Chamouni! why, Chamouni has its attractions to be sure, but if you do not feel that it has also its horrors, and that there is something too powerful for ordinary nerves in that terrible superincumbency of Mont Blanc, of whom you can get nothing but a distorted view except after a long day's climb, your mental anatomy must be different to mine. But Grindelwald is a mountain paradise—the place where beauty and grandeur, fear and love, are blended into faultless and consummate harmony. You may have a week there, and yet have time to see Lauterbrunnen and Kandersteg, and be at home again in perfect ease, by way of Strasburg, in six or seven weeks from the time you left England, during which you will have the satisfaction of feeling that though you have not "done" much, you have seen a great deal.

THOUGHTS ON MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

We live in a literary age. If books are deficient in this nineteenth century, certainly it is not in quantity. There is a plethora of books. They are to us as the jungle is to our Indian soldiers. We struggle through life waist-deep in them. We gasp, we faint under the accumulated treasures of intellect that are pressed upon us with a fatal liberality. To be sure this is a fault on the right side. How our ancestors in the last century managed to exist, it is not easy for us to conceive. For in those days books—taking the term in the popular sense—were few indeed. Ponderous dictionaries, scientific books, scholastic books there were in plenty. But books such as one could read—new books—three-volume books, magazines, travels, "charming" fashionable novels, green and yellow "monthlies"—where were they? A hundred and fifty years ago was born in the sprightly soul of Dick Steele the great "periodical" idea, and the result was the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and the rest of that respectable and laudable tribe. But only fancy a public compelled to slake its thirst for light literature in the polished dulness and prim plea-

* Published in *Fraser's Magazine* for

santries of Addison and Steele, and to swallow diurnal doses of morality disguised in little histories about Florinda and her lap-dog or Chloë and her fan. We, who luxuriate in a copious stream of journals and hebdomadals, monthlies and quarterlies, think with a shudder of the desolate and benighted state of our forefathers, our only consolation being that they did not know their own misery. But if they were worse off than ourselves as to quantity, I am not at all sure that they were so as to quality. In fiction they had not Scott, or Bulwer, or Dickens, or Thackeray; but perhaps they would not have exchanged Goldsmith, or Fielding, or Smollett, or Sterne for either of them; and they had Richardson, whose fame, great as it is, has never been half so great as he deserved. There is not, in my opinion, a tale in any language at all worthy to be put on the same shelf with "Clarissa Harlowe." The consummate art with which the characters are grouped, and the simple and masterly grandeur of their separate treatment, so that each is perfect not only absolutely but relatively, tells of true and unrivalled genius; and for the heroine—perhaps even Shakspeare never drew one more exquisite. From Ada's self

> To her that did but yesterday aspire,
> There was not such a gracious creature born;

grace, purity, refinement, gentleness, patience, truth, and love—love so intense that it survived all sense of personal outrage and ill-treatment, yet so pure that for a vicious nature, once proved to be such, it could not endure a day;—a modesty so majestic in its stain-

less lustre that vice, the coarsest, foulest, and most brutal, felt in her presence strange emotions first of wonder and then of shame, yet a girlish vivacity and playfulness so indomitable as even to show itself at times, fitfully radiant, amidst the gloomy and sorrowful depths of that long and bitter trial;—a heart so rich in human affection that it would have made earth a paradise for the infatuated sensualist who might have won but *would not* win it, yet so full of the love of God that it bore without a murmur the blighting of a life thus formed and fitted for all earthly joy, and welcomed, with a smile so heavenly that it turned a remorseless sinner into a zealous penitent and saint, her ghastly bridegroom, Death:—All these were Clarissa's; and where, on paper, shall we look upon her like again? What are our novel heroines in this nineteenth century? Amy Robsart, Flora MacIvor, Lucy Ashton, Diana Vernon—you that on your first appearance so captivated the world—we summon you to pass before us that we may pronounce in our calmer moments deliberate judgment on you all. Well, you are sweet creatures; but are you genuine *women*? Does any one of you possess a fair specimen of that miraculous complication—a woman's heart? Are you not rather the romantic creations of a brain impregnated with the spirit of an age when woman was worshipped, but not understood? And is it not rather in the Rotten-Row sense that you are "charming"? Then there was Mr. James, the most wonderful grinder of three-volume novels, on the Scott principle, that the world has ever seen—not wholly unreadable,

though they always begin with a tall knight and a short one, and end with the triumph of virtue over vice. Of Mr. James's heroines one can say nothing, simply because there is nothing to say. Their business is to be persecuted by vicious knights, and rescued by virtuous ones; and this they certainly manage to perform tolerably well. But both for Scott and his satellite James there is this to be said, that they are not novel-writers, but romance-writers; and that in a romance we do not look for any deep knowledge of human nature, but only or chiefly for picturesque description and exciting incident. And inasmuch as poetry is an infinitely higher thing than romance, so I believe that it is on his poetry (the most Homeric since Homer), and not on his romances, that Sir Walter's title to immortality will mainly rest.

But Clarissa has led me from my subject, which is not our heroines, but our books—the literature with which the public has been fed since circulating libraries flourished. It is a copious if not generous, a various if not altogether wholesome, diet. Most abundant of all, there is the novel and the pseudo-novel. To the latter class belong our serial stories, among writers of which the most notable are Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray. These are not, properly speaking, novels, for they are not constructed on the principles of that art, wholly unknown to the ancients, which may be called the narrative-dramatic, and for perfection in which genius of much the same order and degree is required as for the drama

itself. "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Pendennis" are not to be called novels, any more than are "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey." It is indeed simply as a humorist that Mr. Dickens has taken and will keep his place among the remarkable writers of the age. If he had written only the "Pickwick Papers" this would be evident enough. They were a series of sketches of middle and lower-class life and manners perfectly admirable in their way, and written with a freshness and keenness of observation absolutely marvellous; but it was an observation not of character and motive, but of the mere externals of humanity—appearance, manner, and mode of self-expression. From the beginning to the end there is not one of the characters which is *real.* Every one of them is a caricature, not of a human being, but of the superficial peculiarities of one. There is no more reality in Pickwick himself than there is in Monsieur Jabot. Both are the offspring of the same intellectual faculty: both are exquisitely ridiculous, but neither is the result of any particular knowledge of human nature. It is to a sense of mere humour, and that not of the highest class, that we owe both these creations. Compare Pickwick and Falstaff. We laugh at Falstaff as we do at Pickwick for that which is *personally* ridiculous in him, but we laugh much more at his moral weaknesses and follies. In Pickwick it is the tights and gaiters; in Falstaff it is the *man.* For Dickens has humour only, Shakspeare had both humour and wit; Shakspeare had creative genius, Dickens has

only an extraordinarily-developed mimetic faculty. It is unquestionable, too, that the later works of Dickens have by no means realised the expectations raised by his first flights. It may be said, indeed, that every succeeding series of "green monthlies" has stood a step lower than its predecessor, till at last they have died out from mere exhaustion of popularity. This is no doubt partly owing to the loss of the freshness and keen edge which are peculiar to maiden authorship; but also, I believe, it is in a great degree the result of what Coleridge calls "ultra-crepidation." Having succeeded with "Pickwick," Mr. Dickens resolved on attempting elaborate stories with mysterious plots, tragic *dénouements*, and all the rest of it. The consequence was that the stories failed both as regular tales and humorous sketches of real life. Their pathos is apt to be tawdry sentiment, their passion torn to rags, and their interest wound up to the requisite pitch at the end by the coarse artifice of a savage murder. On the other hand, each character, having to perform his part in a complicated narrative, is cramped and straitened into a more or less artificial aspect, and loses the free and life-like appearance in which the unfettered Pickwickians each and all of them rejoice. The power of comic delineation in such characters as Squeers, Sairey Gamp, Mantalini, Pecksniff, and the rest, is no doubt extraordinary; but the interest even in these is damped by the painful elaboration and total want of skill with which the story is constructed; and many of the characters are unnatural—odd without being amusing, and grotesque

rather than ridiculous. If Mr. Dickens had stood manfully to his trade, which is the caricaturing of real life and manners, and avoided all tragical and hysterical writing, every new work which he produced would have added to his fame. The success of the murder in "Oliver Twist" may probably have operated to divert him from the true line of his business; but there are thousands who can describe a murder so as to thrill your very soul with horror, for one who can construct a "plot" for a novel or a play. In *Household Words*, Mr. Dickens is himself again; there are papers in it evidently bearing the mark of the editor and well worthy of his palmiest days.

The humour of Mr. Thackeray is of a far finer and more subtle, and at the same time of a less joyous and genial order, than that of Mr. Dickens. The essential difference between them is, that one is a humorist only, the other a humorist and satirist combined. The weapon which Mr. Dickens employs to excite risibility is little more than what is commonly called "fun," and implies none but the most superficial knowledge of the motives of human action; the chief implement used by Mr. Thackeray is the exposure of the littlenesses, meannesses, and vulgarities of his fellow-creatures. The most successful of Mr. Dickens's humorous characters are rarely persons for whom we feel anything like animosity or contempt. Most of them, however ridiculous, are, so far as they have any characters at all, rather amiable than otherwise. But with Thackeray we laugh and despise or hate at the same time. Dickens will

sketch you a Bath footman utterly ridiculous in his pompous mimicry of high life, but so as that your laughter, if slightly tinged with contempt, is in the main good-natured enough. Thackeray will take a London functionary of the same order and anatomise him with a merciless delight, giving page after page and chapter after chapter to the exposure of all the vulgarity, all the spite, the envy, the pride and servility, the selfishness and meanness which are apt to be found in the worst specimens of the class, at the same time "rendering" (as the painters say) with a forty pre-Raphaelite power all that is most ridiculous in the form of expression and style of spelling characteristic of it, till we wonder how in one life there can have been time and opportunity for acquiring knowledge so perfect in its kind. There can be no doubt which of these two faculties is the highest, and which in the long run will be most lucrative. Mankind likes amusement, but it has a positive passion for satire. If you make your characters life-like, and at the same time utterly contemptible and ridiculous, you are sure of a good market for your works; but it is only by real genius that this can be done. Every one, I suppose, meets people such as one reads of in "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," and in his secret heart and half unconsciously laughs and sneers at their follies or their vices; but he has no satisfaction in doing so, because not understanding the precise grounds on which he does it, or not being able to express them in a popular and effective manner, he cannot communicate

with others upon the subject and so obtain their sympathy. The secret of success in a great author is, that he supplies this defect. He points out to the ordinary individual the peculiarities of speech, gesture, and conduct which produced in him the derisive feeling in question, and by treating them as matter for ridicule, both sympathises himself and enables others to sympathise with him. To do this thoroughly, as Mr. Thackeray does it, is given to few. "Vanity Fair" is a master-work. Neither Thackeray himself nor any one else has done anything equal to it in its kind. We seem, not to be reading about people, but living among them. It is not imitation, it is creation; it is not fiction, it is fact. Bitter and cynical enough it is; but to accuse a satirist of being bitter and cynical is only to say that he is doing efficiently his proper work, which is that of bringing into scorn and contempt those dispositions and actions which are the reverse of what is noble in human nature. If indeed the satirist attributes to his characters faults or crimes other or greater than those which are found by experience to be incidental to humanity, he grievously errs, and will infallibly fail of success. Becky Sharp and old Sir Pitt Crawley have been occasionally looked upon with suspicion from this point of view; but the verdict of the public was ultimately in their favour. Execrable as they are, they are not unfair pictures of the form which extreme selfishness is apt to take in the masculine and feminine natures respectively. No doubt that in the ex-

of his vocation, a writer such as Thackeray ministers to that loathsome mixture of pride and malice which constitutes the delight felt more or less by all in the exposure of the errors and foibles of others; but if this is a reason why such books ought not to be written, it is also a reason against all censure of that which is ignoble and hypocritical and selfish and silly and base. If the tendency of such writing is to foster a censorious, uncharitable spirit, and to make the social world look uglier than it really is, that is an evil effect of it against which both the writer and the reader must jealously guard themselves, and not one which should deter a man from chastising, if he can, with a scorpion lash, the frivolities and vulgarisms and vices of his age. It is dirty work, and there is a good deal less love than admiration in the feeling which you have towards the man who does it well; nevertheless, if he carefully avoids all *libel* on humanity, and shrinks with horror from anything like irreverent treatment of that which is really noble and pure and true, he is without doubt a benefactor to mankind.

Of novels proper, or books claiming to be such, there has been since the days of Scott a constantly increasing supply, till imaginary heroes have become much commoner than real ones, and there is a great deal more love in fiction than there is in fact. And this, perhaps, was natural enough. The idea once started, it seems so easy to write a novel. Absolutely all that seems requisite is leisure and pens and paper. Unless you are dull or practical to an inconceivable degree, to make an interesting hero and a "charming"

heroine, and group round them a set of accessory characters drawn from your own experience of life, must surely be a labour of love; and when you think of the thrilling incidents you can introduce, and of all the wise and witty and original remarks on men and manners which you will throw in, you feel that success is certain. And yet how many good novels have we —how many even "readable" ones? Our readable novelists, living and writing at the present time, may be counted on our fingers; and our really good novelists, so living and writing, cannot be counted at all—for they are not. Positively, so far as I know, there lives not the man who has written a thoroughly good, as distinct from a "readable" novel, except Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton; and he has been for some time doing his best to neutralise the deed by writing superlatively bad ones. Bulwer, I say, has written a good novel, and that more than once; but it was before he fancied himself a philosopher, and exchanged the worship of truth and beauty for that of The Beautiful and The True. "Pelham" was finely conceived and admirably executed, and the courage and strength of the principal character were thrown into grand relief by his effeminate dandyism. In "Paul Clifford" there was a command of spirit-stirring narration and a dramatic skill which have not often been surpassed; and in "Eugene Aram" the terrible subject—a man of refined education and established character with a murder on his soul—is managed with a power and success that reminds us of the Greek tragedians. In "Rienzi" and the "Last Days of Pom

poetic language and gorgeous imagery compensated in some degree for want of intrinsic interest and force; but then came the unhappy turn of affairs which gave us the sentimentalism and transcendentalism of "Night and Morning," "Ernest Maltravers," and "Alice or The Mysteries." Of "The Caxtons," "My Novel," and "What will He do with It?" what is to be said? Two of them are in a style strenuously, if not very successfully, imitative of Sterne; and all three are read by the public with an avidity illustrative of the stubborn vitality with which a literary reputation, once made, will resist the most deadly attacks even of the person to whom it belongs.

Since the "golden prime" of Bulwer's genius it is difficult indeed to find a really good novel. Unless, perhaps, "Cyril Thornton," I cannot think of one which is of masculine authorship. Mr. Disraeli's novels were practical jokes—successful experiments on the bad taste of a not infallible public. Of other "readable" novelists—and be it always remembered that to be readable is no small distinction—Ward is weak and finical, Theodore Hook a clever writer of narrative farce, Harrison Ainsworth an expert manipulator of the "Newgate Calendar." In later times we have had novels (as, for instance, Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year") showing power and originality and entitled to rank high among the readables, and one or two which look as if their authors might at some time or other soar into the thinly-peopled empyrean of "good

novels;" but certainly there is not one of these which can hope for immortality.

Deep in the heart of masculine humanity lies a profound contempt for feminine writers generally, and especially for feminine novelists. Lady novelists (it is supposed) must necessarily write silly novels; and certainly general propositions are every day asserted and believed which are founded upon a far less complete induction than that by which this doctrine is sustained. And yet it appears to me that (excluding Scott, who wrote not novels but romances, and excepting Bulwer) the best novels of our century have been written by ladies. Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen led the way. The former is pretty well forgotten now, and I have no desire to revive her memory; but Miss Austen is the idol of a numerous band of enthusiastic devotees. To me this admiration of Miss Austen's novels seems a mystery which must be classed with that of which George Selwyn looked to futurity for a solution—the reason why boots are always made too tight. Take her "Emma" for a specimen. Emma is a young lady about whom, when we have read the book, we have really no distinct idea of any kind, except that she was rather pretty, rather good-natured, rather dutiful, and very prudent. She has an old father, the salient point of whose character is that he talks a good deal about the weather and the wholesomes, [illegible] qualities being entirely negative; and [illegible] whom,

having prudently rejected first the prig and then the *roué*, she prudently marries the richest and most sensible, whom we are further expected to admire because he did not declare his passion till he saw the stage was clear. The by-play of this exciting plot consists of interminable discussions about such subjects as the weather, or the next county ball, or the conduct of somebody (I think the *roué* lover) in going up to London for a day to have his hair cut. Of course it is conceivable that a novel with such a plot might have been made interesting. If, for instance, the prig had been drawn like the younger Pitt Crawley, or the *roué* like Rawdon, we should have forgiven a great deal. But the prig is only the conventional outline of the character, and the *roué* the mere "walking gentleman" of the play. As to style I find no fault with Miss Austen. She writes in plain, quiet, harmonious English the dullest stories that ever were conceived. It is not that "thrilling" incidents are required to make a good novel. If the exciting part of the story were eliminated from the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the incident left as tame as that of Miss Austen, the "Vicar of Wakefield" would, I think, be improved; it would at all events still remain as delightful a book as ever charmed and solaced the soul of man. Since Miss Austen we have had several "readable" lady-novelists; and the best of them, I think, is Mrs. Gore, who is remarkable above all the daughters of Eve for her knowledge of London society, and especially, strange to say, of the habits of London

"men about town." I do not know that I ever in my life experienced so great a surprise as in finding that "Cecil" was written by a lady. There are one or two novels by Lady Georgiana Fullarton which show power and passion almost enough to lift them above the "readable" order, and gave hopes that she might do something really great, or would have given them, but that her second novel was inferior to her first; and very much the same may be said of Miss Kavanagh, who has given signs of something not unlike real genius and knowledge of her art. The author of the "Heir of Redclyffe" is scarcely to be called a novelist in the ordinary sense of the term; but in her elaborate, minute, and careful pictures of domestic life we have here and there a central or prominent figure as nobly conceived as any which our literature can show.

I said that (excepting Bulwer) the best novelists of our century have been lady-novelists. I go further, and say that the *best novel* of our century has been written by a lady in her teens. If you doubt this, read "Jane Eyre" over again; for of course you have read it once. It was written with the instinctive and consummate power of real commanding genius. Every line is drawn, and every touch laid on with the ease and precision of a masterhand. It was no elaborate complication of a skilfully devised story—no gradually and painfully unravelling web of treachery or crime—no phantasmagoria of intricately-connected characters flitting ever before the bew [illegible] n of the unhappy

reader—that made this young school-girl immortal. A forlorn governess, whose master falls in love with her, his wife in a state of hopeless insanity being secreted in his house without the knowledge of any one but himself and one servant, was the material on which she worked. Not a very promising one for feeble or second-rate faculties, but which, in the hands of real genius, was certain of success. Never was the growth of love described with a more subtle knowledge of the workings of a woman's heart—never were terror, pain, remorse, and the fearful conflict of principle with temptation, described with a more sublime yet simple truth. There is but one other modern novel, I think, equal in power to this, in which, indeed, the power is almost Titanic, and the great passions, terribly real and life-like, stalk about and jostle one another in all their naked deformity; and that is written—by whom does the reader think? —by another young girl scarcely out of the school-room, a daughter of the same strangely-gifted house. "Wuthering Heights," considering its authorship, I look upon as the greatest intellectual prodigy that the world has seen. It was not very successful, for it had not the constructive art of Jane Eyre. Though there are terrible incidents, "plot" of the story there is none; but as a picture of fierce and strong human nature, utterly untutored and untamed, left to run wild in the gloomy loneliness of a farm on the northern moors, it is marvellous. "Surely," I have heard it said, "there never were such people, at least let us hope not." For myself, I fully believe

there *have* been such people, and moreover, that they are drawn from the life; but at all events, these characters, "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love," are such as this young girl knew, by the infallible genius that was in her, might and would exist under certain conditions of life and action. It is a fearful picture, but it is drawn with a deep miraculous knowledge of the human heart.

Of historians, the three whom the world ranks most highly are Hallam, Macaulay, and Carlyle, and these three seem to have been given to us for the purpose of showing in how different ways history may be written. Mr. Hallam, with a style chaste even to prudery, and a judgment impartial almost to a fault — thoughtful, indeed, but thoughtful only about *facts* — treating all actions and events as matters of course, neither strange, nor startling, nor affecting, and important only as generating certain other facts which we call social and political results— so dry and cold that you shrink from contact with him, yet so useful and so sound that you avoid it at your peril. Lord Macaulay, the stately yet impetuous march of whose clear and brilliant narrative, coruscating with well-polished epigram and nicely-poised antithesis, "all clinquant, all in gold," carries you on with it by an irresistible impulse, yet wearies you at last by the very monotony of its elaborate excellence and the studied modulation of its vigorous and ringing tread—Macaulay, with a keen eye for the picturesque, and a large share of that sort of poetic

feeling which attained its perfection in Scott, recognising (like Hallam) the importance of events in their social and political aspect, and also (unlike Hallam) strongly affected by incidents in themselves, provided they are *out of the common way*, but seeing little to wonder at or to weep over in the ordinary course of that sorrowful mystery, the life of man, looking scarcely beyond the surface of things—hating all philosophies except those which minister to material welfare, despising ethics, sneering at metaphysics, barely tolerating creeds, and distributing praise or blame without hesitation and without stint under a strong party bias and from a standard of morality of the simplest and most conventional kind. And Mr. Carlyle—what shall we say of Carlyle?—writing an English exclusively his own, part German, part classical, part colloquial, part poetical—in itself a wonderful creation of genius, startling indeed to Edinburgh reviewers of the "able article" order, and to old ladies who have "no patience with such nonsense," but digging up, as it were, and bringing to light from the depths of our glorious language a power and a beauty unknown before—valuing events not for the political or social, but for the *human* interest that is in them, and looking upon every action or event however ordinary with intense interest, curiosity, and almost awe, as matter for wonder, laughter, or tears; as "a strange fact, not an unexampled one, for the strangest of all animals is man;" with a humour exuberant enough to rob history of her dignity, and a pathos and earnestness deep enough to restore it to her tenfold;

with a jealous and passionate love and a quick and steady discernment of all that in human action is lovely and true and great, and a graphic power which causes scenes and persons to live and move before us as they never lived in history till now; with a turn of mind singularly unjudicial, yet a judgment of character eminently impartial because of the marvellous insight which he possesses into the secret chambers of the human heart. No question, but of the three Carlyle comes nearest to the ideal of perfect history; and that is because Carlyle is a poet. Poetry, indeed, is not history, nor is history poetry; and yet it is eternally true that, except by a poet, no perfect history can be written. For whatever other faculty she may require besides the poetic, a perception of the true character of events under all the aspects in which they would present themselves to the most perfectly organised human intellect, a perception, that is, of their *poetic value*, is essential to perfect history. And in this respect Mr. Carlyle stands far indeed above Hallam and Macaulay. Instances of this there can be no need to give; for proof of it you have only to open any page of the "French Revolution" or "Frederick the Great." Take the defence of the Tuileries by the Swiss Guards. The whole scene is brought so vividly before you that you see and almost feel it—the onward surging of the maddened multitude, and the terrible recoil of its foremost thousands as ever and anon a sheet of quick bright flame, followed by a long steady roll, gleams out from the "red Swiss rock" that bars their onset; and if this were all, perhaps Macaulay

might have succeeded, not so well, certainly, but (let us say) half as well. But what Lord Macaulay could not have done was to show us, standing at a little distance, a thin pale individual, looking calmly and critically on that scene of chaotic murder and madness, and thinking, in the passionless presence of mind that made Marengo and Austerlitz, that "if they had been properly commanded, the Swiss would have won." There is no reason to doubt that the individual was there; but only a man who had caught the true historic spirit could have made so much use of him. If any one wishes to obtain some idea of how history ought and also of how it ought not to be written, let him read with the first object Carlyle's account of the French Revolution and with the second Lamartine's.

It would appear that to repeat the trick which Boswell performed is not given to mortals, and that only one good biography was possible for man. Certainly our libraries do little to satisfy the public requirements in this direction; and yet, notwithstanding the encroachments of the utilitarian spirit, and in spite of that loss of individuality which is lamented by Mr. Mill,* there has been no time when to all appearance people were so interesting to each other. Such biography as can be got is swallowed with avidity; and one small book (the "Memoir of Hedley Vicars") has had a sale unprecedented in the annals of bibliopoly. The truth is, that to write satisfactorily the life of a man you must either be a

* "Essay on Liberty."

Boswell or a genius. Of Boswell, Lord Macaulay says that he was a great writer because he was a fool. The meaning of this is that Boswell's simple-mindedness, or (as we say) silliness, saved him from the cynicism which is the bane of hero-worship; and his want of that keen sense of the ludicrous from which a higher order of mind is never free, allowed him to record without compunction and in the utmost detail every incident, however trifling, in the life of his idol, as if it was a matter of grave historic importance. The consequence is, that the reader finds before him a vast mass of truthful materials, from which he gradually forms an idea of Johnson. Just idea of Johnson, or indeed any idea at all, except that he was a very large, wise, and wonderful man, who had a perfect right to be out of temper when you contradicted him, Boswell himself had not. A man possessed of the requisite genius, on the other hand, would have discarded an immense number of these details; but yet would have so managed as to give you his own idea (and that would have been a true one) of what Johnson really was in his outer and his inner life, in his moments of weakness and of strength, in appearance and reality, in temper, in gesture, in manner, in cast of countenance, in heart and in soul.

The requisite genius, however, and the requisite absence of genius, which seem to be the only possible conditions of good biography, seem also to be the rarest of all human things. In our time we have several "lives" and "memoirs," some of them—

such as those of Wilberforce and Arnold—of the greatest interest, for they are of men who have left their mark upon the age; conscientious, able, and admirable works so far as they go, and entitling their authors to public gratitude. Mr. Carlyle's "Life of Sterling," indeed, is something more than this, and would seem to show that he has within him the power which could have given us under favourable circumstances something like a perfect, finished biography. But the usual course is by the publication of letters or journals to allow the patient to write his own life, some addition being made from the biographer's own experiences. Valuable and instructive as some of these memoirs are, they do not approach, or even profess to approach, the ideal of biography.

Of books of travel we have enough and to spare. The general opinion seems to be, that whatever else is difficult, this at least is easy. A man has only to keep a note-book on his travels; and if his route has been through a country not thoroughly known to the all but ubiquitous Anglo-Saxon, he can round the sentences when he gets home, and his book (he thinks) is sure to sell. And indeed there seems scarcely anything of this kind that the public will not buy. If you should happen to be travelling in a new and delightful country with a thoroughly dull, unsympathetic companion, do you care to hear his remarks on the various objects or incidents which are startling, amusing, or delighting you? Not at all; you fall back on your cigar-case and your own reflections. Yet

the public will read his book, and so perhaps will you; but only from curiosity to see a refutation of the Lucretian axiom: *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* For me, though travelling is supreme enjoyment, and books of travels are countless, it is rare indeed to be able patiently to read one through. Perhaps the best that ever was written is "Childe Harold;" and unless a man has something (Heaven forbid that he should have all) of the Childe Harold spirit in him, he will never do anything great in this kind. To make such a book interesting, it is above all things necessary that the objects and occurrences should be treated *subjectively.* If your narrative is a mere statement of facts it may be interesting to the philosopher; but to the general reader it will be dull, though the soil which you have trodden had never felt the foot of man, and the sights which you have seen were of fabulous wonder and beauty. The author of "Eöthen" knew this well, and it is the secret of his well-earned success. It was not the facts and events of his journey, but their effects upon a thoughtful and cultivated English mind, which he made it his business to describe. Of all really good books of travel the same is to be said. In Canon Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," for instance, we have careful geography, full, minute, and faithful descriptions of place after place, and scene after scene; but it is upon the *point of view from which it is written*—the poetical, or artistic, or religious susceptibilities which it calls into play—that the interest of the book depends. [illegible] this account it is t[illegible] writers as Dr. Livin[illegible]

and Mr. Ellis, laudable and valuable as are their efforts and their works, are (except to the scientific inquirer) such painful and laborious reading. Dr. Livingstone, for instance, treats all his facts as if they were of exactly equal importance, and tells you with the same statistical imperturbability that the thermometer stood at seventy and that he was nearly shaken to death by a lion. I do not mean, of course, that you should always be in a state of rapture; and you cannot be too careful, and scarcely too minute, in your statements. What is required is, that whether in describing a view or expatiating on the habits of a tribe, you should have a proper appreciation of the facts with which you deal.

Unquestionably, one of the most remarkable men of this—may we not say of any?—age is Mr. Ruskin. He is, if you like, not seldom dogmatic, self-contradictory, conceited, arrogant, and absurd; but he is a great and wonderful writer. He has created a new literature—the literature of art. No one before him had seriously attempted to treat the study of art as that which it really is—a philosophy—the least trodden and the most delightful of all the walks of science. Many before had doubtless felt, but no one before had shown to the world, how entirely and exclusively perfection in art is founded upon *truth*. In fact Mr. Ruskin, properly speaking, does not teach art at all but nature. He has done more for art, perhaps, than has ever yet been done by man; but it has been by bringing men in a serious, humble, and teachable spirit to nature, and giving them something like a true idea

of that which at best they but dimly apprehended before—how awful and beautiful she is, how full of love and sympathy for man, how majestic, how tender, how holy, and how pure. You cannot draw a tree (Mr. Ruskin says to you); and why? not because you have not had, or have not profited by, drawing-lessons on trees, but because you have never had the slightest idea of what a tree really is. You may feel, perhaps, that it is beautiful, but you have no notion in what its beauty consists. I will try to give you some notion. I will teach you, as it were, the philosophy of its loveliness and majesty. I will show you the divine purpose that guided every twig and moulded every leaf towards a perfect aggregate of harmonious form. I will teach you the *moral* of its wonderful structure—the tender or solemn meaning that lurks in every streak of light, or broods in every depth of shade. When you really love the tree as it ought to be loved, you will have a chance of drawing it, but not till then. There is some possibility of people "learning to draw" in this way, whereas before there was none. Unless drawing is taught on this principle, the only result of teaching will be to make many bad artists who might otherwise have been good ones. In the fulfilment of his glorious mission, Mr. Ruskin has been assisted by a style singularly clear, rich, and powerful. Every inventor of a new philosophy has in some sort to invent a new vocabulary; and Mr. Ruskin's perfect command of a language surpassing all others dead or living, except Greek, has enabled him
with extraordin[illegible] That in the

work he is eminently inconsistent there can be no doubt. The first volume of "Modern Painters" is partly intended to prove that the old masters knew nothing about art; and when you have read it, you have a greater veneration of the old masters than ever. The reason is, that Mr. Ruskin's own principles have improved your taste, and made you admire what he himself professes to despise. He has found out for you some faults in the old masters; but he has also taught you to look at nature in such a way as to see more of all that is admirable in her; and the consequence is that the old masters, who caught the spirit of nature even where they erred in the detail of representation, are more than ever precious in your eyes. In one page Mr. Ruskin will tell you to copy nature leaf by leaf, and grain by grain; in another he will tell you that if you do so you will be quite wrong. In one chapter he will tell you that Turner is above all artists, past, present, and to come; in another he will tell you that there is no good art but the pre-Raphaelite, which is certainly in some respects the very opposite of Turner. Yet for all this, and for all his arrogance, dogmatism and egotism, he is one of the most delightful and instructive of writers; and this because it is partly from a zealous love and a bold and uncompromising assertion of what he believes to be truth, that his arrogance and dogmatism arise; for even error, eloquently advocated with the honest conviction that it is truth, is better than truth coldly believed and languidly proclaimed.

"Homeric Studies" by the Right Honourable W.

Gladstone. There has been no book more noteworthy in this our era. A statesman of the latter days upon the poet of primeval times—a leader in an age of railways, and leading articles, and invitations to dinner, and "having the honour to be," upon the bard of times when civilisation had not yet invented steam-engines and chilled the heart, when there was more of nature and less of "respectability," when thoughts were greater and dresses smaller, and men walked this earth in wonder and delight at its awful beauty, and left no cards upon each other. It is a grand work, and worthy of the man. What zeal, what industry, what analytical power, what simple majesty of energetic diction—what exhaustless and passionate desire to know! Mr. Gladstone has dived deep into the well of Homeric lore, and has come up, breathless but triumphant, with a complete scheme of the ethics, the politics, the history, the geography, the theology, the sociology of that wonderful age. No doubt many of his positions are open to criticism; but who is there that is ready to enter the lists with him? and is it not rather a reflection on our men of learning, and long vacations, and quiet contemplative snuggeries by the Isis or the Cam, that this man of committee-rooms, and parliamentary divisions, and long speeches, and late hours, should have shown them the way over a country which is emphatically their own?

In dealing with the greatest of poets, Mr. Gladstone has avoided one subject, and that is his poetry. That, however, is a subject which nothing of absolute genius is qualified to handle. To

write on Homer the poet, a man must be a poet himself. Charles James Fox (who closed a life anything but philosophic in that calm dignity of classic contemplation which is supposed to be the exclusive privilege of the wise and good) coquetted with it a little, and gave indications of real aptitude for the business, as any one who reads the fourth volume of Lord John Russell's "Memoirs and Correspondence of Fox" may see. Could Mr. Gladstone have done much in this direction? Possibly. Yet in his book there are appearances which would lead us to suppose that, as a guide to the glory and beauty of Homeric writ, he would be not seldom at fault. For instance, there is in the sixth Iliad the well-known comparison of Paris, armed and mounting the walls of Troy before rushing into the fight, to a horse which has broken loose—a comparison elaborated in half-a-dozen lines of consummate spirit and beauty, and concluding thus:

> Ὡς υἱὸς Πριάμοιο Πάρις κατὰ Περγάμου ἄκρης
> Τεύχεσι παμφαίνων, ὥστ' ἠλέκτωρ, ἐβεβήκει
> Καγχαλόων.

Mr. Gladstone has discovered that the same simile is applied in another place to Hector; and unable to believe that Homer could have placed Paris even to this extent on a level with Hector, he is convinced, he says, that ἠλέκτωρ ought to be translated "a cock," and not "the sun," which is the sense usually given to it. Translate it "a cock," says Mr. Gladstone, and see the wonderful genius of Homer. Having compared Paris to a horse in the plenitude of his speed,

he feels he has been too kind to him, and so "modifies" the comparison by giving him the gait of a cock; the final result of which is, that Paris is likened to some nondescript animal between a horse and a cock, half quadruped and half biped, half gallop and half strut. If Homer had been in the habit of disenchanting his readers, and deliberately disfiguring his own similes in this way, he would never have lived to be revised by Pisistratus. I am not saying that ὥστ' ἠλέκτωρ cannot by any possibility mean "a cock" (indeed, I must admit that in an intensely mediæval paraphrase in which my edition rejoices, "tanquam gallus" is the rendering); but I do most confidently assert that, if this be its meaning, the comparison was intended rather to increase than to diminish our admiration for Paris, and that the idea of "modifying" the first simile by the second never could for one moment have entered the Homeric brain.

There is another symptom which is also ominous. Mr. Gladstone feebly dissents from, or rather hesitatingly holds the bottle to, Mr. Ruskin in his attack on Homer's sense of the picturesque. "Homer," says Mr. Ruskin, "has no trace of feeling for what we call the picturesque;" and Mr. Gladstone, though he says that he thinks this proposition "cannot be maintained," evidently supposes that there is a good deal of truth in it. Now this asseveration I take to be one of the most audacious that ever was hazarded, even by Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Gladstone has read Homer, but then it was with philosophic eyes;

Mr. Ruskin can never have read him at all, at least since he left school. If he had, he would never have given utterance to this stupendous fallacy. I maintain, on the contrary, that the love of inanimate nature, "of what we call the picturesque," and which is supposed by some to be peculiar to our own age, is one of the choicest gifts and most precious characteristics of Homer; that he sung the sea infinitely better than Milton, Byron, Coleridge, or Barry Cornwall; that he loved a river better than Shakspeare, and a mountain better than Scott; and that though in his worship of nature he was not morbidly microscopic, he has done more to enshrine her in the hearts of men than any poet since his time. Shall I be expected to prove this? I should have thought that to any reader of Homer it was self-evident. I should have thought that there had been times when Mr. Gladstone himself, enchanted by some mood or aspect of nature more than usually delightful, has gone to Homer for sympathy and sanction in his adoration and his love; that the calm beauty of some winding river has recalled to him the divine Scamander threading its flowery plain, or the Peneus with its silver rapids; that he has felt, as he gazed from the short soft turf of some English cliff on the glorious expanse of the sea, wondering at the strange loveliness of its changing colours and listening with awe-struck rapture to its "solemn noise," that there are no epithets but those Homeric ones, οἶνοψ, ἰοειδής, ἀτρύγετος, βαθύρροος, πολύφλοισβος, and the rest, that will do justice to its attributes; that when his sight has lost itself in the

wooded dells and sunny terraces and gleaming waterfalls of some great mountain side, it has been to such adjectives as πολύπτυχος, εἰνοσίφυλλος, and πολυπῖδαξ, that he has recurred for a faithful expression of its marvellous beauty; or that, raising his eyes to the calm, cold, silent grandeur of the snowy ridge above, where it runs sharp and clear along the luminous sky, he has been reminded of the scene which Homer imagined, when like a silvery vapour floating up from the blue Ægean Thetis glided to the knees of Jove, to win him to her maternal purpose by her blandishments and her beauty, as he sat apart from the gods in colossal and moody majesty—

ἀκροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδείραδος Οὐλύμποιο.

The modern poet whom Mr. Ruskin most commends for his thorough objective love of the inanimate picturesque is Scott. Now the great charm of Scott, considered as a priest of nature, rests not so much upon a few elaborate descriptions of particular scenes, as upon the graphic epithets and masterly touches with which he is perpetually colouring the places which the course of his narrative leads him to mention. Here is a good illustration of what I mean:—

Nor faster through thy *heathery* braes,
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze.
* * * *
The signal roused to martial *coil*,
The *sullen* margin of Loch Voil;
Waked *still* Loch Doile, and to its *source*,
Alarmed, Balvaig, thy *swampy course*:
Then southward held its rapid road
Adown Strathgartney's valley *broad*

It is "old Melros," "fair Tweed," the "wild and willowed shore" of Teviot, "Dryden's groves of oak," "caverned Hawthornden," "sweet Bowhill," "Cheviot's mountains lone," "Glenartney's hazel shade," "lovely Loch Achray," "Loch Vennachar in silver flowed," "the Trossach's shaggy glen," "Benharrow's shingly side," "gray Stirling," "the storm-swept Orcades;" and from these and innumerable other epithets of the kind, at least as much as from his finished delineations of scenery, proceeds our idea of Scott's feeling for the picturesque. Now it is in this respect, more perhaps than in any other, that Scott most resembles Homer. Take the following as one among a multitude of instances :—

> Καρδαμύλην, Ἐνόπην τε, καὶ Ἴρην ποιήεσσαν,
> Φηράς τε ζαθέας, ἠδ' Ἀνθήραν βαθύλειμον,
> Καλήν τ' Αἰπείαν, καὶ Πήδασον ἀμπελόεσσαν,
> Πᾶσαι δ' ἐγγὺς ἁλὸς νεάται Πύλου ἠμαθοέντος.

In the catalogue of the ships, as indeed throughout Homer, a place is scarcely ever mentioned without some admirably chosen epithet which, as if by magic, gives us the peculiar character of its scenery. Thus we have Ἄργος ἐς Ἱππόβατον, ἀμπελόεντ' Ἐπίδαυρον, Πύρρασον ἀνθεμόεντα, Πήλιον εἰνοσίφυλλον, πολυπίδακος Ἴδης, πολυτρήρωνά τε Μέσσην ("abounding in doves" is the only rendering of this exquisite adjective possible for our clumsy language), Ὑποπλάκῳ ὑληέσσῃ, πολυστάφυλον Ἄρνην, ἀργινόεντα Λύκαστον (compare Byron's "whose far white walls along them shine"), Ὀρχόμενον πολύμηλον, ἠνεμόεσσαι Ενίσπην, Μαντινέη ἐρατείνῃ. But of all inanimate things that Homer loved, a river was to him the dearest. He

cannot name one but he must apply to it some term of tenderness or admiration. It is ἱμερτός, it is δῖος, it is ἐῦρρεῖος, it is καλλίρροος—he loves it in every phase of its winding course, and every humour of its changeful waters; and this too is a peculiarity in which he resembles and surpasses Scott.

As to Homer's feeling for the sea, Mr. Ruskin para-dogmatises in a manner still more outrageous. "Homer," he says, "cuts off from the material object the sense of something living, and fashions it into a great abstract image of a sea-power." Mr. Gladstone first partially assents to this wonderful statement, and then proceeds completely to demolish it. The instances which he gives are to the point; but they are not required by the most ordinarily attentive reader of Homer. For myself, I will cite only this one—

ἀμφί δὲ κῦμα
Στείρῃπορφύρεον μέγαλ' ἴαχε, νῆος ἰούσης.

And I challenge Mr. Ruskin to produce anything from any modern poet at all approaching it in truth and beauty. If Mr. Ruskin would carefully *read* Homer, he would not only retract this monstrous paradox of his, but would greatly improve his own taste, and so add to the large debt of public gratitude which is his due.

Though we are a practical we are not an unpoetical generation; and yet in my judgment we have but one living poet. Gods, men, and columns forbid us to claim more. We have verse-writers innumerable, and in the writings of a few of them

gems of real poetry may be discerned by the practised eye; indeed we have more than one who, to my thinking, may well bear comparison with the ladies darling, hexametrical Longfellow. But as one swallow does not make a summer nor one day, so likewise one or two or even several instances of poetic writing do not make a poet; and succeeding the bright constellation of bards who presided over the birth of the century, Alfred Tennyson reigns alone in our English sky.

* * * * *

Thoughts about books are prolific thoughts; the reproductive principle is strong within them. Writing, for instance, about poetry reminds me of Shakspeare, and Shakspeare reminds me that I have said nothing of plays, and of the mysterious fact that, with the exception of "screaming" farces and gorgeous spectacles, few care to write or to see them now. If Shakspeare had lived in these days he would, I suppose, have written novels, probably not in monthly parts. Upon this subject, as upon many others, I would willingly have said something; but time and space, which, philosophically speaking, have, I am aware, no existence at all, but practically speaking, are very real and embarrassing entities, interpose insuperable objections.

POINTS OF VIEW.*

"QUANT à l'origine des noms de Whig et de Tory," says De la Motraye,† writing of England in the year 1698, "le premier signifie dans la bouche d'un violent Tory un homme faux, double, hypocrite, et ennemi juré de la monarchie et de la hierarchie; et dans celle d'un Whig, un ami du bien public, un zélé deffenseur de la liberté temporelle et spirituelle, sur tout de la religion réformée. Le second, etant appliqué par un Whig des moins modérez á son adversaire, veut dire un cruel et implacable persecuteur de quinconque n'agit pas selon ses principes, qui ne sert pas Dieu et le Roi en la même manière que lui; un ennemi de cette double liberté dans tout autre qu'en soi-même et dans le monarque qui l'y maintient, et auquel il veut que tout autre obeïsse aveuglement et sans murmure, quelque persecuté qu'il en soit. Cet odieux nom etant au contraire donné par un Tory à son partisan, désigne un sujet fidèle et soumis à Dieu, au Roi, et à la patrie, et un deffenseur des privilèges et des libertez du peuple."

* Published in *Fraser's Magazine* for February, 1860.

† "Voyages du Sr. A. De la Motraye, en Europe, Asie et Afrique, 1727."

Exactly so. And as it was in 1698 so it is in 1860. Poor De la Motraye! how we pity you, honest and patient inquirer that you are. After braving with heroic resolution the fogs of our nebulous and brumous climate, that you might throw, for the benefit of your admiring countrymen, some light on the customs of those savage islanders who cut their throats by thousands in November, and, accompanied each by his favourite bull-dog, lead their wives to Smithfield market for sale—this is all you can tell them of the meaning of those cabalistic terms, so *bizarres* in their sound, so awful in their mystery — "Tory" and "Whig." What is a Tory? A lover of tyranny, an enemy of the human race, says A. An upholder of order, authority, and everything that is most respectable and valuable, says B. What is a Whig? A promoter of anarchy and license, an agent of the powers of evil, says B. The sworn friend of freedom and humanity, says A. De la Motraye can only record the answers, and leave his countrymen to reconcile them as they may.

Unfortunately, this bewilderment is of a kind which has been felt by others beside De la Motraye. It is in fact common to all mankind. It is neither more nor less than one of the very greatest evils which afflict the human race. Desperately groping after truth, on innumerable subjects of all sorts and sizes, we receive from wise men and wise books, from anxious thoughts and sleepless nights, all kinds of unsatisfactory because contradictory replies. At last, after long and bitter experience, we find that absolute truth, out of the

exact sciences, is a commodity of the very rarest kind—the fruit of the most devoted and life-long toil, or of wisdom such as is seldom granted to man; and that all we have hitherto got (except perhaps in one or two precious instances) in answer to our earnest inquiries on any subject, however vital its importance, is the truth with regard to that subject as seen from a particular *point of view.* Think of the many good and clever men that you know—how you respect their opinion: what excellent reasoners they are; how zealous for the cause of truth, how honest, how earnest, how temperate, and how wise; and then think, on the other hand, of the directly conflicting opinions which they hold on countless questions, small and great—on morals, on religion, on politics, on literature, on art, on almost every point of theory or of practice. How is this? you vainly ask yourself, forgetting that of all the wise and good men living there is not one in a thousand—nay, not one in a myriad—who is not in a greater or less degree the slave and creature of a point of view.

Here then it is, the bewildering agent, the chloroform of the mind, the emissary of the powers of darkness, perpetually thrusting back benighted mortals in their upward struggle to the realms of day. It is no other than Point of View. How Truth would prevail (one is tempted to think) and Falsehood vanish from the earth, if only the thing signified by this term could be ostracised for ever; if, in short, for the future, every subject could have only one aspect, and every question only one side.

Surely, if this were happily consummated, Truth, instead of emerging somewhere about once in a century from the bottom of her well, would lie under every hedge, and be as cheap and universally attainable as those other life-givers and life-sustainers, light and air. As it is, one almost despairs of ever touching even the hem of her garment. Suppose (to take an instance) that you wish to know something about the character of Frederick William, father of Frederick the Great. One would imagine that there was no such great difficulty in the matter. Here was a man of great importance in the world's history, who lived not very long ago, in an enlightened, observant, and literary age. Well, you ask, what sort of a man was he? And you go for an answer to the ordinary public instructors, one of whom is Mr. Carlyle. From that gentleman you learn that the said Frederick was "a wild man, wholly in earnest, with a terrible volcanic fire in him—a just man, valiant and veracious, with a divine idea of fact; and that his value to me is rare and great." Another of our oracles, resorted to by the faithful in no ordinary degree, is the *Edinburgh Review*; from which authority you learn, to your amazement, that Mr. Carlyle is in this matter labouring under a most absurd and unaccountable hallucination, and that Frederick William was neither more, less, nor in any respect other than "a truculent and besotted monster—a drunken, illiterate tyrant and buffoon." What is a plain, simple-minded man to do? Our good friend, we fear we cannot help

you. For the misfortune is, that in this case, as in so many others, both are right—right, not absolutely, of course, but each from his own point of view. Frederick William *was* illiterate, drunken, a tyrant and a buffoon; but he was also valiant, just, earnest, and true. And here indeed Mr. Carlyle seems to have decidedly the best of the battle. The Edinburgh Reviewer sticks, firm as Arthur's Seat, to his own point of view, and refuses to look at the question from any other; otherwise he would have seen that his business was not merely to state and re-state the notorious facts that the personage in question was illiterate, bibulous, fond of fustigation, and addicted to the practice of broad farce, but to prove that he had *not* the particular sterling qualities which Mr. Carlyle attributes to him. Mr. Carlyle, on the contrary, relates carefully the facts, or most of the facts (for the Reviewer charges him with suppressing some of them), on which the ordinary estimate of the character rests—or in other words, presents to the reader Frederick William as seen under both aspects—from the Reviewer's point of view as well as from his own.

In this one matter of character and reputation only, think of the mystification which the fact that there are several points of view from which a man's character may be looked at, and the additional fact that the rarest of all things is to find a man who will look at it from more than one, has occasioned to the world. The inquiring spirits of Athens, when Socrates was food for history, must

have been in pleasing doubt whether he was an impious blasphemer and wretched casuistical notoriety-hunter, who deserved the dose which he took, or the best and wisest of men, a martyr in the cause of truth, "who lived and died as none can live or die." About half the civilised world considers Luther to have been sent to earth on a special mission by the author of evil, and to have discharged with wonderful success the duties of his office; the other half venerates him as the type of true heroism, the triumphant champion of free thought, the scourge of shams and exterminator of lies. Henry VIII. has been for some two or three centuries the great model malefactor, the bugbear of nurseries, the ruthless and bloated tyrant and uxoricide, whom the gods suffered to live only that kingship might become intolerable to men; and now Mr. Froude has discovered that he was wise and prudent, patriotic and self-denying, generous and kind, and generally of a disposition which in a world where there were no women would have made a perfect king. Cromwell, you find on inquiry, was a selfish hypocrite, blood-stained regicide, and tyrannical usurper. Cromwell, you find on further inquiry, was the heroic liberator of his country, the wisest, most earnest, best, and bravest of mankind. Louis Napoleon is the Ruler of France. His acts, such as they are, are done under our very eyes: there is no question here of prejudiced, venal, or imaginative historians; it is on ocular testimony and not tradition that we depend. Judging them

from the evidence of our own senses, what sort of a character shall we give him? "The greatest scoundrel that ever violated an oath, and enslaved a people," says one; "a perjurer, an usurper, a tyrant, and a villain."* "The saviour of society and his country," says another; "the champion of order and security—the foe to anarchy and civil war—the friend of religion—the liberator of the oppressed, the wise and patriotic governor, the firm and consistent ally, the greatest monarch and man that the world has seen." *Magna est veritas et prævalebit.* No doubt; but appearances are not in her favour.

Truly, when you consider the differences of opinion, depending on point of view, between men who, morally and intellectually considered, appear to be about on a par with each other, you are driven almost to despair. Two persons, both men of education, intelligence, and honesty, were discussing, in the hearing of the present writer, a particular phase in the quarrel which led to the Russian war. The representatives of the Western Powers had met at Vienna to arbitrate in the dispute, and had drawn up a Note, containing certain demands upon Turkey, which they considered that the Emperor of Russia might fairly require the Porte to sign. The Emperor instantly accepted the Note. The Porte, however, to whom it was not communicated until

* Since this paper was written, those who would thus characterise one of the most extraordinary men who ever swayed the destinies of the human race have become more difficult to find.

after it was accepted by the Emperor, strongly objected to many parts of it, refused to comply with the demands which it contained, and proposed certain alterations in its own favour. The Western Powers then urged the Emperor to accept the Turkish alterations. He refused, and the Powers thereupon sided with the Porte and prepared for war, justifying themselves chiefly by the fact that the Emperor, as the correspondence on the subject showed, attributed to the Note a meaning more unfavourable to Turkey than that which its authors intended it to bear. One of the disputants to whom I refer asserted that this repudiation of their own proposal was dishonourable to the Western Powers, and placed them thenceforth in the wrong. The other considered that the transaction was an "impudent piece of chicanery" on the part of the Emperor of Russia, and that the Powers were fully justified in the course which they adopted. When, on questions so simple and yet so vital, the opinions of honest and sensible men can be thus divided, what wonder that nations not seldom stumble and flounder fatally in their foreign and other policy?

The mischief, however (as I said before), is not only that there are many points of view from which a question may be regarded, but (and this being an evil the existence of which depends upon ourselves, is that with which we are principally concerned) that most people persist in regarding it only from one. One man, for instance, is a Reformer, and if you ask him the reason, he will tell you that

no form of government can be good which is not based upon the will of the people—that the people ought therefore to be fully and fairly represented in Parliament, and that he will be no party to a system of oligarchical tyranny working through a sham representation. Another is an anti-reformer, and his reason is that every step in the direction of reform brings the nation nearer to universal suffrage and mobocracy, the logical result of which is military despotism. Unfortunately, both these gentlemen are right. Unfortunately, I say; because if the propositions which they respectively lay down were not really true, there would be some chance that they would not wholly rely on them, and that the actual practical truth, which lies somewhere between the two, and results from a comparison of the different aspects of the case, would be discoverable by them. As it is, each is unalterably fixed in his own position. The truth of the case, as seen from his own point of view, he has undoubtedly got; and he revels in the possession with a defiant fondness, a kind of "answer-me-that, sir" triumph, which it is wholly out of the power of any ordinary human influence to shake. Listen to any two persons engaged in controversy, and (unless they are intellectually and morally very far above the average of men) you will be astonished to observe how little the arguments of either, however good in themselves, affect the other. One of them delivers what to you seems a home-thrust, going through and

through his adversary, but with no more effect upon him than if he were a disembodied spirit. The latter is, in fact, quite indifferent to it: for he is secure in the panoply of a set of opposite maxims, in the soundness of which he has perfect confidence, and which in fact *are* sound, but possessing which he may nevertheless be as far from being right in his view of the question at issue as can well be conceived. The other is probably in the same invulnerable condition, and Truth looks mournfully on, knowing too well that her only chance lies in the reconciliation, on the give-and-take system, of two opposite sets of considerations, which in the present instance are about as likely to be reconciled as oil and water.

Assuredly the root, not only of political and social, but also of moral errors of every kind, lies in this exclusive attachment to a point of view. Take for an instance the error of the cynic—I don't mean the Byronic variety of the species, who is in fact not a cynic at all, but enjoying life particularly wishes to persuade you that he is miserable; but that view of life which has made men from time out of mind madmen, infidels, misanthropes, and suicides, and which is in fact at the bottom of most of the self-inflicted unhappiness of our race—that view of life which the Yorkshire school-girl, Emily Brontë, addressing in the bitterness of her young heart (young, yet how old!) this world of ours, has expressed in lines most mournful indeed, but so lovely

and so grand that it is a pleasure to write them down:—

> And gazing on the stars that glow
> Above me, in that stormless sea
> I long to hope that all the woe
> Creation knows is held in thee.
>
> * * * * *
>
> I'll think there's not one world above,
> Far as the straining eyes can see,
> Where Wisdom ever laughed at Love,
> Or Virtue crouched to Infamy:
> Where Pleasure still will lead to wrong,
> And helpless Reason warn in vain,
> And Truth is weak, and Treachery strong,
> And Joy the surest path to pain,—
> And Peace, the Lethargy of grief,
> And Hope, a phantom of the soul,
> And Life, a labour void and brief,
> And Death, the despot of the whole.

This is poetry, and therefore you may be sure that, in some sense or other, it is truth. And such indeed is life, if you look at it only from one standpoint, and see it only on one side; but directly you change your position, you see that life is as different from this description of it as light from darkness. "Joy the surest path to pain." Most true; but if it be also true (which it is) that pain is the surest path to joy, then had poor Emily Brontë no reason to complain. She had felt among the brown hills of that lonely Yorkshire home of hers, almost every sensation known to humanity; and among others, the terrible reaction, the fond regret, the bitter force of contrast, which are the penalties of joy; but she must also have felt the rapture of relief, the κατάστασις (as

the Greeks called it) of the senses, and enjoyment born of comparison, and the hope engendered by delight, which are the recompense of pain. Wisdom laughs at Love, yet Love still holds its own; Reason again and again triumphs over Pleasure, Truth over Falsehood, and the fierceness of the fight enhances the glory of the victory; and there are many (we may hope there are every day more) to whom Peace is not a lethargy nor Hope a phantom; whose life is a labour indeed and brief, but so far from being void, is pregnant with the germ of infinite and immortal good.

So, if you will consider rightly, you will find that all the great immoralities and vices—avarice, ambition, licentiousness, envy, malice, hatred, and the rest—are the result of the particular view which their victims take of life and all that appertains to it; and that if you wish to change a man's character, you must change his point of view. This, it will perhaps be said, is confounding moral with intellectual truth. No; for the difficulty which there will be in inducing a man to change his point of view is in proportion to the degree of moral degradation into which he has fallen. The Greek word for repentance is μετάνοια, which expresses an intellectual process, a change in a man's understanding rather than in his heart; but it is upon the state of his heart nevertheless that his capacity for μετανοεῖν depends.

If we were to define wisdom as the power of

seeing things from more than one point of view we should not be very philosophical, perhaps, but neither, on the other hand, should we be very far wrong. At least, you will never find a really wise man who has not that power, though you will find many who are not really wise and who think they have it. Of course a man may very possibly be in the right who is capable of seeing only one side of a question, because the side which he sees may present considerations of more weight than those which belong to any other aspect of the case. But on the other hand he may, by parity of reasoning, be in the wrong; while in all those numerous instances in which truth is only to be attained by comparing and balancing the considerations appertaining to different sides, he is put hopelessly out of court. Moreover, supposing him to have taken the right course with regard to a particular question, his conduct in so doing is in point of moral value infinitely inferior to that of the man who has adopted the same course on a deliberate view of all that is to be said for and against it. Suppose, for instance, that two men are in favour of the system of religious equality, as against that of religious disabilities. One of them, from impulse, education, or turn of mind, embraces the cause, harangues perpetually in its favour, never answers the arguments of the opposite party, but never ceases to repeat his own. The other has carefully studied the subject, has heard and seen what the advocates of coercion have to say, satisfied his own mind, if not theirs, by replying to their arguments in

detail, and become a supporter as zealous as the former of the rights of thought. Both are spoken of by their friends in the same terms, as "that firm stickler for freedom of conscience," "that champion of civil and religious liberty," and so forth, and get much the same credit in the eyes of the world. Which of them is most entitled to it, or indeed which of them is entitled to any credit at all, it is not difficult to see. Or again, two men are equally respected and receive an equal amount of post-prandial and other panegyric on account of their devotion to some philanthropic undertaking. One of them has rushed into it simply from an unreasoning impulse of benevolence, blind to all the considerations which rendered it one of which the advantage and the success were both doubtful—blind also, perhaps, to the ridicule attaching to its promoters, and to all the various discouragements which it was sure to encounter. Another has seen all these things clearly before him, has counted the cost, has measured and weighed the obstacles to success, has faced and overcome the temptation to desist which in such cases the sneers or cavils of friends so liberally provide, and has ended by applying himself with all his energies to the execution of the scheme.

It is not Truth alone that suffers from the prevalent inability to take more than one view of a case. Charity, more sacred even than Truth, weeps bitter tears because of it, and is warned off and kept at a distance from the haunts of men, which without her are mere dens of misery and gloom. Unable to con-

ceive any view of a subject except that which it presents to themselves, and at the same time seeing others take a course with regard to it directly opposite to their own, men are driven, in default of other explanation, to ascribe selfish and wicked motives to their opponents. There are politicians, for instance, who attribute the frequent wars in which this country has been engaged, and the overwhelming opposition encountered by the principles of the "Peace Party," partly to natural ferocity, but principally to the desire for power and place on the part of the "governing classes." Incapable of apprehending any view but their own of what common sense and Christian doctrine require, they are quite at a loss to understand the course taken by men whom they know to be men of sense and who profess to be Christians; and they finally explain it by setting them down as guided, not by moral or patriotic considerations, but by self-interest. If the accuser would just leave his own standing-point for a moment, and step over to theirs, he would judge them very differently. *He* stands where he can see only one side of the question —namely, that war is a terrible evil, and that we ought to love and cherish instead of destroying each other. *They* see that war, though indeed a terrible evil, is as necessary and lawful a remedy for some of the diseases which afflict the community of nations, as penal laws and the policeman's staff for some which affect the individual body politic; and that if Christian doctrine does not forbid the employment of force for the preservation of social order, neither

does it forbid the employment of physical force for the preservation of international order. He may very possibly be right in his opposition to a particular war, or in his doctrine that our wars in general have been too many and for inadequate objects. In attributing base and criminal motives to those who are responsible for them, he is most unquestionably wrong; and the source of his error is, that he is a man of one point of view. So again in the case of those whose watchwords are attachment to the constitution and resistance to radical reform. Every one of them, in the view of those to whom we refer, is a man whose politics have been determined by an intense desire to provide for his poor relations, and who is accordingly intent to the last degree on preserving an order of things which enables him to levy taxes for the purpose of creating places for them. You would expect to find that some intellectual defect was the parent of so desperate a paradox; and accordingly, when you consider the matter, you discover that the idea is that of men in whom the faculty called by logicians "simple apprehension" extends only to one view of a question, and that their own. Otherwise he would be able to occupy in imagination the position of those whom he calumniates, and so understand how it is possible for them to advocate, from considerations of public advantage, the cause of the constitution.

Or take a very different case—that of religious persecution. That sane, rational, not uncivilised human beings should have been in the habit of

burning other human beings alive because their religious opinions were supposed to be unsound, is a fact at first sight as unaccountable as it is shocking, and which has usually been treated as explicable only by the supposition of extreme cruelty and wickedness on the part of the authors of such proceedings. Hence deadly hatreds, retaliatory burnings, and all the miseries which the empire of the worst passions can inflict upon our race. Some of these men may no doubt have been cruel enough; and as to those acts of theirs, they were as horrible and execrable as any that the stained and blotted annals of mankind can show. But from their own point of view they were justifiable; and they are to be condemned for the most part, not for wickedness or cruelty of motive, but for acting from that point of view. "We must remember," says Mr. Froude, "that those who condemned teachers of heresy to the flames considered that heresy itself involved everlasting perdition; and the spirit of mercy itself might have led them to warn the people against a peril so tremendous by emphatic and marked severity." "There is no salvation," argued these victims of a fatal and fearful logic, "out of our Church. If we burn this heretic, we shall deter numbers from leaving that Church, and so save many souls, including perhaps (who knows?) his own." Excellent argumentation; but be so good, our reverend and dogmatic friends, to shift your position a little, and look at the case under the changed aspect which it then assumes. In the first place, what right have you to

declare that there is no salvation out of your Church? and in the next place, if you had any, did it never occur to you that to burn the living bodies of creatures made by Him and in His image to whom the life and death of a sparrow are of interest, might be a greater crime than, by leaving them unroasted, to let each take his own chance of salvation? Did it never occur to you that fear never changed a man's faith though it might his professions, and that therefore, burn as you may, the only result will be to make men liars as well as unbelievers? These men, if they had not been riveted and soldered to their own point of view, would have shrunk with horror from the system, now happily obsolete, of conversion by concremation; and those who regarded them as acting from a fiendish delight in the infliction of pain, or even from indifference to the sufferings of others, only added to the sum of human misery by letting loose the most fierce and deadly passions of the heart.

Take, again, the case of international animosities. Here, for example, have been two countries, France and England, professing Christian principles, in an age of the world when men have no longer the excuse of ignorance and barbarism for slaughtering one another in defiance of those principles—whom, if religion did not, common sense and the merest self-interest would require to live in peace and amity together—here, I say, have been two countries, nominally allies, and without any definite cause of quarrel whatever—much less any which could justify

a war—glaring at each other like tigers in the act to spring, draining the sources of wealth and hampering the springs of industry to provide the means of mutual destruction, running neck-and-neck the ghastly race of murderous invention, and brandishing in each other's faces the new and costly weapons with which they were prepared at a moment's notice to begin the work of carnage on an entirely novel and unprecedented scale. "Have been," not "are," I rejoice to say, for a fortunate turn of affairs has changed the current of men's thoughts, and bids fair to convert on either side of the Channel the feverish apprehension of war into the sober certainty of peace. But for many a long month it has been as I have said. Now an Englishman is a brave, but not a cruel or ferocious, personage; and if he were told that he loved war for its own sake, he would justly repudiate the charge with indignation. A Frenchman loves glory (or rather *gloire*, which is a different thing, and a peculiarly French invention); but I do not believe that, whatever may be the case with the French army, the French nation loves glory so much better than material prosperity—so much better than justice, mercy, brotherly kindness, and charity, that they would make war if they had no other reason for it. How, then, are we to account for the phenomenon in question? Simply thus. France believed that she was hated by England, and England believed that she was hated by France; and the reason was that neither nation has been able to look at the case from the point of view from which it was seen by the other,

and so was driven to attribute to sheer national dislike, and consequent desire to inflict injury, the manifestations of hostility which it encountered.

Englishmen saw on the throne of France the heir of the man whom their nation thwarted throughout a life of passionate ambition, and twice dethroned; they saw him making extraordinary efforts to strengthen and improve his naval and military armaments, and especially the great naval arsenal opposite to their own shores; they knew him to be a man of steadfast purpose, inscrutable counsel, and sudden execution; they reflected that he had already made war on two of the great European Powers; they recalled the bluster of the French colonels, and the charge against England of encouraging assassination; they remembered their own indignant answer in the rejection of the Conspiracy Bill and the acquittal of Bernard; they read (until the Emperor interfered) daily in French journals the most virulent abuse of England and her policy; and putting all these things together, they voted enormous sums for their army and navy, looked sharply to their coast defences, organised a vast volunteer force, and expected resolutely the worst.

If, on the other hand, you looked to the French journals, or conversed with intelligent Frenchmen on the subject, you found the mental process by which the state of French feeling towards England had been produced was somewhat as follows:—

The Crimean war, they would tell you, was supposed to have destroyed any lingering animosity

founded on traditionary quarrels between the two nations; and England's treatment of the French and of their Emperor, who had a brilliant ovation in the streets of London, was everything that could be desired. Since the end of that war, the conduct of England, they would say, had filled them with astonishment and indignation. The English public, speaking through its journals and its orators, had never ceased to pour upon the chosen ruler of France a stream of suspicion, insults, reproach, invective, and defiance. It attributed to him false dealing and betrayal of England in the peace with Russia. When he had nearly fallen a victim to an assassination planned and matured in England, and a friendly request was made to her to enforce for the future her law against such assassins, or, if her law did not reach them, to amend it, she flatly refused. That shortly afterwards the verdict of a jury, given notoriously not on the merits of the case, but on the ground of political feeling hostile to France, acquitted the chief author of the murderous design. That the gasconade of three or four colonels, whose addresses, among hundreds of others, had escaped the eyes of the censor, was eagerly seized by England as a ground of quarrel, and that the frank and full apology which was shortly afterwards made by the Emperor, and which ought to have entirely allayed her exasperation, met with no acknowledgment, and went for nothing. That when the Italian quarrel broke out, every kind of selfish and ambitious motive was ascribed by the Englis[illegible] the Emperor.

That England not only held aloof from France in the work of Italian regeneration, but evidently, notwithstanding her sympathy with Italy, leaned to the side of Austria, so far as the campaign itself was concerned, and since the peace of Villafranca had thrown every obstacle in the way of the difficult and anxious task which the Emperor had undertaken; and finally, that for the last two or three years she had been adding with unwearied energy to her armaments by sea and land, and that those armaments were and could be directed only or mainly against one nation —France.

Now here were two opposite points of view, each of them, to say the least, with plausibility on its side; and if each nation could have been persuaded to look at the case under the aspect which it thus presented to the other, the battle of peace would have been three parts won. Each would then have perceived that it was from no feeling of aversion to it, apart from considerations of self-defence, that the other had assumed a threatening attitude; and mutual kindliness being thus restored, the rest would have been sure to follow. No desperate design of dynastic fanaticism, no unfathomable projects of imperial revenge (supposing for a moment that they really existed), would ever avail against a concord of international feeling once thoroughly established, and superadded to the commercial and other considerations of self-interest which are the most formidable among the "national defence" of Peace.

Then there is the Italian "difficulty," which has

split Christendom into two great parties of about equal numerical strength, which hate each other with a rancour which history will blush to record. And the cause of their mutual bitterness is mainly this—that neither party (with, of course, individual exceptions) is able to exercise its imagination so far as to place itself in the position of the other; and each therefore attributes to sheer selfishness and wickedness of motive the adoption and advocacy by the other of a course of proceeding for which there appears to be nothing like a plausible or colourable line of defence. England, instigated by Lord Palmerston, is supposed to be the great champion of the Liberal cause, and is accordingly stigmatised by the opposite party as the natural ally of sedition, anarchy, assassination, and infidelity; the antagonist of order, the sworn enemy of religion, gloating with a diabolical delight on the overthrow of all that is most sacred, most beneficent, most pleasant and profitable for mankind; and chuckling at the same time with a craven triumph at her own immunity from the miseries which she creates. On the other hand, the friends of Austria and the Pope, in the eyes of their opponents, are selfish, inhuman, hypocritical tyrants, feasting on the plunder of the millions whom they have hoodwinked and enslaved; glorying in the prostration of the noble and generous populations which, by a judicious combination of pious frauds with foreign bayonets, they have reduced to an infantine ignorance and helplessness, and utterly destitute of anything like a benignant thought or a

generous emotion. Now let us suppose for a moment that each of these sections of society could plant itself on the standing ground of the other, and survey the question as it would then appear. The view of the Liberal party is, that no sovereign, lay or ecclesiastical, has a right to keep down by main force a people which has declared unanimously against him, and still less any right to repress them by foreign aid; that this would be the case even if there were little or no fault to find with the mode in which he administers the government, but is infinitely worse in countries where there is notoriously but indifferent security to life and property, unequal justice, intolerant taxation, wasteful expenditure, and a cruel and intolerant code of laws. The despotic party, on the other hand, holds that it is not only the right but the duty of the autocratic rulers of Italy to maintain their authority, were it only for the protection of society; that the attacks made upon them are the work of a seditious and sanguinary faction, anxious to destroy for their own selfish ends established institutions, and in league with anarchists, brigands, and desperadoes of all kinds; and that their mode of government, even if it were as bad as represented by its opponents (which it is not), would be followed, in the event of the success of that faction, by something infinitely worse. As to the Pope, the idea of depriving him of his temporal power seems to them a monstrous and sacrilegious profanity, by the side of which all former measures of Church spoliation were venial errors, and the result of which must be fatal to his spiritual

supremacy, and therefore to the interests and even the existence of the Church. The rebellion of his subjects they look upon as the act of wilful and disobedient children, forgetful of the allegiance and gratitude which they owe to a mild and indulgent Father, the Vicar of Christ upon earth, by whom it is their enviable privilege to be ruled.

Now, for my own part, I believe that the right in this matter lies on the Liberal side, and that if free institutions on a permanent basis could be given to Italy, a great wrong would be redressed and a great triumph won. But that is not now the question. What I am contending for is, that if each party could clearly comprehend the view taken by the other, there would be an end to that spirit of deadly animosity which is worse than the very evils out of which it has sprung. Each would see that its opponents were acting, however wrongly, with a real belief in the justice of their cause; and would cease to charge them with selfishness and cruelty, wicked motives and evil designs, and so to keep alive a flame far more deadly and disastrous in its effects than all the severities of despotism and all the extravagances of democracy.

Quarrels, in short, whether of nations or of individuals, are for the most part really what they are termed euphoniously—"misunderstandings;" and if this could be generally recognised and acted upon, there would be a fair prospect of getting rid of a large and pestilent class of them altogether. You don't hate a man or quarrel with him simply because he has injured you; for if he had done so by accident,

you would bear him no grudge whatever. It is because you think he intended to injure you; that he has some sort of personal dislike or contempt for you; or has shown by his sacrificing your interests to his own an unwarrantable disregard for you and your concerns—that you have declared war upon him. If you could see the matter from his point of view, you would probably find that among the various motives which decided his line of conduct, ill-feeling towards yourself had no place at all; that he has persuaded himself of the justice of his course, as you have of yours, and that in fact you have no better grounds for your hostility than if he had done you an injury by mere mischance. Thus, in the great order of things, Charity and Truth are linked together in the bonds of a subtle and beautiful harmony—thus between moral and intellectual truth there is a deep indissoluble accord; and thus, the "whole round world"—the moral as well as the physical world—

is every way
Bound with gold chains about the feet of God.

TWO MONTHS IN ROME.*

A COLD, dark street, as deep and narrow as a well, and lighted apparently, at rare intervals, by farthing candles; a few muffled-up forms, grumbling and hungry (for there is not the ghost of an inn to be seen), by the side of a vehicle, consisting, as it would seem, of two old yellow post-chaises cemented together, its bare pole stuck helplessly out and waiting for fresh horses. The horses arrive; the grumblers are absorbed into the vehicle; the big boots of the old conductor stow themselves into some mysterious corner above; the postilion mounts; and away, jingling and whip-cracking, creaking and groaning, between the rare farthing candles into the bosom of the night. The street was the town of Orvieto—the vehicle was the *diligence* from Florence, or rather Ficulle—and the grumblers were the passengers for Rome.

In all the world there is nothing more pleasant than a night journey behind four, or rather six, horses. I suppose that night, in that cold cramped corner of the *coupé*, was the happiest of my life. On, for hours and hours, in a sleep which is not

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rest but something far more delightful—that strange mixture of excitement and repose which is to be had in this and in no other way, and from which every feverish fitful waking is not to the gloom of a curtained chamber, but to the stars of a November night; lulled by the monotonous motion into a kind of apathy to which nothing could come amiss, and all that happened — even the periodical descent of the big boots and their translation in the supernal regions — seemed part of a delicious dream; on for hours, rattling merrily down transient slopes, or climbing painfully (these *diligence* horses are certainly immortal) intermediate hills; on, while the larger bright stars wax larger and brighter (you are kept awake for an hour or so wondering at their marvellous size); and behind all—the background of your dreams—(if your destination is what mine was then) the shadow of a coming joy.

Social institutions, with their usual felicity, have provided that no one shall see the sun rise but those who cannot appreciate it. This is much to be deplored. "Stars fade out and galaxies, street-lamps of the city of God."* But, before they fade, they put on all the beauty of despair, and shine, in that hour and in that sky, with a lustre so broad, bright, and intense, that you look at them bewildered, and only after a time perceive that in the unearthly depth of their deep blue setting there is a strange look where it nears the horizon, and that a faint white radiance is gradually melting it away. And

* Carlyle.

so, on that morning, I almost forgot, for a while, that day was about to dawn on the scene which, of all others, I had most longed to see; forgot for a while that in the coming brightness was not only the dawn, but Rome.

At last, it was day. The big boots, which had so long been a dream, became a fact; the six horses, which had been a sound, became a jingling, rattling reality; around us a country undulating with low hills and grassy meads; and far away, in the south-east, a long, sharp line of blue mountains, behind which, in one spot more luminous than the rest of the orange background, a few gold clouds were heralding the sun; the hills of Præneste and Tibur, of Anio and sweet Bandusia, the very "arduous Sabines," which Horace loved and sung. We opened the window, and let in some of that golden wine which, since we entered Italy, had done duty for air. Fresh, ever cold, but not ungenial, and as if still unmindful of yesterday's sun—pure and sparkling as Bandusia's self—it chased away the night's fatigue. It is strange that in such air human life should be short and sickly. Look at our new postilion, mounting to his perch in a dress (for as we approach the great city we put on all our finery) of the tawdry magnificent order—he is the feeblest, most languid-looking of men; and at the two or three remaining posts between here and Rome, the haggard countenance and tottering gait of each succeeding driver testifies to the poisonous breath of that mephitic soil. But will these long, weary hills never cul-

minate, and show us the city of our dreams? For full an hour we have been straining our eyes to see it, and have seen nothing but great, melancholy hill-sides. At last, between high banks of brushwood, the road begins to wind downwards, and before us lies a wide, sunny landscape, not a plain, but a succession of gentle ridges; and gazing eagerly forward, we see on the furthest of these what looks like scattered buildings, and along the same ridge to the right of them — a Dome! Yes, that is St. Peter's; and with that view of Rome, or very little more than that, till you get there you must be content; for no clearer idea of what Rome is will gladden your eyes this day — still the same monotonous road — the same unending rise and fall; and ever and anon, grown nearer now, the distant buildings and the Dome. But to your left, southward of the lovely Sabines, and cut off from them by an opening through which your vision sounds the blue distance and finds it fathomless, another mountain range appears, more delicate in form and colour—they are the hills of Frascati and Albano, of Tusculum and Cicero. Suddenly you cross a bend, just seen and lost, of a noble river; noble, not for his size (though he is not small), but for the sturdy and resolute rush between high banks of his yellow waves; and you know that you have seen the Tiber, and that he is worthy of his fame. Now you are very near the city; but there is nothing to show it, except on the right, by the roadside than one old solitary marble tomb. Now you are between white

walls shutting in suburban-looking villas, with here and there some cypresses and pines; and at the end of this road a high, majestic gate, with a great statue on each side of its arch. In a moment more you are through the arch; the *diligence* comes abruptly to a standstill, and you are in Rome. The sun, flaring and streaming into your narrow den, half blinds and consumes you (though it is November) as you look round in eager curiosity, and ask yourself whether this indeed be Rome. You are in a bright "Piazza," with a fair large fountain in the midst, splashing and sparkling round the base of a tall obelisk, and many groups of marble statues circling it round, and on one side of it a high and terraced garden; and at its opposite end the bright Piazza emits, like rays, three long narrow streets, soon lost to view in the dazzling sunshine; and of these the central and the brightest ray is the famous Corso. Altogether, you would say, a pretty little modern town. Not a ruin visible; not a sign to be seen as yet that this is really Rome. The Pope's "douaniers" keep you waiting here as long as they decently can, in the absence of any reason for doing so, then mount behind your vehicle, and at a solemn pace you drive into one of the streets aforesaid, and in due time into the court of a most business-like and unclassical-looking post-office. There, by the help of your "*lascia passare*," and a fee to a corrupt official, you are set free, and landed, by short twistings and turnings of labyrinthine streets, at your hotel.

It is my custom in a foreign town to prefer an hotel frequented by foreigners to those which my countrymen delight to honour; first, for the sake of novelty; secondly, for that of economy—not mere saving, but, on the whole, better treatment for my money; and thirdly, because I think that if the practice were universal, it would tend to remedy a great evil—the self-isolation of Englishmen. Patriotism, when it means dislike of foreigners, is a heinous and contemptible vice. And so, being established at the "Hôtel des Etrangers," as we will call it, though that was not its name, I looked out to survey the situation. It was a small piazza—or, more properly speaking, a deep square hole, let into the dense mass of buildings. In the centre, a small obelisk, supported by an elephant, of cunning workmanship; one side is the hotel itself; another, the great blank façade of a church; another a college of priests. At one of the opposite corners, close to the church, a dark archway, and a French sentry, with other French soldiers lounging, evidently a part of the Army of Occupation. At the other corner, the piazza opens to admit a small street, and the opening shows the great round battered side of some huge building, black with age, and torn and stained exceedingly, and crowned by a low, lead-covered dome. Ugly and uninteresting enough all this, you think at first. But you think rather differently when you find that within that dark archway has been held for ages, and is still held, the Court of the "Holy Office," the terrible Inquisition; and that in that very place the

ministers of the God of Love and Truth tortured Galileo, till he declared that the sun went round the earth; and that the great black round is the side of perhaps one of the very greatest of all human works—the Roman Pantheon. Stroll, when you are rested, into the adjoining piazza, and judge of it for yourself. In sorrowful and awful state, defying dirt, squalor, crowding houses, and papal belfries—defying the insult and neglect of centuries—contemptuous of criticism, and victorious over decay—it stands there, still triumphant, with the Consul's name upon its brow. Enter, and look upward; have you ever seen such a cupola? They have stripped it of its bright bronze to adorn some miserable Papal folly; but still it puts to shame all rival structures, and bends over you with a solemn majesty, not unmixed with love, though the love is probably intended rather for Raphael than for you. The only decent treatment which the Pantheon ever received from the Popes was when they buried Raphael there.

The next day, after an hour's amusing contemplation of the queer little piazza, I sought the ruins of old Rome. I was not without misgivings. Were they all like the Pantheon, locked in the deadly, isolating embrace of the modern city, each a scarce discoverable oasis in a sea of ugliness and dirt? I had seen Athens and the Parthenon, and they had satisfied me utterly; without alloy or impediment, there had sunk into my heart the spirit of heroic decay. Would it be the same with

Rome? I consulted the map, and walked, as it seemed, in the direction of the Capitol and the Forum. A few dark, narrow streets, then a flood of sunshine, and an oblong piazza, shut in by low, mean-looking houses, and one or two flaunting churches; but, in the midst of it, something strange. A wide space, many feet below the level of the piazza, fenced round and grass-grown, and filled with pillars of gray granite, still standing, but broken short off at the waist; and at one end of it a noble column, soaring far into the sky, and wreathed from foot to head in multitudinous folds of spiral sculpture, with some history of strife and triumph. One great gray pillar, broken, but as fresh in every grain of its enormous bulk as when first it left the quarry, and wearing still on its surface the very polish which it wore—I was about to say in life—lies prostrate in the street itself, in solid, imperturbable, imperishable grandeur. It is the Forum of Trajan; or, rather, it is a fragment of his Forum, excavated and rescued by some Pope with a glimmering of taste. The Forum itself must have covered this whole region far and wide, and lies dead and buried, it is to be feared, for ever. Another street or two, and you come out upon an open space, which looks, at first sight, about the size of a village common, with a broad, straight road through the midst of it, bordered on either hand by thin, unhappy-looking trees, but the rest all gashed about in great uneven pits and mounds, yet desolate and grass-grown, as though

it were long since the spade had touched it; and standing up from among the pits and mounds, which are railed off and fenced carefully round, a ruined column or two of rare workmanship—in one place three, clamped together with iron, and supporting the fragment of a cornice; to your right, a pit somewhat larger than the rest, out of which rises an old arch of russet stone, all battered and decayed, but richly decorated; and behind the arch, a few columns, in detached groups, and of various orders, bearing always on their graceful heads some remnant of a frieze; and, looking down, you see that the floor of the pit is covered with fragments, scattered loosely along, or half buried in the mould, of fluted pillars, marble steps, and stone carvings of rare device; and behind all, looking gloomily over it, a low, overhanging precipice, its dark face pierced and caverned and undermined with the toil of successive ages, and wearing indignantly upon its sullen brows great staring structures of the mansion-house order and mediæval taste. The rock is the hill of the Capitol, and the pits and mounds, the scattered columns and the arch, are the Roman Forum. Why, it is absolutely heart-rending. This is not ruin; it is ghastly and deathlike desolation, "interesting," no doubt, specially to artists and architects (for every one of those scattered relics laughs to scorn the puny attempts of modern men), but to those who, from their very infancy, have wondered at and loved old Rome, sorrowful and painful beyond words. If she had perished utterly—swept out of existence by the waves of time

like the structures of children upon sands—it would have been easier to bear. But here—flung out, as it were, contemptuously from the modern city — you come suddenly upon her corpse, so marred and disfigured that by no effort of fancy can you picture her as she lived, and yet with trace enough of beauty left to show that she must have been glorious and beautiful beyond most earthly things.

But let us follow the straight road between the unhappy-looking trees. Except that small arch of fair proportions, which spans it a little way further, there seems nothing worth noticing on either hand; but, looking closer, you see, on the left, a noble old portico, sunk, like the rest, below the present level of the ground, and which Theocracy, with ravenous piety, has seized and made to do duty as the front of an ugly church. Further on, great fragments of arches, or rather half-domes, of mere brick, but lined with that simple and grand device which gives half its beauty to the cupola of the Pantheon; and you are told that it is the Temple of Peace. You pass under the graceful little arch—the arch of Titus—still rich with the petrified spoils of Jerusalem; and you find that the long low hill on your right, all green and terraced and desolate, except where among dark cypresses a villa or a convent flashes out in the sun, is the Palatine, and that the artificial-looking mounds and grassy terraces are all (to be seen from here) of what was once a scene of most unearthly splendour—the Palace of the Cæsars. You may wander on that hill for days, and (especially if you are an artist)

with ever-increasing delight: for from its broad plateau the views over what the guide-books call "Rome and its environs" are rich in a mournful beauty of the choicest kind; but beyond a few huge brick walls, all streaming with creepers and dark with tangled vegetation of flowery shrubs and trees, you will come upon no record of the proud and gorgeous past—except in the villa which Napoleon has bought, where they have dug down to a few old vaulted chambers, and where they turn up relics at the rate of a bust in a year. But ever in your walk you will see strewn about you fragments of rich marbles of all countries and all hues. They say that the very dust on which you tread, when it is analysed, is a powder of gems, and gold, and precious stones. But we are forgetting our straight road. After threading the arch, it dives gently downwards; and there, at the end of it, in an open space of green sward, with an orchard on either hand and here and there a cypress, stands the colossal curve of the Imperial folly—the most pathetic, and almost the grandest, ruin in the world. It was vaster than I had expected, more wrought upon by Time, and more rich in the infinite beauty of detail, which, as the art critics say, "characterises the works of that great master." Two things are most notable in the Coliseum—the awful desolation of the present, and the ease with which you realise the past. Standing in the grass-grown arena, which the bright morning sun had coaxed into a melancholy smile, there came before me, with a vivid and fearful distinctness, the whole scene

as it was on some great festal day—the myriads that lined the mighty walls, a flashing and palpitating multitude, tier above tier, far up into the deep blue sky; and about me, where I stood, the rush of chariot wheels, the gleaming swords, the dust, the smoke, the blood, the terrible spring of the lion. I could stand it no longer, and turned to leave the place. This was what I saw in imagination. What I saw in reality was a few haggard-looking figures moving slowly from one to the other of a few stone shrines ranged round the arena, and kissing them with muttered prayer. It seems that by a sufficient number of such gyrations you may escape the consequences of almost any amount of sin. These are the only gladiators—these the only games—exhibited there now. Spectators still look down upon them from the vast amphitheatre, in multitudes countless as of old; but the multitudes are the creeping plants and waving trees, and tangled masses of mournful vegetation, which feed and flourish on its decay.

But if this is your first visit to Roman ruins, you must not linger here. Call one of those light open carriages, the "cabs" of Rome (you will soon see one, with a driver whose appearance will probably be that of a most consummate villain, a robber and murderer of the blackest dye, but who will turn out to be the gentlest, kindest, most amiable, and most honest of human beings), and drive out under that old arch —the arch of Constantine—standing there all neglected in the shadow of the Coliseum, and with a look as if of protest against the neglect, to the

Appian Way. For a mile or so you pass along a dull road, mostly between stuccoed walls, apparently of gardens, when suddenly the driver with the delusive countenance pulls up, and asks you whether you would like to see the tomb of the Scipios. You look about in astonishment, and at last discover a small door in the stuccoed wall, over which is scrawled "Sepulcra Scipionum." To pass that would be downright profanity. So you ring the little bell, which is the usual key to Roman "lions," and which is answered by a little urchin, who takes you up a few steps to a door in a great mound which looks like a heap of garden-stuff. The urchin lights two "dips," and you dive into a dark cave of no great depth—"Sepulcra Scipionum." There is no doubt that it is the very vault; but the Scipios and their urns have disappeared together, and you and the little urchin have it all to yourselves. Only here and there, in a dark corner, there is a loose stone with a Latin inscription, which you reverently stoop down to read. "Fortis vir sapiensque"—that is all that Rome had to say in praise of one of her very noblest men; the rest is mere genealogy, and short concentrated narration. That is all; but would you have preferred anything else?—for instance, a funeral oration *à la Française.* The inscriptions are only copies, charitably left there by the Popes, the originals, with a great sarcophagus, having been taken to the Vatican; but for me this did not lessen the pathos of the place. "Fortis vir sapiensque;" you cannot improve upon that, and you are all the wiser for having

seen it. That single inscription explains the subjection of the world.

You drive under the grand old perishing arch of Drusus, which artists love to libel, and out upon the Appian Way. Miles away, even to the very foot of the Alban mountain, wearing Frascati like a diamond on its purple breast, basking in the mild bright sun and fanned by the soft sweet air, you pass between the sepulchres of mighty men. They are for the most part mere mounds of earth, or piles of grass-grown brick, the very graves of graves. On some, larger than the rest, you will see a myrtle thicket, or an olive grove. On either side, as you pass along, the wild flowers on the low banks are strewn with fragments of pillars and rich stone carving—a hand, or a foot, or a fold of marble drapery; and here and there scientific men, who have lately—rather too lately—taken pity on the old road, have ranged upon a wall a row of busts, or some choice specimens of delicate architecture, like the rows of defunct carnivori nailed to the side of an English gamekeeper's cottage. What a place to come to, you think, day after day, and forget the irksome and wearisome present in the glorious and heroic past. As to St. Peter's, and the hundred vulgar-looking churches behind you, you despise them utterly. Modern Rome, half seen in the distance, is at this moment a nuisance—a small troublesome thing, like the rent in the camlet cloak. You wish that you had time to go further and explore more thoroughly; but now you must be tending Romewards, for

the day is short, and the Sabines are beginning to look as Horace loved to see them, "when the sun had changed the shadows of the mountains, and unyoked the wearied oxen, bringing on a lovely time in his departing car." Only, on your way home stop at the great round tomb on your right, the only one whose stone masonry has survived the assault of time; stop, I say, and get down from your carriage, and walk round it, and do homage to that which, as an Englishman, you are above all things bound to revere—a "successful man." For the man who built that tomb twenty centuries ago did what none else could do—resolved, and fulfilled his resolution, that, come what come might, in spite of the lapses of ages and the shock of elements, the memory of Cecilia Metella should not die.

The *table d'hôte* at the Hôtel des Etrangers is a curious scene. As the diners take their places—Germans, French, Russians, Italians, Americans, Greeks, even Turks, and a few English—you hear a confused Babel of tongues, in which all are talking of what they have seen that day in Rome, or hope to see the next. I observed that very few of them spoke of the ruins. Churches, pictures, sculptures, palaces, villas, were the staple of the conversation. One old gentleman was an exception. He was from the north of Italy, where he had been long a fixture among his olives and olive-branches, the latter too numerous to allow of his leaving home. At last he had grown desperate, and started alone, resolved to realise the dream of his life, lest, perchance, the end

should overtake him before he had seen Rome. He had been since seven o'clock that morning among the ruins, and was happy. He needed no guide—he had known all that was to be known of them from his infancy, and was a "Murray" in himself.

As yet I had no sort of idea of what Rome—Rome in the aggregate—was like. The place from which to get this is the Janicular, for the other hills are mere mounds to this, and the city lies at its feet. Like all the other sights of Rome, there is nothing in the world so easy. From the crowning beauty of Acqua Felice—from St. Pietro in Montario, which marks the spot where St. Peter suffered, and where a brotherhood of miserable monks keep up, through all the day and half the night, in a low monotonous chant, unintermitting prayer—from St. Onofrio, where Tasso died, and the church is full of rare frescoes, and the gloomy old cloister is warmed by the bewitching smile of one of Leonardo's very human Madonnas; but perhaps best from the Villa Corsini—you may see her as she is, beautiful exceedingly, and "interesting" beyond compare. Close under you she lies, a sea, or rather a lake, of densely-packed roofs, out of which rise in plentiful profusion the domes of some four hundred churches, all flashing and glittering in the mid-day sun—a lake, of which the opposite shore is the Sabine range—the sunny slopes and shadowy dells of sweet Lucretilis and his train—and whose northern limit the great restful round of the Castle of St. Angelo, whose guardian angel stands dark against a blue mountain distance, as buoyant and

graceful as if it were indeed a messenger of heaven, floating down upon the old city on some errand of peace and love. There she lies before you—papal and mediæval Rome. But where is *the* Rome, *our* Rome —the Mistress of the world? At first there is hardly a sign of her to be seen. After a time you make out, standing like a majestic rock in the sea of modern houses, the great leaden dome of the Pantheon, and here and there a column, so graceful that modern hands could not have made it; and more to the right, where the city ceases, a torn and rent brick ruin or two, and a green terraced hill on which you descry with difficulty, among mournful cypresses, other brick ruins crested with dark trees and thick-growing brushwood; and over the hill a great shattered round of dark red stone, which is the upper half of the Coliseum seen above the Palatine. Further on, long lines of old aqueduct, apparently interminable, stretch out across the sunny plain, till they lose themselves at the very base of the Alban hills; and, straining your eyes still more, you may trace, running straight as an arrow, the long, sorrowful track of the Appian Way. With one bold curving sweep of his steady current—you may see from where you stand the very swirl of his sand-coloured waves—the Tiber cleaves the great city in twain, and veiling his face for a moment, as if in sorrow, when he passes the Palatine and Aventine, and the scanty records of the great old days, you see him not again till he gleams in a long reach of sunny water, far out on the lonely Campagna, reflecting its calm and verdant shores.

If, standing on this Janicular Hill, you happen to look behind you, you will have seen, a little to the left, peering over the green shoulder of the hill itself, an object which might be the dome of St. Paul's, cleaned up and enlarged. And if the next day, you drive across the bridge of St. Angelo, and under the mighty round of the Castle, eternally vexed by the drumming, fifing, fanfarronade, and pop-gunnery of Gallic occupation, and along the dirty, odoriferous street before you, you will come all at once upon a vast piazza, which two massive colonnades, like arms, encircle, and over which presides the colossal façade of the greatest and most famous of all Christian churches. You leave your carriage, and walk straight up the midst of the piazza, irresistibly impelled towards the broad white steps and the great façade above them. It is of no great beauty, but of an exquisite colour—the colour (if such a thing could be) of sunlight without its radiance—and from its very size, "imposing." Surely I began to think, it is very grand; yes, it is magnificent; it is—There was a pause and a revulsion of feeling, for at that moment there came before me, as in a vision, the front of the Pantheon. Well, but after all, it is St. Peter's, and it is very fine; and, at all events, there is nothing to be said against that broad, radiant, gently-sloping stair, which to walk on is a pleasure, and which, feeling "small by degrees and beautifully less," you are now ascending; and passing under the arched portico, you put aside with a nervous hand the heavy leather curtain, and stand in St. Peter's. Of course it is superb. A church so great and high, so rich in

marble and gold, just in proportion and harmonious in colour, you never have seen or even imagined before. And then how wonderfully bright and new! This St. Peter's? Why, it must be a church built last year "by subscription;" or else we have been dreaming, and Michael Angelo died but yesterday. So bright and new, and with the climate of eternal spring: for St. Peter's is a city rather than a church, and has a climate, and government, and manners and customs of its own. You might walk about it for a whole day, and scarcely have seen it all. There is much in it to offend your eyes: gigantic white popes in all directions, standing obtrusively out, and breaking the harmony of colour and form; monuments with no merit but size; little windows which would disgrace a Scotch conventicle; and a structure of ginger-bread in the centre, which looks as if it could be flattened down like an opera hat, and be all the better for the process. But, when all is said, it is a house of prayer and praise grandly conceived and nobly executed; and standing there, at the high altar, while your eye wanders over the rich mosaics of the cupola, and soars upwards to where the blue mist gathers over the distance of infinite height, you wonder perhaps what the great Emperor, who found Rome brick and left it marble, would have said, if he had been told that then, at that very time, contemporary with him, Cæsar Augustus, there lived a man over whose grave, in his own Rome, there would one day be raised a temple costlier and more vast than any which he had designed, and

that the man was a fisherman of Galilee. Musing thus one evening, about the time of vespers, I saw approaching along the marble floor a man of respectable and responsible appearance, and having about him an air of extreme good sense and shrewdness. To my intense astonishment, he turned suddenly toward a high stone chair on the left, which I had not before observed, supporting a hideous black image, sitting bolt upright with two fingers in the air, and, going directly up to it, imprinted a kiss on the toe of its right foot. I had scarcely recovered from the shock of this incident, when I saw that other persons, of every age and condition of life, were performing the same ceremony. Sometimes a little group of peasantry would kneel before the image, and then troop past it, each man kissing its toe, after carefully wiping off with his hand the kiss of his predecessor. I found that this image was originally Jupiter, but, having been turned into St. Peter by the pious authorities, had been subjected from time immemorial to this process, to which, as the King of gods and men, it was probably accustomed, but which St. Peter himself would have been the first to repudiate. Every Roman newly married couple, after the nuptial knot is tied, proceed to clench the arrangement by this operation, and instead of a breakfast, you are asked to a toe-kissing; which is less irksome, and not much more ridiculous, than the solemn flutter, chalky cake, and wearisome discourses "on this occasion," of an English wedding.

At this hour of vespers there rolls from one of the side chapels, far out among the marble recesses of the great church, the sound of a deep-toned organ and rich human voices; and in the chapel itself your senses are rapt into an Elysium of devotion by the strains of divine music, and the subtle perfumes of sweet incense, and the proud beauty of some star-throned Madonna. But if, in an unlucky moment, you chance to look at the functionaries who perform the service, your devotion is apt to vanish in an irresistible inclination to laugh. The persistence with which they turn their broad backs to the congregation; their periodical and perfunctory antics; their gaudy "vestments," reminding you strongly of side-scenes and foot-lights—are to me, whatever they may be to others, the reverse of devotional. There may be proselytising virtue in the gorgeous ceremonial which surrounds the milk-white hind; but she must mend it in these respects if she would have those who are born with a keen sense of the ludicrous to worship at her shrine.

Externally, the Vatican is to St. Peter's as a wen to the cheek of a beautiful woman. If it had been built for an International Exhibition in London, it could not have been more ugly. Internally, as all the world knows, it is decorated in a style worthy of the poor fisherman who lies hard by, and who is represented by the present proprietor. It has only some forty pictures, but every one of these is a gallery in itself; and it is so rich in sculpture as almost to defeat its own object. The interest and beauty of the

statues is such that, while you are examining one of them, you are irresistibly drawn off to another; the final result being that you have totally failed to carry away any distinct impression, except the glorious face and form of the Apollo Belvedere, which will haunt you to your latest hour. As I stood before it, I felt that I was the enemy of but one man in the world; and he was the man who "restored" the right hand. Would not mutilation left alone have been preferable to those great white stiffened fingers; as if he were a pedagogue who had just boxed the ears of a schoolboy, and not a god in the calm majesty of draconticide? "Can't you let it alone?" is a question to be addressed, not only to pragmatical politicians, but to these ruthless restorers. If only some drastic Pope would fulminate through all the galleries of Rome a decree that every "restored" statue should at once be reduced to its primeval condition, the loss of limbs and features that would ensue would be an incalculable gain for Art. Or why should not the French General do it? They manage these things so neatly in France. "Restorations are and remain abolished" would have a racy, effective sound.

In the Vatican you will see the Sistine Chapel, interesting not for itself, but for the work done in it by the great high priest of Roman art, who built St. Peter's without pay. And if you like to sit for half an hour on the green benches, with your head thrown back till your neck is almost broken, you may make out with difficulty on the ceiling many noble designs; and if you like to strain your eyes out of their sockets, you

may decipher some of the details of the Last Judgment, which is at least as grotesque as it is grand, and which the great painter must have drawn (he has introduced one or two of his good-natured friends in situations the very last which they would wish to have occupied), with reverence be it spoken, in a vein of magnificent pleasantry. But this is a rough sketch, and I am not going to write a disquisition on Roman art. One remark only I will make, and it shall not be very profound. These sculpture galleries, so beautiful that they are worshipped by a concourse of pilgrims from every climate under the sun, are mere products of the random delving of the gardener's or the builder's spade — things unnoticed by history, and of no account in their own time. What must have been the power and splendour of that art of which these are but the refuse, or at best but average specimens? What must have been the array of which the Gladiator, the Apollo, and the Laocöon, were the rank and file? What must have been the feast of which these are the crumbs, fallen from the table of the old city, and now the glory of the new?

She is a strange weird city, this Rome. There is something about her mystical and wholly unintelligible. You begin after a time to look upon her with a certain fear, because of the mysterious infinity of her enchantments. At first she seemed but a poor place compared with what you expected—a moderately-sized, comprehensible city enough, with a great deal, no doubt, to be seen, but which could be seen in a fortnight, or thereabouts. A fortnight passes; a

though you have been lionising from morning till night, you find that you have done almost nothing. And still the more you see, the more there remains to be seen; and gradually the place becomes larger and more wonderful in your eyes. It seems to possess a self-expanding power. In vain you attempt to fathom the depths of its interest and beauty. It becomes unfathomable, incomprehensible, inexhaustible. Art-galleries, churches, ruins, palaces, villas;—art-galleries, which to pass once swiftly through would take you many weeks, and which to see but very imperfectly is the most for which you can hope to find time;—churches in countless numbers, rich beyond imagination in gold and marble, and precious stones (stripped for the most part from the dead body of the old city), and rare frescoes, and sculptures above all price;—rambles for hours on some old historic hill where your steps are on porphyry and serpentine, and the great brick walls and arches, remnants of some palace or temple, are dark with shadowy copsewood, and crowned with melancholy trees; and where you catch, from time to time—between the rents of ruin—a blue mountain distance, or a tract of sunny plain; villas, where fountains sparkle among the ilex-groves, and mountain summits, touched with snow, look down between the stems of tall Italian pines, and where, when you are tired, you may rest in halls of marble filled with forms of divinest beauty, created when sculpture lived and Greece was free;—the city itself, with its fountains, its obelisks, its piazzas, its columns, its

network of streets where the sun scarcely finds an entrance, but where the antiquary may wander in a chronic rapture of discovery—its quaint court-yards, with their marble basins, and broken statues, and old houses that strike the stars—for every day a new pleasure, for every pleasure too short a day. "Il est impossible de s'ennuyer à Rome," said the Frenchman, and felt that he had exhausted praise.

But, with a self-expanding, Rome has also a self-contracting power. She is the most enigmatical, most paradoxical, most convenient city in the world. Her streets are a maze, in which you cannot lose yourself if you will. Her attractions are infinite, but the trouble they give you is infinitesimal. She is the greatest possible city in the smallest possible compass—an ocean in a nutshell. What you have to see there is endless: but you see it with a strange facility, and you wonder the more to find that you have never seen it all.

Decidedly, whenever you are able, you should wind up your day's work upon the Pincian Hill. A fairer scene it would be hard to find. If you look down from the stone balustrade on its summit, when the sun begins to fall, you will see hundreds of carriages, all bright with flashing harness and gay apparel, begin to ascend the winding road below you, and come out on the gravel terrace where you stand. No wonder that in long procession they climb this Pincian Hill. The deep blue overarching sky comes down so close upon its level plateau, all glowing with tropical plants—aloe, and cactus,

and palm—and garden-walks winding among dark ilex-trees, that it seems to touch them; and the loungers in the carriages, tired with sight-seeing or jaded with last night's ball, drink new life in the air that meets them—pure and fresh from the Sabine mountains—looking down over the woods upon the brilliant throng. Music plays to them through all the afternoon among the rare exotics, that seem perfectly at home in that soft dry air. Rome is at their feet, with its jangling bells, its sea of houses, and its great dome of the Pantheon standing out against the calm horizon line of the Campagna; opposite, the darkening side of the Janicular Hill, outlined with feathery pines; and to the north, seen under arches of ilex, the forms of distant hills so delicate and yet so clear that they would have driven Claude to despair. With the setting sun the carriages wind downwards again, as they came, along the zigzag road, between the palms and pines; and in a few minutes you are left alone on the beautiful hill. But you must not leave it yet, for there ensues what you should stay to see (nowhere else will you see it to such advantage), a single combat "à l'outrance"—a combat which, strange to say, instead of a feverish excitement, will fill you with a delicious calm, and feed your eyes with beauty of colour such as you never looked upon before. It is the battle of day and night, with Rome for the victor's prize.

Walking in the streets of Rome I should say that every other person you meet is either a priest or a French soldier; the form of government being, as the

world knows, a clerical despotism founded upon red pantaloons. It is not exactly the policy which one would have selected with special regard to the welfare of a people: but I am not a political traveller, and had no time to examine the institutions under which the Romans have the happiness to live. This I know, that there is no city on the Continent where life is so pleasant and comfortable as in Rome; and for the degree of municipal merit which this may imply, let us give due credit. I was told that the place was full of brigands and thieves, and especially that I ought not to walk after ten o'clock at night unless in the most frequented streets. But I soon came to the conclusion that my watch was as little likely suddenly to leave my pocket in Rome as in London; and that the advice as to nocturnal excursions was not more valuable for one than for the other. Whether you would rather be stabbed with a stiletto, or stifled by the garotte process and jumped upon afterwards, is a mere matter of taste.

Among the municipal arrangements of Rome, there is one of very old date which appears to have been regarded with peculiar satisfaction by its authors, but of which I confess that I cannot approve —the coronation of pagan columns with Christian saints. The plan has been to set up some noble fragment of the ancient city, to crown it with an Apostle, and to make it inform the public, by doggrel verses on its base, how having been dedicated by one Pont. Max. (pagan) to some mythologi-

celebrity, it was taken in hand by another Pont. Max. (Christian) and dedicated to some holy man; and that it feels happier and more respectable in consequence. Saint Paul and Saint Peter, placed respectively at the head of long histories of battles, sieges, blood, and rapine, which enwreath the columns of Antoninus and Trajan, look singularly out of place. In front of Santa Maria Maggiore there is a fluted pillar of wonderful grandeur and beauty, which has been dragged by some Pope from the Temple of Peace, surmounted with a statue of the Madonna, and made to proclaim, in execrable Latin verse, the praises, not of the Madonna, but of the Pope who placed it there—"Te, Paule, nullis obtricebo seculis." No bathos could be more complete. The obelisks are dealt with in a similar manner; and the same well-meant zeal has converted in all directions heathen temples into Christian churches; the result being that both are spoiled. Michael Angelo knew this well; and, being ordered to turn the Baths of Diocletian into a Church, left the Baths of Diocletian just as they were, with only enough alteration to save appearances, and by so doing succeeded in preserving a splendid relic of antiquity for the benefit of future times.

The French is not the only occupation of Rome —there is also the English. In the cold months they swarm in the old city, rejoicing in the unwonted sight of the real, living sun. As you walk through the Piazza d'Espagna and look up those magnificent steps where the obelisk soars up in the clear blue sky, and

the beautiful church which crowns them "stands up and takes the morning," you are startled to find yourself practically in Belgravia. It is long before you can recover the bewilderment caused by the prevalence, in such a scene, of the fresh, open countenances which you have been accustomed to associate with supreme architectural ugliness. There is a building just outside the People's Gate, to which, every Sunday morning, crowds of carriages, as well appointed as in Hyde Park, are seen approaching; and the little French soldiers at the gate thrust their hands further than ever into their red pockets and gather in small bright-eyed knots discussing "les Anglais," as the carriages, one by one, in endless succession, disgorge their comfortable-looking contents. It is the English church, at the door of which you observe that two Papal gendarmes are posted, apparently lest the panther should kick over the traces. In all the galleries three-fourths of the visitors are English; and they generally express their opinions as loudly as if they were valuable. I was standing one day before Guido's famous "Beatrice," absorbed in the surpassing folly of attempting to carry away some recollection of it on paper, and during all the time interesting scraps of "Chatham's language" were buzzing about my ears. "Sweet pretty thing, isn't it?" "Don't much like it." "Charming!" "H'm! it is and it isn't." "Best thing I ever saw of Guido's." "One of the most celebrated pictures in Rome." The last being a sentence read aloud by Paterfamilias, for the benefit of his daughters, from the ubiquitous

Murray. "Avez-vous le Guide à la Rome? Pitty —pas grande—practical—*you* know." This was an utterance which I overheard one day in Piale's library. He *did* know, and with a "Come along, old fellow, got lots to do," English Jones and English Smith, honest, patriotic fellows, who would stand no nonsense from foreigners, went off and did it. Also I remark, that for one Englishman in Rome, there are ten English women—for which phenomenon let those account who can. "Could you tell me, sir, which are the *Samnite* and which the *Allban* hills?" asked one of these fair exiles, unexpectedly addressing me at an open window of the Villa Albani. Her enjoyment of Rome from a historical point of view must have been perfect. At Florence and at Naples it is the same—the British lion prowls conspicuous in all places. "Je crois qu'ils aiment les beaux arts," said a French friend of mine, in patronising explanation.

Two months are but a short time in Rome; but, if you are not an idle millionaire, or an artist come to study under Raphael or Guido when he had better have studied under nature, or an invalid sent abroad for his health when he had better have stayed at home, you will probably have to think at the end of that time of returning to the ugliness and comfort of the place from whence you came. And, when the time for your last look at Rome is come, climb again the Janicular, and pass out at the Porta San Pancrazio and ring the bell at a large white arch some hundred yards beyond. It is the "park

gate" of a noble villa, approached by a long, winding gravel road, rising and falling in gentle undulations, reminding you strangely of England, though the woods are of ilex and Italian pine. There is the smooth, serpentine carriage-drive, the gates at intervals, and the gradual darkening of the shady trees as you come nearer to "the Hall." But ever as you pass along you catch, between the trees or sloping lawns, some exquisite Italian distance, or vignette of the Great City, with the Apennines at her back, or St. Peter's sunning himself in solitary state. An iron gate and sunk fence divide the "park" from the gardens, as you have seen it a hundred times at home; and, as you drive up to the bright little "Casino," a stately, pleasant-looking matron meets you, and shows you through the rooms. The Casino is all Italian outside, but within it you are in England again. The snug parlours — the comfortable furniture — the small dining-room, in which the Prince and Princess liked best to live— the little boudoir, with its feminine graces and comforts, which have not been touched or altered (you are told) since last *she* sat there, three long years ago, in one of her last days on earth. The Prince—the owner of the place—is never seen there now, your guide tells you, and you are not surprised. For how could he face the winding walks, the terraced flower-garden, the cool retreats, the long vistas among the stately pines—the peace, the comfort, and the beauty of the Paradise that was made for him by his long-loved English bride? There are no gay doings

there now — no social gatherings on the flowery parterres—no sounds of festive laughter about the bright fountains, or from the depths of the shadowy glades—no midnight dances, with their long line of carriages rolling up from the slumbering city, and under the moonlit trees. "Senza Signora, mai allegrezza," your conductress says, with a sigh. You mount the spiral stair, and come out upon the roof. It is a perfect, consummate panorama. Just under you is the flower-garden, with its statues and its steps, its trim walks and its neat box-edges. Westward, the ilex-groves of the villa, with their gravel walks, their mossy avenues, their fountains, and their shades, secluded and shut in by a deep wood of tall Italian pines, in close, magnificent array. To the north, a long perspective of fair, open country, bordered by blue mountains, and near you, St. Peter's, in isolated grandeur, filling a hollow of the hills. Eastward, all Rome lies stretched before you—Rome in her glory and her grief, her beauty and her despair. Beyond, the Sabines, with Tibur and Præneste hanging high upon their gentle breasts; then that fathomless interval of pure, clear distance; then the crested hills of Alba, sparkling all over with gem-like villas; and before you, to the south, where the glistening, snake-like stems of the great pine-wood come suddenly to an end, the soft, undulating bosom of the Campagna gleams for a while through their dark leaves, and then, with one great bound, stretches far away, till your eyes cannot follow it, dissolved in the mellow rays of the descending sun. You stand entranced

and amazed; but before long your eyes are caught by a solitary flower-bed cut on the green slope of the lawn, and upon it, in colossal letters of close-trimmed myrtle, each casting a long shadow in the declining day, you read the single word, "Mary." It is the only record which that Eden contains of her who made it. Rome herself—old Rome, lying there with centuries of shame and sorrow upon her face, is not so deeply touching. You will never forget your last day in Rome. To-morrow you must brace your mind to look back again upon the plain, uncompromising visage of dear old, practical, sensible, money-getting England; fortunate, if you escape the hurricane which, be sure, is crouching, like a tiger in his lair, in some mysterious ocean ambush between you and sunny Marseilles.

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END OF VOL. I.

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